Gordon's Hiſtory
OF THE
Valiant BRUCE.

At Adenburgh the twentie thrie day of december 1613.

This book ſeene and alloued and therefore may be publiſhed and put to the preſſe.

Sanctandrous.

The

The Famous

HISTORY

Of the Renown'd and Valiant PRINCE,

ROBERT

Sirnamed, The Bruce,

King of *Scotland*, &c.

And of ſundry other valiant Knights,

Both *SCOTS* and *ENGLISH*.

Enlarged with an Addition of the

SCOTTISH KINGS,

Lineally deſcended from Him,

To *CHARLES* now PRINCE.

Together with a Note of the BEGINNINGS of the moſt Part of the Ancient and Famous

NOBILITY of SCOTLAND.

A HISTORY both pleaſant and profitable, ſet forth and done in Heroic Verſe,

By PATRICK GORDON, Gentleman.

At *DORT*, Printed by *George Waters*, 1615.

Re-printed at *EDINBURGH*,

By JAMES WATSON, His Majeſty's Printer. 1718.

TO

The most Honourable AND Most Accomplished EARLS, *WILLIAM* Earl of ANGUS, AND *WILLIAM* Earl of MORTON.

RIGHT Honourable and noble LORDS, presuming on the accustomed Mildness and Affability, for the which your Lordships have

not been a little Famous; it hath emboldned me to lay the barren Field of my unfruitful Brain before the powerful Sun of your Perfections, whose Beams may illuminate the dark Shadows, disperse the gross Vapours, and ripen the unripened Ears, that so you may receive the Increase of this my second Harvest. Neither deserveth such a rare and excellent Fruit any less than such a fair and comfortable Summer, being the glorious Actions of that Illustrious and Generous BRUCE; which having bred in so sweet and fertile a Soil, hath made me ambitiously greedy, therewith to enrich my barren Field; hoping that my Insufficiency (if once supported

ported by the unremoveable Pillars of your Virtues) ſhall be able to reſiſt the ſtormy Tempeſts of Wind-blaſting Sycophants, and beat back the Swarms of Poiſon-ſucking Waſps: So that the Seed, preſerved by your Means only, ſhall yield all Ages the timely Harveſt of your Lordſhips eternal Glory; I being bound by ſuch admirable Worth and undeſerved Courteſy, for ever to reſt

Your Lordſhips

moſt affectioned

and humble

Servant,

PATRICK GORDON.

An

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The PREFACE;

Or rather,

An Advertisement to the Reader, before he read this Poem, of some special Points to be observ'd in the whole Work, with the Use of some Parts seeming fabulous therein.

FEARING to be tax'd of ambitious Arrogance, for daring to meddle with so rare a Work; I am only arm'd with the natural Duty which I owe to my Country, the Want of good Will in the more excellent Spirits; but above all, the never-enough praised Virtues of that most admirable Prince ROBERT BRUCE, ambitiously desiring to imitate him, whose unquenchable Love and burning Zeal to-

wards his Country was ſuch, as he being a Prince royally deſcended, delicately brought up, beloved and honoured of all Men, of large and great Revenues both in *England* and *Scotland*; ſo that it was thought he had more Contentment of Mind, and more Bleſſings heaped upon him by Heaven, than any living in his Days. Yet ſuch was his Love to the Liberty of his Country, as, forſaking his Revenues, leaving his Wife and Children, abandoning all his royal Delicacies, Pleaſures and Delights, he betook himſelf to Arms, wherein when Fortune had croſs'd him ſo far, as it is ſaid he loſt Thirteen Battles before he wan One: So that Heaven ſeem'd to threaten Vengeance for the wilful Refuſal of theſe former Bleſſings And firſt he was croſs'd with Misfortunes in War, the Loſs of his Brethren (his Wife and Daughter being taken Priſoners) at which Time his Brethren were cruelly executed; his Friends became all his Enemies: And being purſu'd both of *Scots* and *Engliſh*, was forc'd in great Miſery and Poverty, the Space of Three Years, to keep the Mountains, where Herbs were his daintieſt Meats, and Water his ſtrongeſt Wine; notwithſtanding that he might ſtill have been reſtor'd to all his former Dignities and much more

more, if he could have suffered to behold his Country's Misery, as they saw his. But such was his matchless Love to them, altho' they hated him, that still he lamented their Cause more than his own; and in his many sorrowful Discourses, would always repeat these Verses following;

Ni me Scotorum *libertas prisca moveret,*
Non mala tot paterer orbis ob imperium.
ROBERTUS BRUSSIUS.

These Verses were written and subscribed with his own Hand in his Manual-Book, which he always carried about with him, and was extant within these few Years. But to set down all his Works and Fortitude of Mind, were too tedious, seeing you shall find many of them in the History following; altho' the old printed Book, besides the out-worn barbarous Speech, was so ill compos'd that I could bring it to no good Method, till my loving Friend *Donald Farquharson* (a worthy Gentleman, whose Name I am not asham'd to express, for that he was a restless Suiter to me to take this Work in Hand) brought me a Book of Virgin-Parchment, which he had found amongst the rest of his Books: It was old and torn, almost illegible, in many Places wanting

Leaves, yet had it the Beginning, and had been set down by a Monk in the Abbey of *Melros*, called *Peter Fenton*, in the Year of GOD One thousand three hundred sixty nine, which was a Year before the Death of King DAVID BRUCE. It was in old Rhime like to *Chaucer*, but wanting in many Parts, and especially from the Field of *Bannockburn* forth, it wanted all the rest almost, so that it could not be gotten to the Press; yet such as I could read thereof, had many remarkable Tales, worthy to be noted, and also probable, agreeing with the Truth of the History, as I have followed it, as well as the other. There are only Two Parts seemingly fabulous; the First is the *Baliol's* Vision, which, as it is of small Consequence, and doth no Evil; so doth it check and forbid a base Mind to aspire; shewing that a mighty and generous Spirit only ought to be ambitious. The Second, is the History of the Kings, which after I had fully accomplished with the rest of the Book, fearing it should be too tedious for the Reader, I have taken it out, and in the Place thereof insert these Princes descended of the BRUCE. Neither would

The *Baliol's* Vision not unnecessary for the History.

The History of the Kings preceeding the BRUCE, changed for those succeeding after him.

would I be offensive for the adding of these Fragments; for I know some curious Heads will allledge, I wrong the *Union*: But far be it from me to think, much less to do, any Thing that may offend his Royal MAJESTY, or seem to hinder so blessed a Peace, of the which it seemeth that the Heavens have called him to be the happy Instrument. My Intention is only to eternize his Predecessors and his own Glory, being bound, both by natural Love and Duty, to imploy my whole Endeavours thereto. Neither do I therein wrong the *English*, but rather, to my Power, extol their Valour, and with more Mildness modify that which our Writers most sharply have written, thereby to extinguish (if possible) the ill Opinion that hath been so long ingrafted in the Hearts of many, by reading of these old Histories, hoping that this my Work may happily make those that treat of the same Matter to be forgotten by Time; being only desirous to stir up every Man's Mind to the following of glorious Actions, with that most Praiseworthy and admirable Wonder of Mankind, that Heaven-ordained *Sidney*, who saith, "That the hearing "of the martial Feats of Arms betwixt the

This History not offensive to any.

Sir *Philip Sidney*'s Saying.

"*Piercy*

" *Piercy* and the *Douglas*, stirred up his " Spirit to the Search of glorious Actions."

Why the Kings descended of the BRUCE are compared to the Constellations.

And as for the Kings descended of the BRUCE, comparing them with the Constellations, I have followed *Bartas*, who changeth not only these Portraits Names, from Names of Gentiles given them by old Philosophers, to Names of holy Men in the Scripture; but also concludeth with a Liberty to any Christian to name them after some good Christian Princes. And yet that I should not seem without Reason to allude to those Princes more than to any other, I have sundry good Arguments moving me thereto.

Reasons why they are compared.

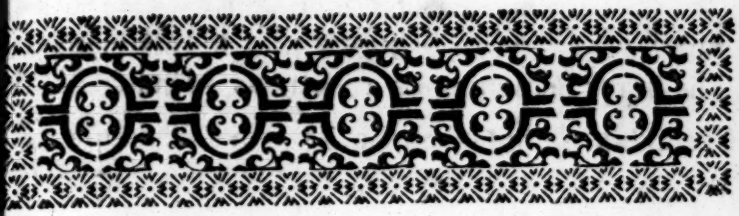
First then I say, if these Portraits must needs be designed by their Names, without which Astronomers cannot proceed in the Course of Astronomy, it is less Fault that they be named after such Christian Princes as have lived in the Light of the Gospel, acknowledging the Creator of all Things, Trinity in Unity, than after these Gentiles, to whom GOD did not reveal himself, and from whom the Mystery of Salvation was hid. Secondly, The Height of their royal Stations, the Blessedness of their Calling, the Excellency of their Actions,

actions, yea and even their very Form seemeth to have a Correspondence with them, sympathizing them so nearly, as they seemed to be the very same whom the Eternal Majesty hath meant by these Portraits. Thirdly, There are but the Portraits of Eleven Men and one Woman, and the Twelfth Man some Astrologers affirm to be in the Ship *Argo*. This is agreeable with the Number of the Kings descended from the BRUCE; for counting him the First and Prince CHARLES the Last, there are just Twelve, and one Woman, Queen MARY. As for any other Poetic Flowers, I have presum'd on *Aristotle*'s Opinion, who saith, "That how true soever the History be, it "ought not to be form'd in Poesy without "Invention." Wherein that excellent and wise Philosopher hath said most true: For with Invention the Poet must beautifie his Work; of Invention he frameth the curious Winding-Knots of his Garden; of Invention he composeth his Colours; of Invention buddeth his Diversity of odoriferous Flowers, as the only Ornaments of his whole Frame; of Invention he forgeth Links, to make as it were a Chain of his Work, thereby making every Part to depend and hang upon another; and so winding the Reader in his

his Labyrinth, delighteth the Mind without Pain, which otherwise should be a Valley full of Ditches, where the Traveller should be forc'd to leap from one Bank to another, having no Bridges to go over at his Pleasure. And those are the Things whereof thou, courteous Reader, should be advertis'd, wishing thee always to read my Work to an End before thou take Offence: And then, if neither the Willingness to please, nor Unwillingness to displease can satisfie, let my first Fault be forgiven for Ignorance-sake, and I shall never intend a Second. So shall I ever rest

Thy silent Friend,

P. G.



To the AUTHOR.

THY ſug'red Verſes, and thy ſacred Song
Shall make thy Name (O *Gordon*!) glorious;
Thou makes forgotten BRUCE, obſcur'd ſo long,
Reviv'd to riſe again victorious:
Thou crowns him with a Lawrel in thy Story;
Thou graces him, and he augments thy Glory.

Thy grave heroic Muſe diſdains to treat
Of baſe and ſervile Love or fond Affection,
But of a Kingdom or a Country's State,
Of Nature's chiefeſt Worth and her Perfection,
Of Fortune's Champion, whom the World renowns
For conqu'ring Kingdoms, Cities, Tow'rs, and Towns.

Those are the First-Fruits of thy rare Ingine,
The brave Beginning of a virtuous Mind,
Presaging plainly what thou'll prove in fine,
Whose Lamp scarce fir'd doth many Lights outshine.
Long may thou live, whose Lines brave BRUCE adorn,
And let BRUCE Ghost be glad that thou was born.

A. GORDON.

In Praise of the Praise-worthy Author.

WISE *Virgil* wrote Æneads long, to praise
Anchises Son, whom he did not behold;
Octavian lik'd his high and lofty Phrase,
And gave the *Mantuan*, Money, Moyen, Gold:
The Praise of BRUCE (no question) thou proclaims
To please and praise the *Faith's Defender* JAMES.
If *Maro's* Figments live in fresh Request,
Which he of *Styx*, *Cocytus*, *Cerber* penn'd,

Of

of *Charon*, *Hell*, *Elysium* and the rest,
Thy Story true shall with the World take End:
And, to thy Praise, I dare be bold to say,
No Lines prophane can live a longer Day.

CRAGE.

To his dear Friend, the Restorer of the Famous BRUCE *his Story.*

UNTO this Age while thou of new restores
The ruin'd Story of this famous King,
Thy noble Sp'rit in Emulation glores,
E'en in his Praise thy proper Worth to sing:
For likeas he did re-erect his Crown,
By longshank'd *Edward*'s Subtilty brought down;

Right so (thy Song) from dark Oblivion's Grave,
Hath now restor'd the Glory of his Name,
Engraving it upon this Column brave,
Which thou has sacred to eternal Fame,
And placed here till Time be gone to shine,
As Monument of his high Worth and thine

JO. URREY.

To the AUTHOR.

IF *Alexander* wiſh'd (yet ſigh'd) to ſee
That famous Tomb whore fierce *Achilles* lay,
" Thou worthy Chieftain," ever bleſs'd, *quod he*,
" Had *Homer*'s Pen thy Praiſes to diſplay.
" And if *Æneas* Danger Night and Day,

"And longſome Labours both by Sea and Land,
" Are recompens'd and more, and he for ay
" Famos'd, by *Maro*'s martial Pen doth ſtand;
Make *Alexander* Judge, Fame ſhall avow
BRUCE hath his Guerdon of a *Gordon* now.

M. TH. MITCHEL

The Author's Advertisement.

THERE are sundry Errors escaped, both the Orthography and Want of single Letter with other Faults, as but, *where it is taken f* without, *and other* Scots *Words, which I ha rather choos'd to pass, than lose a sound runni Line; I doubt not but the Reader will excu in respect that this Book was printed in anoth Country, where the Setters did not understa the Language.*

The First Book OF THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE Excellent and most Valiant PRINCE Robert, *sirnamed The* Bruce, KING of SCOTLAND.

CAPUT I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Douglas *hears his Country's Shame, her Fall,*
And back returns from France *with woful Heart,*
Viewing her Woes, her Ruin, Wrack, and all,
He much laments her Loss in ev'ry Part:
When to a Knight from Dumps doth him recal,
With whom he fights with Valour, Strength, and Art:
When each of Life despairs, and Death attends,
They other know; the Fight in Friendship ends.

OF Martial Deeds, of dreadful Wars I sing,
Of Potentates, fierce Knights, and Champions bold,
Who to maintain, o'erthrew a valiant King;
Most brave Atchievements, well perform'd of old;
What flamming Swords, Blood, Terror, Death can bring,
Love, Time, and Fortune's Wheel that still is roll'd;
My Virgin-Muse doth labour to bring forth,
Crown'd with the golden Stars which grace the North:

Those Heroes old, whose Glory seems obscure,
Of which in Fame's Steel-Tables nought remains,
I offer on your Sacred Shrines most pure,
Whose Strength my Labour's weighty Sway sustains:
Those Ancients Worth in you doth live secure,
Which once may be the Subject of my Pains;
Wherewith my Lays adorn'd shall fly along,
And make the Earth enamour'd of my Song.

Why Heav'ns pour'd out such a Deluge of Woes,
Which to the World my weeping Muse doth sing;
And how those sad tumultuous Broils arose,
O, who can tell! since Heav'n's eternal King
After his Will Earth's Empires doth dispose,
And fatal Periods to all Reigns doth bring;
Who shakes the Earth asunder in his Wrath,
And melts the Heav'ns with his consuming Breath.

But O! what was't involv'd those Days in Wars?
Was't not that Age by Force governing all,
Which now is rul'd by Art? Or was't the Stars,
From whose Conjunctions these Mishaps might fall?
Or was't Hell-bred Envy that all Things mars,
Forcing themselves Destruction forth to call?
No, no, it seems eternal Heav'ns Decree,
That Sin's own Weight, by Sin o'erthrown should be:

But soft, my home-bred Muse, soar not too high,
Lest thou o'erpass what erst thou didst intend;
Send Passion hence, be modest, flee Envy,
With Pow'r Divine bring this great Work to end;
Thou ev'ry Verse, each Line, each Word must try;
In my frail Breast thy sacred Fury send,
That whoso reads these Lines for those Respects,
May praise thy Deeds, and pardon my Defects.

In that fair Land *, where floweth all Delight;
That Heaven on Earth, whose Paradisian Plains
Had drawn the *Douglas* far from Father's Sight,
Where he both Arts and Eloquence obtains,

* France.

He

He ſtaid till dreadful War, with thund'ring Might,
Sounds forth his Country's Ruin, Woes and Pains;
Then Fortune, Fate, Revenge, and Glory's Spoil,
Invites him Home unto his native Soil:

And once arriving here, he might behold
The mournful Monuments of Death and Fear,
It ſeem'd, that Heav'n and Fortune had controul'd
The Fates, and *Jove* by horrid *Styx* did ſwear,
Thoſe Days in Vengeance-Books ſhould be enrol'd,
Thoſe worthleſs Times, all-worthy Time ſhould tear
From Memory, as Monuments of Shame,
The Blots of Age and only Stains of Fame.

As one within a Garden fair, in *May*,
Sees *Flora* deck'd in Beauty's braveſt Pride;
Sweet-ſmelling Roſes, fragrant, freſh and gay,
Pinks, Violets, and thouſand Flow'rs beſide,
That *Paradiſe* There only ſeems to ſtay;
Yet *Piſces* cooling once fair *Phœbus* Side,
That fruitful Place by Froſt and Hails diſgrac'd:
So ſeem'd this pleaſant Land now quite defac'd.

For lo! a ſtranger Nation doth he ſee
Inhabit all the Country round about,
And all his native Countrymen did flee,
Yielding to Fear, Fate, Fortune, Chance, and Doubt:
Waſte ruin'd Walls, Tow'rs, Towns, and Hamlets be,
The Meads and pleaſant Valleys in and out
Untill'd like Deſarts, void and quite forſaken,
Abandon'd of their own, of Strangers taken:

And where he goes, the Ground did ſeem to mourn,
Plaining for Loſs of her dear nat'ral Brood;
The Floods their ſweeteſt murmuring Streams did turn
From fair clear Chriſtal Drops to Crimſon Blood;
From Foreſts hoir the whiſtling Winds return
Dulce Sounds of Sorrow's melancholick Mood,
Thus in his Ears, Earth, Water, Winds, and Trees,
Sad Muſick make of ſadder Tragedies:

To ſee ſo fair a Kingdom deſolate,
And ſuch a mighty Nation thus forlorn,
His Friends all loſt, himſelf diſconſolate;
Tears, Sighs and Groans, made Speech long time forborn:
At laſt, thoſe doleful Words, thus intricate
With Sorrows deep, his woful Heart has torn:
" Ah! was I born, and muſt I live to ſee
" The Sun to ſhine on this thy Infamie?

" Ah! now, poor Country, woful is thy Fall,
" But, ah! more woful is thy wretched State;
" Thy Bliſs to Bale the Heav'ns too ſoon did call,
" But far too ſwift now comes thy helpleſs Fate;
" For e'er undone, and no Remeed at all:
" Ah! no Remeed, ſaid I? yea though too late:
" Can Heav'ns thy Crown of Glory from thy Brow
" So ſoon tear off, ſo famous ſtill till now?

" Where was true Valour found, if not in thee?
" In thee was Virtue, ne'er by Time outworn;
" The Source of Love, the Nurſe of Unity,
" Where Faith and Truth were bred, brought forth and born;
" Wit's Habitation, Fortune's Conſtancy;
" But now all theſe, even theſe, are quite forlorn;
" And in a doleful Den thy Genius lies,
" Howling for Blood and Vengeance to the Skies.

" Hence curſed Time!---- More would the Knight have ſaid,
But he beheld a Warriour at hand,
His Furniture and Armour ſanguine Red,
A Bunch of Feathers on his Creſt did ſtand:
Him would this fierce, ſad, angry Earl invade,
And in the other like Deſire he fand;
Each other with tempeſtuous Fury greet;
So in the Air the bolting Thunder meet.

Loath was each Spear to wound his Enemy,
Their wrathful Maſters Meſſage while they go
All ſhiv'red, mourning through the Air they fly,
Complaining of unkindly Diſcord ſo,
While that the Champions chaft with Anger be;
For each diſdains a Match in Arms to know;

Each

Each takes the other for an *English* Knight,
And ſeeks Revenge with Force, Hate, Rage, Deſpight:

Even as two aged, ſtrong, and ſturdy Oaks,
Againſt a thundring Tempeſt firmly ſtand;
Or as two raggid Cliffs of mighty Rocks
Bear off the wafting Surges from the Land:
So each abides the other's pondrous Strokes:
Theſe only two, true Valour did command:
Yea whoſoe'er had ſeen that warlike Fight,
Fear would have bred both Terror and Delight,

By Thruſts and Foins their Blows ſeconded be,
Each waits Occaſion, each Advantage ſpying;
Each on the other hath a watchful Eye,
Each ſhuns the Feints, for open Ward ſtill prying,
Where Plats were join'd, and Buckles ty'd they ſee,
Yet either's Foreſight other's Slight denying:
Still freting in themſelves with Rage and Ire,
That neither could their Conqueſt-wiſh'd aſpire,

Sometime their Swords, forth from their Helm and Shield,
Send fiery Sparkles, ſpangling all the Air:
Even ſo the Meteors fighting, Lightning yield
Beneath the Northern Pole, that do prepare
To clear the Starry Firmamental-Field,
With Cold extreme, pure, ſubtil, ſharp and rare,
That elſe would geal the cluſtred Clouds aloft,
And make a bad Confuſion, ſtrange and oft.

As faſt as Hail, in ſharp and icy Balls
Upon the tiled Houſes, doth alight,
So thick, ſo faſt, each ſpeedy Blow down falls,
Battring their Helms and Shields with furious Might;
They fighting wiſh each other's Funerals:
Four Hours it was ſince they began the Fight;
Some little Wounds had each of others won,
Yet both as freſh as when they firſt begun.

Now was the Sun declining to the Weſt,
When both did ſeem of Conqueſt to deſpair;

And yet the Knight unknown was luſtieſt,
His Courage and his Strength did ſtill repair:
For as a loit'ring Slave, in lazy Reſt,
Has ſpent the Day, that for his Task ſhou'd care,
And tho' too late, at laſt to Work doth ſtand,
Repenting that he took ſo much in Hand:

Ev'n ſo, the Stranger-Knight did fiercely fly
Againſt his Foe, with unreſiſted Might;
And tho', indeed, he ſomewhat ſtronger be,
His Breath enduring longer; yet in Fight
The *Douglas* did that Want with Art ſupply:
For holding forth his Sword and Shield outright,
He guards himſelf, and bears the other's Blows,
Now out, now in, now here, now there he goes.

Both breathleſs now, both forc'd a while to ſtay,
Both lean upon their Swords a while to reſt:
The unknown Knight thus to himſelf did ſay;—
" Ah! fooliſh Man, with Madneſs thus poſſeſs'd,
" Thy Labour's great, great Pains, great Works to Day,
" With Sorrows new, new Woes, new Cares increas'd;
" Hated by Heav'n, by Fates long curs'd e're born,
" Proud Fortune holds thy high Attempts in ſcorn.

" Thy Foil, thy Shame, and thy Diſgrace receiv'd,
" Not only thou, but all the World doth know:
" Fond Man! of none but of thy ſelf deceiv'd:
" What Valour canſt thou boaſt, what Strength can ſhow,
" O thou, ev'n thou, who once a Kingdom crav'd?
" Ah! Folly great: Ah! great Preſumption low;
" Ah! Shame that e're thou ſhould'ſt be ſeen or known,
" Vanquiſh'd by one, o'ercome and overthrown.

" But ſo the Fates, and ſo the Heav'n provides,
" That thou thy Strength and Weakneſs might perceive;
" To Errors groſs, thy fooliſh Mind thee guides,
" Which to abate, what doth remain to crave?
" Loſt is thy Crown, loſt be thy Friends beſides,
Chac'd from thy Kingdom, hunted like a Slave;
" And, Savage-like, thou liv'ſt on Herbs and Roots
" In Deſarts wild: Thoſe of thy Pains are Fruits.

" Then

" Then fertile *Scotland* fair, Adieu for ay!
" Good was my Will, and great was my Desire
" On thy black Hemisphere to bring the Day,
" And to restore thy Freedom, Crown, Empire:
" But to my fond Attempts, the Heav'n said, Nay;
" While thou'rt consum'd by *Jove's* Wrath, hot as Fire.
" Now, wo is me (for my own Woes, I say not)
" But O! thee fain I would remeed, and may not.

The *Douglas* also was perplexed so,
For still himself condemns himself of Folly.
" Art thou return'd from *France*, (*quod he*) to show
" Thou vow'd thy Sire's Revenge, a Vow most Holy;
" This mighty Task when thou should undergo,
" Thy first Attempt thy Shame returneth folly.
" Why then, fond Man, if thou be overthrown
" Yield not, but die, and keep thy Vow unknown.

" And if the Heav'ns decree thy Overthrow,
" And that thy Vow must still be unperfited;
" Yet who the Victor is, fain would I know:
" If but a private Man, then I despite it;
" But if his Praise, Fame ev'ry where doth blow,
" Then on my Grave these Lines shall be endited:
" *Though Chance and Fortune made him lose the Field,*
" *He merits Praise, whose Courage scorns to yield.*

" Where are my Predecessor's Deeds of old,
" Which, like a Wall, impregnable did stand;
" And did, like Pillars firm and strong uphold
" The Weal, the Peace, and Saf'ty of the Land?
" Though none of those I boast; yet am I bold
" The worthy Name of *Scot* for to demand,
" Whereof so many Worthies still preceeds,
" As makes their Country famous by their Deeds:

" Yea, and this present Age augments our Fame
" With warlike Knights, that all the World admires,
" As matchless *Wallace*, and the Valiant *Graham*,
" The worthy BRUCE, most glorious that appears:
" If one of those it were, less were my Shame,
" My Credit more, and more my Fortune clears.

Therefore to clear this Doubt, he thought it best
His Speech should thus be to the Knight address'd:

" Stout, hardy, valiant Man at Arms, (*quod he*,)
" Before our Combat end, I pray thee show,
" Whom I o'ercome, or who o'ercometh me,
" Since none of us the Quarrel yet doth know?
" No, *quod the other*, Sir that may not be,
" For that you made the Challenge first, and so
" As Challenger, your Cause must first be known;
The *Douglas* answer'd, " That shall soon be shown.

" Unless I err, you are an *English* Knight;
" I am a *Scot*, and in Defence will stand
" Of *Scots* free Liberty and ancient Right,
" So long as I can bear a Sword in Hand.
" It may be so, (*quod he*) but in my Sight
" You are too weak alone for to withstand:
" So great a Task craves more than one, I fear,
" Against Great *Edward*, if you mind to war.

Quod *Douglas*, " Though I be alone you see,
" I were enough for to revenge our Harms,
" If I had *Edward* here, as I have thee;
" Although the matchless BRUCE, with conqu'ring Arms,
" Has Thousands mo, whose Valours-worth shall flie
" For dread Revenge, with Trumpet's loud Alarms,
" Through all the Regions of the *English* Soil
" And Havock make, with Ruine, Blood and Spoil.

" Yet know another Quarrel for our Fight
" And my just Cause, which just Revenge requires;
" My Sire, that sometime Earl of *Douglas* height,
" In *Edward*'s Prison spent his aged Years,
" And there he dy'd by Wrong, without all Right,
" Whose guiltless Blood, Blood-guilty *Edward* bears;
" For whose sad Death, ev'n thou thy Life must lose.
And with these Words, he thunders on the Blows.

" Hold, hold, *quod he*, stay thy Revenge for Shame;
" I am thy Friend, no Foe, nor *English* I;

" I

" I am that luckless BRUCE whose hapless Name
" Thou does so much exalt and magnify,
" Whose froward Fortune, Fate, and far-known Fame,
" Is turn'd Disgrace to all Eternity.
At these sad Words, the *Douglas* stood and gaz'd
Blushing, astonish'd, speechless, and amaz'd:

At last he falls before the warlike Prince,
And says: ---" My gracious Sovereign, Thou may
" Pardon my hasty Fault, my rude Offence;
" Or, my Death-worthy Crime, with Death repay,
" That durst offend thy Worth, thy Excellence:
" Ah, cursed Time! Ah, black and dismal Day!
" No, no, sweet Friend, *quod he*, thy Peace enjoy.
" Long may thou live, in spite of Fate's Annoy.

And thus when he had rais'd him from the Ground,
He, in his Arms, him lovingly embrac'd,
Whose Love and Favour alway did abound,
And alway did endure while Life did last.
Now both their Horse again, at last, they found,
And both themselves, at last, from thence address'd:
Both vows their Country's Woes for to revenge;
Both to endure each other's Fortunes strange.

Together then they ride a Plain throughout,
Till in a Forest fair themselves they fand,
While Night, with sable Curtains round about
Breathes Darkness out, overshaddowing all the Land;
Upon her lowring Brows sat Fear and Doubt,
And round about, in Horror, trembling stand
The dusky Clouds, that threats a second Flood;
Such Seas their swelling Clustres doth include.

CAPUT II.

The ARGUMENT.

The Douglas *courteously requires the King*
For to unfold the Cause of all his Grief,
Whereby he takes Occasion for to bring
To outward View, the Ground of this Mischief.
He shews the worthless Bal'ol's *hapless Reign,*
That heapt new Woes on Woes, without Relief.
Brave Berwick *lost,* Scots *fall at odds, and yield,*
Losing their Freedom in a bloody Field.

THOSE matchless Champions throw the Forest gone
At last alight, and then themselves address'd,
Till chearful Day's bright golden Lamp should shone,
Within an Arbour fair to take their Rest:
But as ambitious Minds are ne'er alone
Till they have Honour, Glory, Fame possess'd;
So they no Rest at all could here attain,
Such high Confusion in their Breasts remain.

At last the *Douglas* thus began. —"Brave Prince,
"And my most gracious Sovereign, *quod he,*
"Long may thou live in Nature's Excellence,
"*Jove's* Love, Fate's Favour, Fortune's Constancie:
"Thy Worth exalted by Heav'ns Influence,
"And thy brave self long have I wish'd to see;
"God grant, thy shining Sun, with golden Rays,
"Our darkest Nights may change to brightest Days.

"Let not my bold Presumption thee offend,
"If I require to know the woful Birth
"Of Sorrows, which thy Countenance forth send;
"For lo, swift Fame did sound thy Praise, thy Worth
"In *France*, while, careless, I on Courts attend,
"Which clears my Clouds of Care, with Lamps of Mirth,
"And

" And did my sad, unsettled Thoughts destroy,
" Thy sweet Report so fill'd my Ears with Joy.

" Then I return'd, in hope of bless'd Relief,
" Which, I foresaw, thy Worth would soon afford,
" And thou, ev'n thou, would ease thy Country's Grief,
" Whose Glory great must be by thee restor'd,
" Since to revenge our Blood, Wo, Wrack, Mischief;
" By justest Heav'ns, thou only art implor'd:
" Do then, Brave Prince, what Heav'n for thee ordains,
" Thy Knight I am, in War, Peace, Joy, or Pains.

The Gallant BRUCE sat long Time much amaz'd,
Loath to unfold his strange Misfortunes rare,
In Wrath he star'd, he lookt about, he gaz'd,
He sigh'd, he groan'd, as one into Despair;
His rolling Eyes, at last, from Earth he rais'd,
And clear'd, with heav'nly Smiles, the Clouds of Care;
Whileas the *Douglas* long did him behold,
This sad and woful Tragedy he told.

" Sad may it seem, and sorrowful to thee,
" Those woful News thou does require to hear;
" But much more Care and Grief it breeds to me,
" Who must not only hear and lend my Ear,
" But must relate even what my Eyes did see,
" Yea, what my self did act: Yet still forbear
" Those fond Complaints, and make a true Narration
" What most offends me, and afflicts my Nation.

" And to unfold this Tragick Story so,
" To know the Motive first, it doth require,
" And ev'ry truest Circumstance to show,
" Whereof is much that will delight the Ear:
" Then to th'intent all may more clearly know
" The Ground of this so fierce and cruel War,
" Our various Speech let us divert, and view
" The dreadful horrid Horrors that ensue.

" Three ALEXANDERS, thrice were *Scotland's* Kings;
" The first, for Valiant Deeds, surnam'd, *The Fierce*,

" Was MALCOLM CANMOIR's Son: The Second's Reign
" Was after Good King WILLIAM did decease,
" Whose brave undaunted Deeds made Fame to sing,
" *The Lyon-King*, as Histories rehearse:
" The Third that did our Crown and Scepter wear,
" *Henry* the Third of *England*'s Daughter fair,

" In Marriage took; which happ'ly he divin'd
" Should then conclude a full and final Peace,
" That both these ancient Kingdoms thus combin'd,
" Those great and mighty Nations might embrace
" A friendly League and Concordance in Mind,
" A happy Time to their ensuing Race,
" By ending all the Wars, the Broils, the Steers,
" That had remain'd full thrice Five Hundred Years.

" But Heav'ns decreed it should not so remain;
" For the appointed Time was not foretold.
" Man's subtil Plots and Wits are all in vain,
" In vain their Ways, in vain this Work they would;
" In vain they go about for to obtain
" What *Jove*, as secret to himself did hold:
" In vain was all these fond Devices thought,
" Since Heav'n decreed, That all should turn to nought.

" For lo, betwixt *Burnt-Illion* and *Kinghorn*,
" King ALEXANDER dy'd by Fall off Horse,
" When thirty four Years of his Reign was worn,
" He no Succession had; and, which was worse,
" Blood-thirsty-War, by Wings of Vengeance born,
" Did tear our Kingdom's Bowels but Remorse,
" Weakning; by oft Diminishings, at length
" The Veins, the Nerves, the Sinews of our Strength.

" Six Years the Land governed was in Peace
" By Regents Six; at last some Broils arose,
" Whereby so strange Governament did cease
" Such bloody Factions, did themselves oppose,
" Who from that Bondage would the Land release,
" And of another King would make a Chose:
" For well they knew what Trains they should imbark
" To set these head-strong Nations once awark.

" A

" A Council then of all, they call to choose
" The nearest of the Royal Blood for King;
" The *Baliol* there his Right did well peruse
" From the first Female his Descent to spring:
" And from the first born Male, I not refuse
" My lineal and just Descent to bring.
" Thus plead we both, nor can we once accord;
" No Peace our haughty Stomacks could afford.

" And thus our Hate grew greater Day by Day,
" Both thirsting for a princely Diadem;
" Nor could the meanest Thought of wise Delay
" Prevent our Wo, our Wrack, our Country's Shame:
" On Wo, on Wrack, on Ruine and Decay,
" Ambition cannot look, nor think, nor dream.
" But for the Crown, while we're aspiring thus,
" We robb'd of what should make it glorious.

" For with us Two, two mighty Armies rose
" To win the Crown, or lose our selves and all;
" *Scotland*'s great Primate did himself oppose
" Betwixt us then, a Treat of Peace to call,
" Who did so much, at last we made a Chose
" Thus to accord and to Agreement fall,
" To judge our Right by *England*'s mighty King,
" Who should decern which of us both should reign.

" Wherefore in haste to *England*'s King we send,
" Requesting him to take the Cause in Hand,
" Who then prepar'd his Conquest to defend
" In fertile *France*, with many warlike Band,
" And there his large Dominions to extend
" By Force of Arms, and by his Valiant Hand;
" Yet for to put our Kingdom to a Rest,
" He turn'd and back to *York* himself address'd.

" Of learned Men he Twenty Four there brought,
" Whose grave Advice in this great Work he us'd:
" But, lo, my proud Competitor bethought
" Him thus, If I and my just Right were choos'd,
" Then were he all undone; and therefore sought
" By some lewd Mean to get me quite refus'd;

" At

" At last resolv'd to buy a Diadem
" With foul Dishonour, and eternal Shame.

" Wherefore he dealt in secret with the King,
" If him he would prefer the Crown to wear,
" By Charter, Seal, by Oath, and ev'ry Thing,
" He bound himself of him the Crown to bear,
" And for the same his Homage to resign;
" To whose base Mind, at first he gave no Ear:
" The most Part of the Lawiers parted thence,
" All judging me just Heir and righteous Prince.

" But Counsel caus'd this Mighty King to err,
" Counsel of those that by Dissention live
" Still urging him the *Baliol* to prefer,
" That for his Guerdon would a Kingdom give:
" But he that knew my Right far worthier
" Ev'n from my Foe's proud Offer did derive
" His Argument, and unto me presents
" The Crown, if I fulfill'd the same Contents.

" Which Offer base, I plainly did refuse;
" Wherefore King *Edward*, in his wrathful Ire,
" With *Baliol* decreets, and did abuse
" My Right, enstalling him whose blind Desire
" Led him for Honour, Infamy to choose,
" And, for a Crown, to slave a free Empire:
" For, lo, in him two Contraries agree,
" Base Avarice and Prodigalitie.

" Thus he return'd with Pomp and Majesty,
" Whom all the Lords and Princes of Estate
" Convey'd to *Scoon*, with Royal Dignity,
" Where stood the ancient Marble-Chair of late:
" There was he crown'd with kingly Royalty
" In Robes, whose Worth were longsome to repete;
" Imbroid'red all with Stones, with Pearl, with Gold,
" Gorgeous to wear, and glorious to behold.

" But little knew the Princes of the Land
" That he to *England*'s King should Homage pay:

" The

" The Crown that Sixteen Hundred Years did ſtand
" 'Gainſt endleſs War and cruel Arms eſſay;
" Nor *Romans*, *Danes*, nor *Saxons* could command,
" Unconquer'd ſtill, nor conquer'd would obey,
" Was now betray'd by him, whoſe hapleſs Name
" Became his Country's Scorn, and Kingdom's Shame.

" But when Report had ſhown the hapleſs Loſs,
" The Commons 'gan to murmur here and there
" Againſt the Nobles, vowing that their Choice
" Should be with Arms, their Freedom to repair,
" And all the Princes of Eſtate, by thoſe
" Were ſcandaliz'd with Shame, Reproach and Fear.
" Thus Civil Diſcord, brought a fearful Fall
" On King, on Country, Kingdom, Crown, and all.

" For now the King in high Contempt was brought
" With all the Lords and Princes of Eſtate,
" The Lords in Hate and great Diſgrace were thought
" With all the common Multitude of late,
" When all with Wit and Valour ſhould have wrought.
" Thus raiſe a fearful, ſtrange, and new Debate,
" That hardeſt Adamantine Hearts would move:
" But for their Sin, ſo Heav'ns decreed above.

" Of theſe enſuing Sorrows, now the King
" Foreſees, forethinks, and meditates, and moans;
" A Thouſand Griefs did in his Boſom ſpring,
" Aſſailing all his woful Heart at once.
" One Day he would be ſecret, forth to bring
" The woful Birth of Tears, of Sighs, and Groans:
" Thrown on his Bed with raging Diſcontents,
" At laſt he thus burſt forth in high Complaints.

' *Ah, hapleſs Wretch! curſs'd be the fatal Hour*
' *Wherein I did obtain a Diadem*
' *By falſe Conceit, by ſtrong enticing Pow'r,*
' *Not caring for Diſgrace, for Loſs, for Shame,*
' *While Avarice and Ambition did devour*
' *Truth, Knowledge, Wit, Diſcretion, Praiſe, and Fame:*
' *Ah, Avarice, Inchanter of the Wiſe,*
' *The blind Devourer of fair Honour's Prize.*

' O bloody Stars! why did you thus agree
' To make a bad Conjunction at my Birth?
' Why did you all pour down Mischief from high,
' To make vile me, the Abject of the Earth?
' What shall all Times and Ages say of me
' To buy a Crown, that sold a Kingdom's Worth?
' The Revenues I sold to buy the Name,
' Exchanging Honour for eternal Shame.

' What Wo or Grief but Time can make it old;
' Yet Infamy, Time never can suppress:
' The meaner Sort their Faults will pass untold;
' But Faults of Kings, by Fame do still increase.
' Such Spots are in my lep'rous Soul enrol'd,
' As still accuse me of my Guiltiness.
' And while my wronged People me do view,
' Methinks their Eyes to Death do me pursue.

" In midst of this his sorrowful Complaint
" His Eyes grew heavy, drown'd with Flood of Tears;
" His Tongue, his Throat, no more their Sound forth sent:
" Thus slumber'd he, full fraught with Griefs and Fears.
" At last this fearful Vision did present
" A dreadful sounding Noise that pierc'd his Ears:
" He thought he saw before him all at once
" Were Ninety Kings and Two, on golden Thrones.

" Each bore a close rich cover'd glorious Crown,
" In Form like an Imperial Diadem,
" With Ribs of Gold o'erthwart, above, and down,
" All round about, each bowing like a Beam:
" In the fair Front were made, of Jacinths brown,
" Fair Letters, shewing ev'ry Prince's Name:
" Beneath their Feet, an Iron Throne was made
" Whereon of Lead an open Crown was laid.

" He thought, they set him on the Iron Throne,
" And crown'd him with that leaden Crown in scorn,
" Whereon was written this Inscription,
" *This none but Bastard*-Baliol *hath born*:
" Then said the First and Gravest, all alone;
" Whose aged Hairs had many Years outworn,

'Thou wretched Catiff, most accurs'd of all,
'Thy Place is great, but greater far thy Fall.

This Diadem (pointing his own) *by me*
Erected was with Honour, Strength, and Might,
And from my aged Loins descended be,
By just Descent, these Ninety Two in Sight;
Each bore this Crown with Royal Dignitie,
Adding as much by Conquest to their Right,
'Defending it 'gainst Romans, Saxons, Danes;
'For witness, famous Victories remains.

But uncompell'd, unsought, or unrequir'd,
By Words, by War, by Conquest, or by Gain,
Thou render'd up what we aloft had rear'd,
And what we kept with Travel, Care and Pain;
The threatning Trumpet that all Nations fear'd,
Which Worlds of Armies never could obtain:
'Yet this thou could not do, without Consent
'Of all the Three Estates of Parli'ment.

But for thy Fault, thy Shame, thy Loss, thy Wrong,
This just and heavy Judgment shall correct thee,
The Kingdom shall be reft from thee ere long,
And thy own Subjects shamefully reject thee:
In blinded Darkness, Wo shall be thy Song
For want of Day, yet no Man shall affect thee;
'And to all Ages, thy Infamous Name
'Shall be a Proverb of eternal Shame.

For lo, thou shalt be call'd, in little Space,
Thy Country's Ruine and thy Nation's Wo;
Much harmless Blood shall pay for thy Disgrace;
These yet unborn thy Doom shall feel and know:
A mighty Nation shall thy Land deface,
Beneath whose heavy Yoke she groans; but lo,
'She Viper-like, brings forth unnat'ral Brood,
'That most shall waste her, wound her, drink her Blood.

At last her Tears, her Cries, her sad Complaint
Shall pierce the Heav'ns, and Jove *to Mercy move,*

'Wha

Who pities Sinners when they first repent,
And looking meekly downward from above,
Shall raise them up that shall her Wrack prevent,
Whose manly Valours shall her Woes remove,
And bring to End the War thou wrought with Shame,
But ne'er an End to thy Infamous Name.

Therefore this Leaden Crown, base, worthless, poor,
Thou hast as one unworthy to put on;
The Crown which I the famous FERGUS *bore,*
And all these warlike Princes, one by one,
And while this mighty Nation shall endure,
Having a Prince to sit upon my Throne,
Thou of a Prince's Name shall be refus'd,
Because my Crown, unconquer'd, thou abus'd.

"At these last Words, he wak'd with sudden Fear,
"But nothing saw; while in his Brain was tost
"These woful Warnings, buzzing in his Ear,
"That threatned was by Great King FERGUS Ghost;
"Which Burden great, his Soul could scarcely bear,
"Till Moving, Feeling, Speech and all was lost:
"His vital Pow'rs, hem'd in with Thousand Cares,
"At last burst forth in these, or like Despairs.

O sad and wearied Soul! quod he, *depart,*
And leave the loathed Lodge thou dost possess;
Stop up my Breath within my loathed Heart;
My Life make less, if Shame may not be less:
Heav'n from above thy Vengeance at me dart;
Hell from below thy Torment still increase:
Devouring Earth my damned Body smother;
Heav'n, Earth and Hell, destroy me altogether.

Thus swallow'd up, of Mankind most abhor'd,
If any should enquire for worthless me,
Say that some rav'ning Monster me devour'd,
And let my Name, O Fame! forgotten be:
Let all my Days t'Obliv'on be restor'd,
Lest thou, O Time! therewith dishonour thee.
Thus roll'd in Clouds of Smoke, let it be said,
That such an One was never fram'd nor made.

"T

Thus while he lay half dead for Grief and Wo,
A Herauld came from *England*'s mighty King,
And ſtraitly charg'd him haſtily to go
To *York*, and all his Princes there to bring,
And Homage due for *Scotland*'s Kingdom ſhow:
Which brought the Nobles ſecret Murmuring
" To Light at laſt: And thus they work with all,
" To make him ſee his Error, Shame, and Fall.

Salton's great Lord, that *Abirnethy* height,
He had unjuſtly wrong'd; (a hainous Thing)
Wherefore from him, in all his Princes Sight,
He did appeal unto the *Engliſh* King.
This high Diſgrace he took in great Deſpight;
For in Contempt with all, it did him bring:
" At laſt he caſt about, to right the Wrongs
" That to his endleſs Infamy belongs.

A Meſſage to the *Engliſh* King he ſend
For to diſcharge that baſe, infamous Band,
Since he, without Conſent, could not pretend
Thus for to ſlave a free, unconquer'd Land.
But too too late Repentance comes in End;
Thus ſhallow with deep Judgment doth withſtand.
" So Children uſe for to repent their Error,
" When nought remains but Puniſhment and Terror.

The mighty *Engliſh* riſe in dreadful Arms,
Still threatning Blood, Wrack, Ruin, Vengeance, Sorrow,
Performing ſtill their Vows with Griefs and Harms,
That from their fiery Wraths new Woes did borrow:
Fair Fortune tucks their Drums with loud Alarms,
And waits on bloody *Mars* from Day to Morrow,
" Whoſe dreadful Trumpet blows a deadly Blaſt,
" And rowls our Day in doolful Night at laſt.

Firſt *Berwick* ta'en was by a ſubtil Train,
Wherein Seven Thouſand Men of Arms were loſt,
Women and Children pitileſs were ſlain,
None left alive of *Scottiſh* blood could boaſt.
Now at *Dumbar* four Princes did remain,
That had conven'd of *Scots* a mighty Hoſt:

" But

" But Hate of *Baliol* such Dissention brings,
" In his Despight they love their Foes Designs.

" Which caus'd a strange unlookt-for long Decay;
" For *English Edward*, marching there in haste,
" Encountred them, impatient of Delay,
" Amongst themselves in woful Factions plac't.
" Now *Edward* caus'd me in his Camp to stay;
" For to my Love were most of them address'd:
" So when the Armies joining did abide,
" Twelve Thousand turn'd upon the *English* Side.

" This was full sore against my Will, God knows,
" Nor was I ever privy to this Treason;
" My Deeds on *Edward*'s Side were but in Shows,
" Nor could I disobey him in that Season,
" On no less Pain than *Huntington* to lose.
" But, ah! these foolish *Scots* had no such Reason,
" Who by their new Discord, struck blind with Wrath,
" Would make me Cloak unto their broken Faith.

" For they, unworthy of the *Scottish* Name,
" Against their Country's Freedom rudely stand;
" Unworthy also of their Elders Fame,
" That 'gainst themselves dare lift their conqu'ring Hand
" When Foreign Force could not their Stomachs tame,
" Themselves against themselves oppos'd they fand;
" The Son the Father, Father kills the Son,
" Each kills his Friend, and helps his Foe to win.

" Such Things were wrought by Heav'ns fierce Destiny,
" Because the Land with Sin did overflow:
" Ev'n as a stately Ship, with Sails on high,
" If justly pois'd with Balance, fears no Blow
" Of Winds; but if o'ercharg'd with Weight she be,
" Her Speed is stay'd, impair'd her glorious Show;
" Then angry *Neptune*'s foaming Surges beat her,
" And with Decay the thund'ring Tempests threat her.

" Ev'n so, while as in *Scotland* did remain
" The Sword of Justice, Fear of God above,

" Th

The Love of Virtue, Hate of Vice prophane,
And while the Sp'ritual State the Truth did love,
We ſail'd in Seas of Peace, and did obtain
Wealth, Honour; all which Lands moſt bleſt do prove:
" But once born down with Pride, Luſt, Blindneſs, Error;
" Our Calms of Peace, Heav'ns Tempeſts ſhook with Terror.

For mighty God that ſits upon the Throne
Of Juſtice, Grace and Mercy, from that height,
Did view our Sins in burning Rage anone,
His Countenance with fiery Flames grew bright,
That Heav'ns did quake for Fear, and Angels moan
For Men, poor Men, at that aſtonying Sight:
Day's glorions Lamp, Night's Queen, Heav'ns Tapors ſtay'd,
Wrapt up in Clouds, at his dread Looks afraid.

Within his wat'ry Palace *Neptune* quakes,
The roaring Streams were quiet, whiſt, and ſtill,
His azur'd Crown from criſped Locks he takes,
His Monſters all the lower Regions fill,
His forked Scepter then for Fear he breaks,
And, to obey his Lord and Maker's Will,
He mildly falls before his Mercy's Throne,
Whoſe Glory made the Heav'ns with Lightning ſhone.

The ſolid Earth did quake with trembling Fear,
And downward ſeem'd to change her wonted Room,
Such grievous Weight and Burden did ſhe bear
Of hainous Sin, whoſe Puniſhment to come
She did foreſee; as when, throw ſubtil Air,
Came *Thetis* Fowl, with Alabaſter Down,
Flies down with woful Plaints and mournful Cries,
Before a dreadful Tempeſt doth ariſe.

The helliſh Fiends that ſcatter'd were abroad
Through all the Earth, and for Miſchief ſtill ſought,
Ran headlongs down unto their griſly God,
And was through theſe infernal Kingdoms brought
Where *Proſerpine*, with *Pluto* grim, abode,
Whoſe ruſty Scepters were of Iron wrought:
On Thrones they ſat, 'bout which fierce Fiends did roar;
Two heavy Crowns of burning Braſs they bore.

" Pro-

" Prodigious Signs and Wonders then were seen,
" Which did presage what after might befal:
" From the cold North did in our Climate shine
" A bright and blazing Comet, and withal
" Red Show'rs of Blood in sundry Parts had been;
" The last, the latest Warning of our Fall.
" Yet dreadful Signs and fearful Wonders sent,
" Sin made not loss, but Judgment did augment.

CAPUT III.

The ARGUMENT.

Grief having somewhat interrupt the Prince,
He shows at last his Cause of Discontent,
And follows forth with ev'ry tragick Chance
Wherewith proud Fortune erst did him present.
The witty Count comforteth him, and thence
Desires him go where FERGUS *Ghost him sent;*
Whereon they both conclude, and with a Dream,
Sleep drowns Discourse at last in Silence Stream.

O Subject sad! O sad unsolid Muse!
In Cypres wreath'd in mourning black Attire,
Blot Comfort out, and in your Lays refuse
All Mirth; yea in your woful Task desire
Sad tragick Tunes; the which while you peruse,
In Night's dark Inns, her dreadful Cave, retire.
Tears serve for Ink: and if you aim at Mirth,
O Sighs! let all be smother'd in their Birth.

But, wailing Muse, Ay me! why do you show
To outward View the only Stain of Time?
Why, in Remembrance of such horrid Wo,
Do ye not weep, to wash your woful Rhime?
O thrice Infamous! Times inglorious! O
That this their Shame had ended with their Crime!
But Heav'n and Time, Fate, Fortune, Chance, and all
Had with themselves decreed, themselves to fall.

Wh

here was the conqu'ring Arms, the valiant Hearts?
here was the wonted Loyalty now gone?
hen for their Faith, their Valour, their Deserts,
ur Elders mounted up to Honour's Throne,
hen rudely they oppos'd their Arms and Arts
n *Belgia* fair, against this Foe alone:
Such Praise they wan beneath those temp'red Climes,
As makes them famous to eternal Times.

deed such Praise and Glory great they wan
s these, whose grievous Wrongs they came to right,
ngrately and unnat'rally began
envy their Greatness, and to fear their Might;
ow soon freed them of Foes, ev'n then
them they make a Massacre by Night:
And as a sad Remembrance of this Action,
Scots only Guards their King for Satisfaction.

! had you sought your Country's Honour still,
those, for Honour, from their Country came,
ur golden Praise had gilt my rusty Quill,
d with Perfumes had fir'd my sacred Flame:
t now my woful Song kind Eyes may fill
ith Tears, and Hearts with Sorrow for the same:
For had the *Scots* true to themselves remain'd,
Longshanks had not so great a Glory gain'd.

, O! why am I thus with Passion led?
Pardon, Courteous Reader, must I sue:
th's bravest Prince we left within a Shade,
o having made a Period, did renew
woful History, and thus he said.
Now doth our endless Tragedy ensue.
" The *Scots* we left still fighting at *Dumbar*,
" Themselves against themselves: O cruel War!

he rest of woful *Scots* that did remain,
erceiving this new Loss and sudden Change,
hey fainted; yet they fought for to obtain
hat Honour which their Fellows did infringe:
ach one thus by his Second-self was slain,
hileas the *English* smile at such Revenge.

" And

" And thus, when nought but Death to *Scots* ensue,
" They yield to Fortune, not to Valour true.

" Now only *English Edward* was renown'd,
" All yield to him and to his Fortunes rare;
" He with our ancient Diadem was crown'd,
" To him the Princes of the Land repair;
" While *Baliol*, in Seas of Sorrows drown'd,
" By *English-Scots* was brought, in black Despair,
" Before Great *Edward*, when he did deny
" All Title, Right, and Sovereignity.

" Thus *Edward* made a Conquest of our Crown,
" And Homage did require of all the Land,
" Which sundry Lords and Princes of Renown
" Refus'd, nor would they yield to his Demand:
" And while the wrathful Heav'ns lookt mildly down,
" They for a Space would fly his vengeful Hand.
" Wherefore Two Hundred Youths he with him led;
" These were the first-born Sons of those that fled.

" Th'Imperial Treasure hence he did convoy,
" With all the Jewels of our Diadem;
" Our ancient Monuments he did destroy;
" And, from all Time to blot the *Scottish* Name,
" He burnt with Fire what e'er we did enjoy,
" Writs, Books and Works; and, to augment our Shame
" The Marble Chair, our oldest Monument,
" He reft away, whereon these Lines were pent,

" *Ni fallat fatum* Scoti, *quacunque Locatum*
" *Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

" If fatal Destinies be true, the *Scots* shall find this Stone;
" And wherefoe'er they find the same, there they shall reign alone.

" King *Edward* thus of all our Wealth possess'd,
" And all whereto we did good Right pretend,
" To ev'ry Town a Garrison address'd,
" And to each Strength his Captains did he send;
" And *English* Lords did in the Land invest,
" Of those that to his Scepter would not bend.
" Thus long we liv'd in Care, in Wo, and Sorrow,
" That alway did augment from Day to Morrow.

"

" In this Time liv'd a worthy, valiant Knight,
" Most fortunate, who *Wallace* height to Name;
" *Wallace* by Wit, by Valour, Fate and Might,
" Who *Scotland* Thrice from Bondage did reclaim:
" His Co-adherent in that Cause of Right
" Was that brave *Mars* of Men, the valiant *Graham*.
" Both fortunate and famous both; whereby,
" Tho' dead, they live to all Eternity.

" *Scotland* the Fourth Time was in Thraldom brought,
" After good *Wallace* had reliev'd it Thrice,
" When him betray'd by that accursed Thought
" Of false *Monteith*, the *English* did surprise;
" E'en curs'd *Monteith* by Heav'ns for Vengeance wrought,
" By Fortune, Fate, and cruel Destinies.
" His Nation's Shame, Line's Blot, and Country's Scorn,
" By Furies brought from Hell, e're he was born.

" Whose lawless Act, whose lewd and hateful Name
" Pollutes my Virgin-unpolluted Rhimes;
" Yet these so call'd, as faultless, I reclaim,
" Though I unfold his ne'er concealed Crimes,
" Let them not grieve at me, nor at his Shame,
" If they live spotless to eternal Times.
" I blame the Man, but not the Line descended;
" The Deed, but not the Name, is reprehended.

" Poor *Scotland* thus in all Calamity,
" While Bondage, like an Earthquake, rents the State
" Asunder quite, and still our Infamy
" Increasing by the Means of private Hate:
" Our selves amongst our selves divided be,
" Which makes this uncouth, strange, and new Debate:
" Confusion thus cast down from Heav'ns above,
" Doth still increase, and cannot yet remove.

" Much I lamented this my Country's Wo,
" And oft desir'd to remedy the same,
" Till Fortune, Heav'ns, and Fate, at last did show
" A Mean to blaze abroad my secret Flame,
" To make the various wond'ring World to know
" My great Desire my Country's Will to frame:

" Yet Fortune's Frowns on my Designs attended,
" And Heav'n was with my rash Attempts offended.

" The *Cuming*, e'er infamous for that Crime,
" Of me a secret Parle did require:
" And thus he said: *Now Fortune fits the Time*
' *Wherein thy Right may to the Crown aspire;*
' *The various Minds beneath this various Clime*
' *Do now more stedfastly themselves retire,*
' *Wishing their curs'd Allegiance now were broke;*
" *Yet groan they still beneath the* English *Yoke.*

' *What Glory great the warlike* Scots *have won,*
' *From Age to Age, all Time can witness bear:*
' Scots *only keep a free unconquer'd Crown;*
' Scots *only gave the Mighty* Romans *War;*
' *At whom beg'd Peace the* Romans *of Renown?*
' *Was't not the valiant* CORBRED *they did fear?*
' *Who but the* Scots *the valiant* Picts *subdu'd,*
' *And warlike* Danes, *whose Force sev'n Times renew'd?*

' *But we, e'en we, degenerate and bare,*
' *Do challenge yet from them our Blood, our Being,*
' *Tho' prostitute to Infamy and Care,*
' *Our selves, e'en with our selves, still disagreeing;*
' *For Courage, Fear; for Worth and Wit, Despair;*
' *To Vice inclining still, from Virtue flying.*
' *Thus have we made our selves a woful Prey*
' *Unto our Foes; ne'er seen before this Day.*

' *Where is become our Elders valorous Hearts,*
' *Their Deeds, their Virtue, and their conqu'ring Swords,*
' *Their Dignities, their Office, Place and Parts,*
' *Their Victories, with Monuments decor'd,*
' *Their ancient Arms, won by their brave Deserts?*
' *Can these no Good, no Strength, no Wit afford?*
' *No, no, I see we faint, we fear, we fall*
' *From Honour, Greatness, Liberty, and all.*

' *Yet that we may at their Deserts but aim,*
' *As those who should inherit them by Right,*

Rise thou in Arms, thy Right for to reclaim;
My self, my Pow'r, my Strength, and all my Might
Shall follow thee, my Race, and all my Name
Shall, with victorious Arms, mantain the Fight;
' Give me thy Land but, when the Crown is thine,
' Or, for thy Right thereof, receive thou mine.

Soon to these sugar'd Words I did accord,
And then betwixt us Two a Band was made,
That when I to the Crown should be restor'd,
Assisted thereto by the *Cuming*'s Aid;
The *Cuming* then of *Carrick* should be Lord.
This done, we both rejoic'd, and both seem'd glad,
" But lo! the *Cuming* traiterously repented,
" E'en to his endless Infamy lamented.

To *England*'s mighty King the Band he send,
Declaring how that I Him would betray,
Who gravely did advise therewith, in end
I soon was charg'd to Court without Delay:
At me the King requir'd, If that I kend
That Band and Seal; yet did I not dismay,
" But fram'd my Countenance more bold and stout,
" Off'ring on Morrow next to clear the Doubt.

My Patrimony for a Pledge I left,
And after to my Inns retir'd anone:
Our Hemisphere of Day was then bereft,
While Night spread forth her sable Wings alone;
Such fearful Darkness o'er the Earth she weft,
As seem'd to say in Friendship, *Now begone.*
" Thus secretly alone I took my Flight,
" Helped by *Jove*, and by the friendly Night.

Five Times had *Hesper Titan* warn'd away,
Five Times again did *Lucifer* appear,
Weaving the glorious Standard of the Day
On Tops of tow'ring Clouds red, white and clear,
And chang'd their sable Hue to Silver gray,
When fiery Steeds the golden Carr drew near;
" While sullen Night in towny Sutes address'd,
" Did shrink aback, and shrewd her in the West.

" Whenas I then arriv'd, like Fortune's Knight,
" Within the Confines of our Kingdom old,
" Then presently appear'd unto my Sight
" Two valiant Knights, stout, hardy, fierce, and bold,
" The one whereof my Brother *Edward* height,
" The other *Fleming*; unto those I told
" *Cuming*'s Deceit, and how by Heav'ns Revenger
" I had escap'd so imminent a Danger.

" Thus talked we, and thus along we pass,
" Till, by good Hap, a Messenger we met,
" Who, after strait Inquiry, did confess
" He was upon a secret Message set
" To *England*'s King, for *Cuming*'s Business,
" Whose Letters did require the King to let
" Me soon by Death from my revolting Mind,
" Else *Scots* to me should shortly be inclin'd.

" Where *Cuming* was, we urg'd him to declare,
" Within the Cloister of *Dumfreice*, *quod he*,
" Thither with restless Speed we did repair,
" And in the Church he seem'd devotiously
" To kneel; for as he sat, we kill'd him there,
" The which, I fear, has caus'd my Misery,
" For that *Jove*'s sacred House we thus defil'd
" Rashly with his Sin-guilty Blood so wild.

" Then was I soon receiv'd of all as King,
" And on my Head I wore the Crown alone;
" I did a great and mighty Army bring
" To raise my State, cast down from Honour's Throne,
" In whose brave Strength good Hope I had to wring
" The Rule from *Edward*'s Hand; and marching on
" With dreadful Terror on the trembling Earth,
" I pitcht my Tents before the Walls of *Perth*.

" While thus I did my rightful Claim begin
" With War's stern Shock and Trumpet's dreadful Blast,
" My Kingdom by victorious Arms to win,
" True *Scots* with my Imperial Standard past,

" T

" The * Lion fierce a Field of Gold within,
" Which seem'd thro' th'Air a grumbling Noise to cast,
" Whose Chain thus broke, made mighty *Edward* quake,
" Fearing much Blood would not his Fury slack.

" But then, e'en then, began my endless Care,
" My Sorrows great, my Wo, my Wrack, and all,
" Proud Fortune then did all her Frowns prepare,
" Wherewith she ever since my Heart doth gall;
" For then she brought me, with a wond'rous Snare,
" My Infamy, my Wrack, my Loss, and Fall.
A Perid long here made the wosul King,
Sobs from his Breast send secret Murmuring.

Yet in the sad Confusion of his Mind,
This too too sad a Tragedy he told;
" Within the Town of *Perth* then did we find
" The *English* Army, with their Captain bold;
" My Sold'ers Hearts to Battel all inclin'd,
" Oft dar'd them forth with Bravades from their Hold:
" But they than we in War more wise and warry,
" Know by what Means to make us all miscarry.

The Gen'ral, who Sir † *Aymer Vallange* height,
An Herauld send, and thus he doth direct him;
That Day the Sabbath was, he would not fight,
But on the Morrow next we should expect him,
And he would soon abate my Pride, my Might,
That was so bold thus fondly to neglect him:
" Yet I not caring those his vaunting Words
" Would answer him with nought but Spears and Swords,

Then choosing forth Advantage of the Ground,
Ne'er doubting that he would his Word infringe,
Made all my Camp that erst no Rest had found
Refresh themselves, in hope of bless'd Revenge:
Thus all at Rest, when each was sleeping sound
No Rest I got, and (which was yet more strange)
" A kind of uncouth Fear assail'd my Heart;
" I needs would rise, and forth I walk'd apart.

* The *Scots* Arms a Lion.
† Otherways, *Odomer del Vallange* Earl of *Pembroke*.

" Now was't about the dead Hour of the Night,
" Whileas the Watch in heavy Sleep did ly,
" When Noise of neighing Horses hear I might,
" And thro' the Air Men's Voices sound near by:
" I stood amaz'd, till *Phœbe* with her Light
" Pity'd my Cause, and made me to descry
" A mighty Army marching hard at Hand,
" As many thrice, as those I did command.

" I caus'd to sound Alarum presently,
" Which made them with a Shout to haste their Pace,
" And with their Drums and Trumpets roaring cry,
" They make a sad and dreadful Noise, alas!
" Five Hundred of my Camp, no more had I,
" Yea those half arm'd, with Faintness, Fear embrace;
" The rest were sleeping kill'd, some fled along:
" For, lo, our Foes were Twenty Thousand strong.

" And nat'ral *Sons* the greatest Part of those:
" Nat'ral said I, no most unnat'ral rather;
" For these, e'en these, were still our greatest Foes,
" Most Viper-like, and worse than Vipers either:
" For us at last they forc'd much Ground to lose,
" Friend 'gainst his Friend, the Son against the Father,
" I stay'd behind their Fury to gainstand,
" Till softly thence retir'd my mangled Band.

" As Hunters keen that doth a Park inclose
" To take or slay the Staig, Deer, Hynd, or Hart,
" So were we now encompass'd by our Foes
" * Six and my self, the rest were fled a Heart,
" All which were ta'en, though Honour none did lose,
" Each hardy, bold, each bare a valiant Part.
" Yet I escap'd out through these Squadrons strong;
" So dealt my Fate, to work my greater Wrong.

" Nor was proud Fortune thus suffic'd at all
" With those Mis-lucks, and those my grievous Moans,
" Triumphing on my Shame, my Fate, my Fall,
" And heaping on a Thousand Woes at once:

* The *Randel* was one of the Six.

" But when my broken Force I did recal,
" Uniting them for new Invasions,
" I fand Seven times as many mo had left me;
" As my fierce Foes revenging Sword bereft me.

" And yet with those, all hopeless, heartless, faint,
" I fore'd was to the Mountains for to fly;
" Where nothing else but Penury did haunt,
" Much Travel, Pain, and Sorrow suff'red we;
" Yet none at all did pity this our Want,
" Tho' we abode for them this Misery;
" And which was worse, this Terror did ensue,
" E'en native *Scots* did most our Lives pursue:

" E'en native *Scots* my Life pursu'd indeed,
" Altho' for them this Task I undergo;
" Their Wealth to win, brought all my Want, my Need,
" Yet for my Love, Despite and Hate they show,
" And this my Love did so all Bounds exceed,
" I made my Friend my Foe, because their Foe:
" Yet while I seek their Honour, Wealth and Ease,
" They seek my Death, my Fall, this * Foe to please.

" Like to that Fish the mighty Whale doth guide
" From craigy Rocks and Shallows thro' the Deep:
" In the vast Bosom of the Ocean wide
" The Whale her Brood would fain devour, to keep
" Her self alive, and yet she steals aside
" When she espies the Monster rest or sleep,
" Brings forth her Brood with Care to keep them free,
" But they do her devour immediately.

" So fares with me, that cares to keep alive
" My Nation, free from mighty *Edward's* Jaws,
" The greater Part of my own Subjects strive
" Who shall devour me first with tearing Paws:
" For lo, when to the Mountains I arrive,
" Left of my own, and left without a Cause:
" The Lord of † *Lorn* a mighty Army brings,
" To bring my self to End, with my Designs.

* To wit, *Edward* King of *England*.
† The Lord of *Lorn* his Army was above Five Thousand.

" Of all my Army was Five Hundred left,
" That took a part with me in Well and Wo;
" Which Number few, of Strength were clean bereft,
" For pining Famine had oppreſs'd them ſo;
" In their pale Face was paler Death ingraft,
" Upon their wearied Limbs they fainting go;
" Yet Courage did their weakned Strength renew,
" And willingly they wiſh the Fight t'enſue.

" Thrice they their Foes, with wondrous Strength aſſail'd,
" And thrice again their dying Forces ſpent;
" Three times with matchleſs Valour they prevail'd;
" Three times their Foes their Number did augment;
" Yea, which is moſt of all to be bewail'd,
" Our Foes, tho' Ten to One, did ſtill prevent
" Our Victory, with freſh and new Supplies;
" For one comes in ſtill, as another dies.

" At laſt, their Forces did ſo much abound,
" That we're encompaſs'd in on ev'ry Side,
" Whileas dark Night o'erſhadow'd all the Ground,
" As pitying us, while ſhe our Loſs eſpy'd;
" Three Hundred loſt of my beſt Knights I found,
" The reſt, ſore wounded, fighting ſtill abide,
" Nor would they once be ta'en, or yield, or fly,
" But would their Blood revenge, and fighting die.

" Yet when I caus'd to ſound a ſad Retreat,
" They hew'd a Paſſage thro' theſe Squadrons ſtrong,
" Still fighting they retire, and ſtill their Date,
" With Valour's endleſs Praiſe, they do prolong:
" At laſt they entred all a narrow Strait;
" On each Side ſtretch'd a mounting Rock along;
" When I, by Fortune, laſt of all did ſtand
" Them to reſtrain, that would our Lives demand.

" Three Knights were there, me by my Armour knew,
" And were ſuborn'd before, my Life to take,
" Who ſeeing me alone, did faſt purſue;
" Two lights, thereby Advantage for to make,
" The Third before me did the Fight renew,
" While they mount up the Craigs, and win my Back.

" Thus

" Thus was I sore assail'd on ev'ry Side;
" But mighty *Jove* my Saf'ty did provide.

" I did of Victory almost despair;
" But *Jove*, Heav'n, Fate, and Fortune, will'd not so
" To end my Wrack, my Misery, my Care,
" Preserving me to greater Shame and Wo:
" To fight while as the Foremost did prepare,
" It was my Luck to kill him with a Blow:
" The One on Foot essay'd with mighty Force,
" By my one Leg, to pull me from my Horse.

" And in the Stirr'p thrust all his Arm well nigh:
" The Third leap'd up upon my Horse behind,
" And thrust his Dagger in my Side awry,
" Whileas the other draws me to the Ground,
" But in the Stirr'p his Arm so bruised I,
" And with his Heels my Horse such Way has found,
" That he the Use of Feet had quite bereft him,
" Then I cut off his Arm, and so I left him.

" But now the Third, that all this Time alone
" Was surely set behind me on my Horse,
" Did wound me thrice, altho' not mortal one,
" Whom in my Arms at last I strain'd by Force,
" And on my Horse before, I laid him on;
" The Dagger then, wherewith he wrought my Loss,
" I made to digg a Passage thro' his Heart,
" And thence his cursed Soul did soon depart.

" Thus fred of all my Foes, and free from Danger,
" For all the rest did long before retire,
" I wandred thro' the Desart like a Stranger,
" And of my mangled Band no News could hear.
" So does a Shepherd sad, and woful Ranger,
" That holds the Wolf in chace till Night draw near,
" Then to his fleecy Flock returneth back,
" But of their fearful Flight has lost the Tract.

" At last when I a Forest did espy,
" Grim Night lookt forth with grisly Countenance,

" Her ſmoaky Breath in dusky Clouds doth fly
" From her pale Lips, and dark'ned Heav'ns bright Glance,
" O'ervailing all the Earth and azure Sea,
" With Shadows dim that dreadful Sights advance;
" I ſtray'd a Fortnight in this Wood unſtarv'd,
" Roots, Herbs, and Water, ſtill my Life preſerv'd.

" Weary at laſt, with Faintneſs all poſſeſs'd,
" Amongſt the Flow'rs I laid me down, to prove
" If my ſore weari'd Soul could find ſome Reſt,
" Since Death did ſcorn my Woes for to remove;
" Near where I lay, from mighty Rocks increas'd,
" A Silver Brook down tumbling from above,
" With chirling Murmurs, ſweet and dulcid Sounds,
" Whoſe Echo from a hollow Pit redounds.

" The Trees about me, Arbour-like did grow,
" With bushy Tops and tender Leaves aloft,
" Whilst *Zephyres* mild, ſweet, gentle Breath did blow,
" The Leaves with mutt'ring made a Murmur oft,
" That, with the bubbling of the Stream below,
" Had roak'd my Senſes in a Slumber ſoft:
" Whileas my Sp'rit was troubled from above,
" Strange Apparitions in my Soul did move.

" Methought Great FERGUS did before me ſtand
" With ghoſtly Looks, with fierce and angry chear,
" I heard his Voice like Thunder to demand
" Account moſt ſharp of all my Labours here:
" *So great a Task as thou has ta'en in Hand,*
" *With greater Pains,* quod he, *thy Joys muſt clear:*
" *Up then, ariſe! this Life would blot thy Fame,*
" *And ſhould redound to thy eternal Shame.*

" *In the vaſt Boſom of the Weſtern Lake*
" *Of* Albion, *near* Iriſh *Mountains hoar,*
" Neptune *a* Peneinſula *doth make,*
" *Stretching his azure Arms along the Shore:*
" *There muſt thou all thy Sorrows quite forſake,*
" *And Comfort find for all thy Griefs of yore.*
" *Up then with ſpeed, I ſay, and thither go,*
" *Where thou* Jove's *Will and Mercy both ſhall know.*

" This

" This said, thro' shapeless Air he went away.
" I suddenly awak'd, and was agast;
" Yet weighing well the Sentence he did say,
" I sought my Horse in haste, and thence I past:
" When, as I travel'd had but half a Day,
" Within that Valley I arriv'd at last
" Where you I fand. Thus may you see withal,
" How great Misfortunes works my greater Fall.

Then, quod the *Douglas*, " Sir, I you desire
" Forget these Passions strange, too strange, alas!
" Since Fortune now shall change her sad Attire,
" And ever after look with chearful Face;
" A hard Beginning to an End aspire
" Of everlasting Happiness and Grace:
" The mighty Minds to Honour still repair,
" Thro' rare Difficulties and Dangers rare.

" Where FERGUS Ghost directs, there must you go;
" Winter draws near, here must you not abide,
" There Heav'ns your Fortune, Fate, shall to you show,
" Ev'n unto you and all the World beside.---
In these and such like Speeches past these Two
The longsome Night, till *Morpheus* provide
For drousy Flight, who o'er the Earth soon pass'd,
And lights on them with lazy Wings at last.

When Night's swift Course with Silence was outworn,
She gives a kind Farewel unto the Day;
The wing'd Musicians, which awake the Morn,
With hollow Throats and horned Bills did play;
The Nightingale, whose Musick Match doth scorn;
The Mavis, that thro' Forest echoes ay,
The Lark, that warns the Craftsmen of their Pain
And Labourers that daily toil for Gain.

E'en as a Man in Sleep, that seems to hear
Of Instruments and Songs a heav'nly Sound;
To them in Sleep such Sounds did now appear,
Their Souls transported were when Joys abound;
They heard the Angels heav'nly Musick clear;
In Paradise it seem'd themselves they found;

Cloy'd while they walk throw Groves of all Delight,
Sweet to the Smell, and pleasant to the Sight.

And in this pleasant Slumber while they lay,
This feather'd Crew, with their inchanting Sound,
Above them on the tender Twists do play,
Where Musick's well set Descant did abound;
When in the East arose the glorious Day,
His crisped Locks in silver Cisterns drown'd,
Weaving his golden Veil, bright, pure, and clear,
Wherethro' the Clouds like Crimson Flames appear.

CAPUT IV.

The ARGUMENT.

The BRUCE *dispersed Host their Lord doth know,*
Who to Kintyre *retires, and there doth see*
An aged Sire, that unto him doth show
The Heav'nly Constellations curiousse,
And his bless'd Race and princely Stem doth draw
From these rare Portraits in the Heav'ns that be:
He shows each Prince, and doth the Line advance
To that fair matchless Dowager of France.

SOFT now, my Muse, and do not soar too high,
Wade not in curious Questions too deep,
Let thy pure Ground be Truth and Verity,
And learn the chiefest Points and Heads to keep:
Altho' thou sometime wantonize awry
To recreat thy self; yet softly creep
So near the Truth, as none may hear nor see
To taint the chastest Ear, nor sharpest Eye.

The Child doth learn his Lesson ev'ry Day,
Yet Play doth often recreat his Sp'rit:
Play sharps the Ingine, makes pregnant Wits, they say;
After long Study, honest Mirth is meet:

The

he purest Truth doth harshly run away,
nt sauc'd with *Parnass* Streams, it sounds more sweet:
The strengthless Stomach, weak and wanting Pow'r,
With Sugar sweet accepts a Potion sour.

hile BRUCE and *Douglas* sleeps and dreams of Toys,
hat in their moistned Brain Impression makes;
en as the Day comes in, they hear a Noise,
Noise that suddenly them both awakes,
et makes them both thereafter to rejoice,
nd Grief's sad Veil from their sharp Eyes it shakes:
For Heav'n-bless'd BRUCE was so with Patience crown'd,
Adversity his Mind could never wound.

tho' he gravely did unfold his Ill
nto the valiant Count, his Woes bewailing;
et with a constant Mind he acts them still,
is chearful Looks and Words so much prevailing,
s in their Hearts all Thought of Fear did kill,
nd wins their Love, their Courage still appealing,
Who were his Followers in each woful Fight,
And could no Danger fear, if in his Sight.

hich made them alway up and down to range,
hro' Desarts, Mountains, Plains, and Forests hoar,
wailing their hard Lots and Fortunes strange,
heir want of Food, but want of him much more
hey did lament, and in this woful Change
hey swear to venge his Death, or die therefore:
For sure they thought, he by Mis-hap did stray
Amongst his Foes, when Night did part the Fray.

ow were they come near to the Grove where he
nd *Douglas* slumbred soundly in a Dream,
ho both awak'd, rush'd forth, and straight they see
n armed Man, the King knew well his Name,
hom when he call'd, the rest did quickly flie
orth thro' the Groves; some fear, and some think Shame:
Yet Love and Joy recall'd them all at last,
Before his Feet themselves they humbly cast,

So have I seen a Moor-Hen in the Spring,
Missing her tender Brood, thro' Desarts straying,
She in her Throat some chirping Notes doth sing,
Which when they hear, with nat'ral Love repaying
Her kindly Care, in haste themselves they bring,
And flock about her, all her Will obeying.
She seems right glad to see her young ones so
'Scap'd from the Danger of their rav'ning Foe.

When he unlac'd his burnish'd Helm of Gold,
His mild, sweet, manly Countenance they knew,
Virtue and Grace divine they might behold,
Like *Phœbus* Beams, from his fair Locks t'ensue:
As *Phœbus* draws the Dew up from the Mold,
His Eyes their Hearts so from their Bosoms drew:
Before him still, upon their Knees they fall,
To gracious Heav'n they render Thanks for all.

He thanks them for their Faith, their Truth, their Love,
And to each Man did several Favours show,
Soon after they from thence did all remove;
And westward to *Dumbarton* gladly go:
From thence great *Neptune*'s Friendship would they prove,
And th'Ocean's watry Force they needs would know:
Ship'd for *Kintyre*, flying the Wind before,
E're Morrow next they safely came to Shore.

The King his Men in thro' the Country sent,
With them the Earl of *Lennox* for their Lord,
Another Way he with the *Douglas* went,
To see what Favour Fortune would afford:
They travelling along with this Intent,
At last their Way them to a Wood restor'd,
Where half a Mile at most they had not ridden,
When both to ride one Way were thus forbidden.

Two ugly monst'rous Wolfs they might espy
Had kill'd a Hart, and on the same was feeding,
Each choos'd a Wolf his Horse swift Pace to try,
For Boar-spears serv'd their Launce in this Proceeding:
Each Wolf his Follower leads a sundry Way,
Their eager Chace and their Pursuit deriding.

What

What Fortune Heav'ns for *Douglas* had appointed,
We'll after show: Now to the Lord's Anointed,

mean the BRUCE, that brave and valiant Prince,
ho with an eager Mind purſu'd the Chace:
he Wolf had loſt the Wood, and for Defence
nto a mighty Rock he runs apace,
reathleſs he ſeem'd, ſo ſlowly running thence,
s made the Prince hope well to win the Race:
He quits his Horſe, runs up the Rock in haſte,
But ſoon he loſt the Sight of whom he chac'd.

is Travel loſt, he would return e're Night,
et any where to ride he doth not know,
he Rock he ſees of ſuch a wondrous height
s all the Country round about would ſhow:
p then he goes to view ſo fair a Sight,
hile he aſcends, the Sun deſcended low:
But e're he could unto the Top attain,
Night ſpreads her painted Veil o'er all the Plain.

n Heav'ns high Court, the Lamps all lighted ſhines,
hich him conſtrain'd to ſearch ſome Place of Reſt,
he Mountain's Top was deckt with Oaks and Pines,
here Nature had a Garden rarely dreſs'd
ith Fountains, Walks, and Groves, without Ingines
f Art; yet ſeem'd of Art's beſt Skill poſſeſs'd:
But ſad it ſeem'd, to Night's ſad Shades inclining,
Shewn to the Prince by *Phœbus* feeble ſhining.

t laſt arriving by a Fountain-Side,
eneath a leavy aged Oak he lies,
hearty Draught of the cold Stream he try'd,
hich for a dainty Mail did him ſuffice:
nd now his Cogitation deeply weigh'd
arth's Glory vain, and worldly Fantaſies,
Comparing all beneath Heav'ns ſilver Bow'rs
To Clouds of Smoke, to Shadows, Dreams, or Flow'rs,

hus rapt with Admiration while he lies,
e views the Stars and all the heav'nly Lights,

Whenas

Whenas he hears a Sound pass thro' the Skies
Like to the Noise of Floods impetuous Flights;
Or as when fearful Doves in Numbers flies,
Air and their Wings with Noise themselves affrights:
Such was this Noise, yet nothing he perceives,
Nor was there Wind to move the trembling Leaves.

A dark gray Cloud pass'd forth o'er all the Air,
But Night's pale Queen clear'd all the Heav'ns at last,
When to him did an old grave Man repair,
Whose Head and Beard had Youth's fresh Colour pass'd,
A Christal Globe his trembling Hand upbear,
Where Heav'n o'er Earth did move from East to West:
There Stars and Planets shin'd most bright and clear,
Which by a Sp'rit was mov'd, as might appear.

A Spheric Globe within hung like a Ball,
That figur'd rarely forth the Earth and Sea,
Which round about was free from Heav'ns clear Wall,
Whose restless Course round o'er this Globe did flie;
The glassy Sea now calm, then seem'd to swell,
Where Wind-toss'd Ships with Tides and Tempests be,
While *Neptune's* azur'd Arms the Earth embraceth,
That circuits Isles, and Shore from Shore unlaceth.

Thus with a curious Pincel th'Earth was drawn;
Here Meads, there Floods; here Woods, there Mountains were
Here Towns, there Tow'rs, with flow'ry Gardens shown;
Here Vines, there Figgs, Pomgranates, Citrons fair;
Here Plowmen till, there Herds and Flocks are known;
Here Boors doth proyne their Vines with wond'rous Care
There Sickle cuts the Corn, here Sithes the Hay;
Here Peace, there warlike Armies in array.

Unto the Prince this aged Sire drew near,
While chast *Diana* shin'd more fair and bright,
Clad in a hoary Mantle white and clear,
He seem'd devout in Pray'rs to spend the Night;
Lean-flesh'd, his watry blood-swell'd Veins appear,
His ghostly Looks still offer'd Death his Right:
Who pausing long with stedfast staring Eyes,
This Salutation did at last devise.

" Peac

Peace be to thee, my Lord and Prince, *said he*,
Whom Great and Mighty *Jove* has hither sent,
That thou might know his Mercies great by me,
And of thy bad and bypast Life repent;
The Shame, the Foils, the Loss that falls to thee
Is *Jove*'s just Doom, because thou gave Consent
" Unto thy Will, Wrath, Vengeance, and defil'd
" His sacred House, with sinful Blood so wild.

Thy Nation's Foil, their Wrack, and their Distress,
Thy Country's Shame, her Wo, and Desolation,
Thy Subject's Loss, in Care all comfortless,
Whom mighty *Jove* has had in Detestation
For their great Sins, their Faults, their Carelesness
Of his Soul-feeding Word; O wicked Nation!
" That still with Folly, Blindness, Pride, Abuse,
" Did sacred Things apply to sinful Use.

Their filthy Life, their lewd lascivious Lust,
Their wallowing in sensual Delight,
Threatens a dreadful Storm e're long, that must
Swallow them up in their own Sins despight.
But leave we them and their Affliction just;
And now behold this Day succeeding Night:
" These burning Balls, to thee and thine shall prove
" Heav'n's Foresight, Wisdom, Mercy, Grace, and Love.

This Counterfit of those bright Orbs behold,
The Earth and Sea, but Heav'n's of greatest Wonder,
Whose restless Course about the Poles is roll'd
With contrare Motions their first Mobil under,
The Firmament with fixed Stars untold,
Whose various Shapes and rare Effects we ponder;
" Lines, Tropicks, Circles, Zones, and Zodiack,
" Wherein *Sol* doth the Year's four Seasons make.

Almighty *Jove*, who made Heav'n's wondrous Frame,
Has made Man's Wit so rarely excellent,
That he can vively counterfit the same,
And his Great Maker's Work can represent;
With heav'nly Fury rapt, with sacred Flame
Of artless Art's Invention, nought content

" Of his all-working Wonders here below,
" But e'en the heav'nly Mansions here must show.

" Lo, where the * Planets, each his Sphere within,
" Keeps Time and Course with Heav'ns true Planets all,
" Forc'd by their Primomobil for to rin
" In twice Twelve Hours about this earthly Ball;
" And their own Course they end, and they begin
" With Heav'ns bright Lamps; for thus they rise and fall:
" Chast *Phœbe*'s Course just in a Month goes right,
" Now poor, then wealthy of her Brother's Light.

" *Mercure* and *Venus* follow *Phœbus* Team,
" His tender Wings here does on him depend,
" Whose Lead of Light and Life-reviving Beam,
" About a Year his nat'ral Course doth end;
" And *Mars* in twice Twelve Months resumes his Game;
" *Saturn*'s mild † Son in Twelve Twelve Month rescend;
" Cold hoary *Saturn*'s leaden Coach that rins
" In Thirty Years, leaves off where he begins.

" All these Heav'ns azure Cannopy surrounds,
" Sprinkled with Eyes, speckled with Tapers bright,
" Spangled with Spangs thro' all his boundless Bounds,
" Sown all with glistring Sparks of glancing Light,
" Set with gilt Studs and golden skouchant Grounds,
" Powd'red with twinkling Stars, whose cap'ring flight
" Glanceth downright, and with their mild Aspects
" Works in th'inferior Bodies strange Effects.

" Those sparkling Diamonds this rich Vale contains,
" Whose Number numberless are past account,
" Hath Twelve that biass-ways o'erthwart her Lanes,
" With pow'rful Virtue decks her glorious Front,
" And those are Signs wherein the Planets reigns,
" While they descend, or rise, or fall, or mount;
" For they partake, in their swift Revolution,
" From each of those, Strength, Virtue, Force, and Motion.

* The Diurnal Motion of the Spheres: Their Natural Motion is shewn likewise, beginning at the Moon.
† *Jupiter*.

Beside all those about the Poles, you see
Figures of what almost in Earth is found;
For the all-knowing Mind of Majesty,
Before he fram'd this rich imbroider'd Round,
The Plot in his Idea seem'd to be,
And Form of all his future Works profound;
" Thus working in his Sp'rit divinely rare,
" Long e're the World was made, the World was there.

Unfolding then that rich and glorious Tent,
He portray'd with a Pincel most divine,
Upon the all-enlightning Firmament
Those Tables of his future Works in fine;
Where lo, behold thy brave, most brave Descent,
That solly in the latter Age shall shine;
" Bearing Christ's Standard, and his Church defending,
" Bounding their Empire with the World's ending.

Ethnicks, not knowing God All-provident,
Have Names of *Ethnicks* to these Forms assign'd;
But let it thee suffice, and be content,
That I herein unfold what *Jove* design'd
By these bright Portraits, portray'd in the Tent
Of azure gilded Heav'n's Pavilion, sign'd
" By his own Hand, and for himself there marked,
" For e'er immortaliz'd, for Heav'n embarked.

* *Great Architector of this wond'rous Frame,*
Raise up my Sp'rit to thy celestial Throne;
Let my poor Soul contemplate in the Flame
Of thy all-dazling Beauty, where alone
Thy glorious Beams reflecting, may o'erwhelm
My weakned Sight, and more than Sun-like shone
' *On my poor Soul's all darkned* Cinthia's *Eyes,*
' *Make her to Earth eclips'd, clear toward Skies.*

Wherewith the Prophet's Face began to shine,
He suddenly with sacred Fury glows,
His Soul cleaves thro' the ten-fold Orbs in fine,
And from sole Majesty's bright Glory drows;

* The Prophet's Prayer.

" Her

" Her all-celestial sacred Food divine:
" A Sun, like Brightness, on his Forehead grows,
" A shining Lustre from his Eyes forth sent,
" A fiery Glance of God-like Blandishment.

Here follows the Constellations about the Poles, alluding to the Kings descended of the BRUCE.

" First thou, *said he*, the * *Rampant Lion* ties,
" Who wand'ring from his Den goes far astray,
" Intrap'd in Snares and foreign Subtilties,
" Who erst subdu'd all Preys, becomes a Prey
" To crafty subtil Foes, yet doth arise
" With glorious Triumph, to their great Decay:
" And he who scorn'd a Stranger should command,
" Now yields his Neck to thy victorious Hand.

" Here sails the † *Ship* wherein thy young Son sits,
" Slicing the Waves of azure-trembling Plains,
" And wafts into a foreign Land, that fits
" For greenish Youth (where all Delight remains;)
" While here stern War's remorseless Fury frets,
" And tears our Bow'ls asunder, strips our Veins:
" Yet this bless'd Bark, our *Jason* brings from *Greece*,
" And of sweet Peace brings Home the Golden Fleece.

" But lo, here comes the lofty ‡ *Coach-man* down,
" That after him draws forth such Lamps of Light,
" Such Gemms, such Pearls, and Jewels for the Crown,
" Such Ornaments, such only rare Delight,
" That Sun-like shines with ever bless'd Renown,
" And all from *Po* to *Ganges* fears their Might:
" Yea and himself his Charge so well discharges,
" Earth's sole Empire *Jove* for his Seed enlarges.

" Then comes that holy Prince, grave, wise, and old,
" That for his Children mourning still laments,

* Constellation. *Hercules* holds a Lion bound in Chains, alluding to King *Robert Bruce* holding the *Scots* Arms.
† Constellation. *Jason* in the Ship *Argus*. *David Bruce*, that sailed to *France*, where he staid Nine Years, enduring the Wars against the *Baliols*, aided by *England*: But when he returned, he brought Home Peace.
‡ Constellation, *Auriga* draweth a Coach full of gallant Youths, *Robert Stewart* the First, of whom the Kings of that Name descended.

" Whose

Whose spotless Life hereby the * *Swans* foretold,
His Thoughts and Looks the *Eagle* still presents:
For lo, his Eyes bent upwards, still behold,
Fixt on his *Phabus*, the ONE-TRINE-ESSENCE.
" He for his Children, plains to *Jove* above,
" Who shall regard his Looks, his Life, his Love.

Here comes that Prince, of wrongful Bondage free,
Who that mild † Virgin *Justice* did release
From that wild Monster raging Tyranny,
And set her free to all his happy Race:
He rules the Land with Laws and Equity,
In whose bless'dReign flowsKnowledge,Wealth,andGrace;
" Of Justice in his Hand he holds the ‡ *Head*,
" Whose Splendor strikes all Malefactors dead.

Here mounted doth that valiant Prince advance,
Whose Heav'n-wrought Launce his Enemies o'erthrows,
In whom shall shine pure Virtue's Radience,
Rais'd up on high by *Jove* 'gainst all his Foes;
The rav'ning * *Wolf* he foils with Temperance,
And the true Path to true Religion shows;
" Moving his Subjects Hearts, their Minds, and all,
" Great *Jove* to fear, and on his Name to call.

Now in thy Time, *quod he*, shall here arrive
A worthy † *Knight*, that from his native Land
Shall fly, because he bravely shall deprive,
In glorious Fight, a Knight that shall withstand
Thy Praises-due, while he doth thee describe,
Yea e'en this Knight shall, with victorious Hand
" Come here, whose Name his Seed shall eternize,
" And still thy virt'ous Line shall sympathize.

* Constellation, *Zephous* aweeping for *Andromada*, a Swan and an Eagle on either Hand of him, alluding to *Robert* the Third.
† Constellation, *Perseus* relieves the Virgin *Andromeda*, alluding to King *James* the First, who instituted the College of Justice.
‡ *Medusa*'s Head.
* Constellation, *Chiron* the *Centaur* with a Launce, holds a Wolf by the Neck, alluding to King *James* the Second, a zealous Reformer of Sin and Vice.
† Here the Prophet takes Occasion to treat a little of the Beginning of the *Hamiltons*.

" From

" From this great Man, shall *, One far greater spring,
" Whom Fortune fair and Fate shall still attend;
" *Belona* fierce and *Venus* mild shall bring
" Lawrels from *Mars*; but lo great *Jove* shall send
" A Garland rich, sprung from this worthy King,
" Whose Royal Stem, unto the endless End
" Of his great Line, their Temples shall adorn,
" With never-setting, ever-rising Morn.

" For lo, the Daughter of this worthy † Prince
" Shall wed this Knight, this Lord of high Renown,
" Whose Height, whose Greatness, and whose Excellence
" Whose Shoulders seems an Atlas to the Crown;
" Of him shall come that mighty ‡ Lord, who thence
" Shall go, and proud rebellious *Danes* beat down:
" He, to obey his Prince's great Command,
" Shall take this bold and weighty Charge in Hand.

" An Army and a Navy he shall bring
" O'er *Thetis* glassy Mountains, groundless deep;
" Under his Wings that disinthroned King
" Shall go, whose Crown rebellious *Danes* still keep:
" O'er all these Northern Worlds his Name shall ring
" Terror in ev'ry Ear; while he doth steep
" His Sword in their most valiant Princes Blood,
" Whose Might his all-commanding Will gainstood:

" And to his wonted Height that King shall raise,
" And inthronize him in despight of Foes:
" With Fame, with Glory, and with endless Praise,
" He shall return unto his Land *but* Loss,
" When he hath spent in Honour's Height his Days,
" Favour'd by Heav'n, freed from untimely Woes,
" Of him descended shall a Greater rise,
" And lift his Glory far above the Skies.

* Sir *James Hamilton*, that married King *James* the Second's Daughter.
† King *James* the Second.
‡ King *James* the Fourth sent *Hamilton* Earl of *Arran* with an Ar[illegible] with the *Danish* King, whom he re-establish'd in his Kingdom, and afterward returned to his Country with great Glory.

" H

He shall this Land govern, * *Protect*, Defend
From foreign Force, from Home-bred Civil Broils,
And the Imperial Sway shall sweetly bend,
While the right Heir is young, in these great Toils;
E'en the most Christian King shall sue in end
For his great Friendship and his Favour, whiles
" To Dignity aloft he shall him rear:
" Thus shall his Greatness shine both Here and There.

Nor yet this Prince alone shall be the last
That shall surmount his Predecessors far,
But this great Family shall spread so fast,
As *England* shall envy, that such a *Star*,
Shot from their Sphere, hath their clear Lights surpass'd;
And, like a Comet, blazing Blood and War,
" Streams forth their Beams, that each where purge from Error,
" And warms their Friends, but burns their Foes with Terror.

This famous Line shall flourish more and more,
Great Columns fair, rare Pillars of the Crown,
Rich Ornaments that shall the Land decore,
Sun-glistring Lights with ever-bless'd Renown;
Heav'n blazing Lamps, whose Flame from Virtue's Store
Brings Oil, wherein they Hell-bred *Hydra*'s drown.
" But leave we them, and of Thy Royal Race
" Show Heav'ns rare Blessings, Greatness, Height, and Grace.

Then comes that † *Serpent*-Bearer forth in view,
In base-born venomous Blood too much delighted,
O'er all the Land their poisoned Gore they spue,
And all his well-born Subjects much affrighted;
Whereof great Harm, great Vengeance doth ensue:
For those foul Beasts of each so much despighted,
" Shall be the Cause of this Great Prince's Fall,
" Their Poison so infects Heart, Mind, and all.

* The Earl of *Arran* Protector of *Scotland* in Queen *Mary*'s Minority, from the King of *France* made Duke of *Chatelrault*.
† Constellation, A Serpent in either Hand of *Serpentarius*, alluding to King *James* the Third, ruled by *Chochrum* and the *Dapie*, who like Serpents infected the Land with Vice, the Cause of his Fall.

" And,

" And, * *Archer*-like, the next doth march on Foot
" Amidst his Army, rashly to pursue
" His crafty Foes, while his brave Mind too stout
" Shall scorn the Counsel of his Subjects true;
" There shall unwars this warlike Prince, no doubt,
" Be lost, whose Want thou *Scotland* long shall rue:
" For lo, too soon his Sun of Glory bright
" Is chok'd with Mists of Fate's untimely Night.

" And here behold that † *Magnanimious* King,
" Most just in Peace, most valorous in War,
" His Royal Scepter bravely managing,
" Whose glorious Fame shall pierce all *Europe*'s Ear.
" From him fair Beauty's fairest ‡ *Flow'r* shall spring,
" Whom here you see set in a Royal Chair;
" And there her dangling golden * Locks intryl'd;
" Much these have bless'd her, but much more her Chil

* Constellation, *Ireбis* an Archer, marching to fight on Foot. *James* Fourth, who fighting on Foot, was slain in *Flowden-Field*.
† Constellation, *Borges* is a Man strong and powerful. *James* the Fifth
‡ Constellation, *Cassiopea* is a Queen sitting in a Chair. Queen *Mary* Dowa of *France*.
* *Berinicis crinis*, or *Cesaries*, called, The Garland of Hair.

CA

CAPUT V.

The ARGUMENT.

The South *and* North *Crowns join'd by that Great King,*
Who, of all Kings, Heav'n's Blessings most embrace;
His Works, his Wit, Heav'n's Care him safe to bring
To happy End: His two rare Imps of Grace,
In whom he's bless'd more than in any Thing,
By War the Youngest rules the Earth in Peace.
The Prophet leaves the Prince amaz'd at last;
He foils Six Knights, then to his Army pass'd.

" BUT * here, O *Scotland*, here begins thy Spring
" Of Honour, Wealth, Fame, Glory, Praise, and Bliss,
" E'en now, and not till now, high Heav'ns doth bring
" Thy Happiness, thy Good, thy All I wish,
" Thy Fame, thy Name, for e'er eternizing,
" If sinful Pride bear not thy Ways amiss:
" Hence shall thy Glory and thy Greatness grow,
" Swelling o'er Seas, and o'er all Lands shall flow.

" There o'er the Globe of Sea and Earth he stands,
" Which to the † *North* joins *South*'s fair Diadem,
" And *Boreas* spacious Empire all commands,
" And all where *Titan* cools his fiery Team:
" If thou can number forth the Ocean Sands,
" Or all those spangled golden Wonders name,
" In radient Coach that course Heav'ns Lists apace,
" Then mayst thou count his bless'd and fruitful Race.

" This, this is he, e'en he, whom Heav'n propines
" Great *Jove*'s eternal *Motto* for to bear,
" Whose Soul refining Sighs, Heart-scalding Groans
" Shall on this Altar of Devotion rear

* Constellation, the North and South Crowns on either Side of *Potophitax*, before him an Altar; alluding to King *James* the Sixth, who join'd the North and South Crowns of *Britain*.
† The North and South Crowns, *Corona Borealis*, *Corona Australis*.

" True Zeal, true Faith, and true repenting Moans,
" From whence ascends the sweet Perfumes of Pray'r
" To the ONE-TRINE, who from his Mercy's Throne
" Shall rain down plenteous Show'rs of Grace anone.

" From so great * Dangers shall the Lord him save,
" And to such height of Happiness him bring,
" That tho' nought else could each one's Ears bereave,
" Yet this shall be an everlasting Sign
" For each to sing his mild sweet Virtues grave
" Without Correction, bent to each Design,
" His Bounty, Clemency, and Equity,
" His constant Mind and his Stability.

" The least of nothing can my Muse record,
" Whose Wings is lag'd with Vapours gross and fat;
" But this I know, that his Imperial Sword
" Shall slice down Sin, and shield the Desolate:
" But should I thus with seeming Shews debord
" His Praise so infinite, so intricate?
" No, no, dear Muse, search not where is no End;
" Only himself, himself can comprehend.

" For all the Muses at his Birth descending,
" Thro' the clear Welkin of our Western Climes,
" As when a fiery Flash of Lightning bending
" With twinkling Rays, glides downward oftentimes
" Amidst the tufted Plains: So they attending
" On his bless'd Birth, infuse their sacred Rhimes
" His Sp'rit within, and, with Ambrosial Kisses,
" In his bless'd Soul they breathe a Heav'n of Blisses.

" This done, they with a Wreath of Stars half crown'd
" His Temples, which a Triple Crown adorn,
" With double Bays and Lawrel much renown'd
" They give Two glorious † Titles ne'er outworn,
" And makes his Voice divinely to resound
" O'er all the Earth, on Wings of Fame still born.

* God's wonderful Love shewn to him in so many and notable Deliveries from Treason.
† Sole Monarch of the North, and Prince of Poets.

" O

" O Miracle! his Voice like Lightning dart,
" The golden Show'rs of polish'd Wit and Art.

His Muse shall fly with sweetest Eloquence,
In learned Lays to charm all Sp'rits, all Senses;
And like a * Queen, in Pomp's Magnificence,
She's richest still when largest in Expences,
In Scarlet here, in Crimson there, and thence
In Purple Robes, adorning † Royal Princes,
" More rich than golden *Tessen*'s swelling Coast,
" With rarest Jemms and precious Stones imboss'd.

And then anone in Arms address'd for ‡ War,
A Steel bright Sword she's bravely brandishing;
Here does she place the thund'ring Cannons, there
To *Mars* she bids the roaring Trumpets sing:
The Victor gets her Lawrel for his Share,
That bring him more than *Crasus* Gold could bring.
" But now in Sable black her self she suites,
" And * Magick-Spells divinely she refutes.

Then Saint-like sits she in a secret Cell,
And sacred † Phrases sent from Heav'n above,
Forth from her Pen in Plenty doth distil,
Confounding all that Questions vain would prove:
And from her Wit's deep Treasure springs a Well,
Whose Source from God's celestial Throne doth move:
" On golden Channels slides the Silver Stream,
" And drowns her Foes in groundless Gulfs of Shame.

Yea whosoe'er herself she list t'adorn,
With Diadems or Coats of warlike Steel,
Or Wisdom's graver Suits she list have born;
Yet ev'ry Thing becomes her Shape so well,
That still her self she seems, whose rising Morn
Shall have no Night, whose mighty flowing *Nile*
" O'erflows all Lands, and with her swelling Wa
" Holds her's in Peace, and others all in awe.

* His Eloquence compared to a Queen.
† His Book to the Prince.
‡ His Work call'd, The Battel of *Lepanto*.
* His Book against Magick.
† His Answer to that Book set forth in the Name of *Bellarmine*.

" This Prince more Wealth, Peace, Honour, Greatness brings
" Than all that sway'd his Scepter e'er before:
" But here since Heav'n him by his Worth designs,
" That to all Times and Age shall him restore,
" Since All and ev'ry Thing his Praises sings,
" I can but lessen what all Times makes more:
" But in his Seed rare Blessings shall attend him,
" Which it shall please Almighty *Jove* to send him.

" In midst of famous *Scotland* does there ly
" A * Valley grac'd with Nature, Art, and Care,
" As fertil as the Soil of *Araby*,
" As pleasant as *Thessalian Tempe* fair,
" On which from Heav'n no blust'ring Tempests fly,
" Nor *Zephyre* blows but sweet and wholesome Air;
" Along whose Side the *Ochel* Mountains rise,
" And lifts their swelling Tops above the Skies.

" Down thro' the midst of this fair Valley glides
" The christal *Forth* with glancing Silver hue,
" Whose roaring Streams on golden Channel slides
" With Murmur sweet in *Thetis* Bosom-blue,
" Of Brooks supply'd with lib'ral Store besides,
" Which Tops of tow'ring Mountains still renew,
" Whose Springs the dry insatiate Meads supplies,
" And Moisture lends to Herbs, to Fruits, and Trees.

" In midst of this fair Valley doth arise
" A mighty mounting Rock of wond'rous height,
" On whose ambitious Back, as in the Skies,
" A City stands, impregnable to Sight;
" A Castle on his lofty Crest espies
" The Valleys round about, the Mountains height:
" Below the Rock the glancing River glides,
" In whose cold Streams he cools his hoary Sides.

" When *Titan* doth up to the South aspire,
" Ascending through Heav'n's Vaults of brightest Azure,
" These lofty Turrets seem to have Desire
" To view there Beauty's-Pride, while they have Leisure;

* The Description of *Stirling*, the Birth-place of Prince *Henry*.

Then

" Then set they all the rowling Flood on Fire,
" Whose trembling Billows show the golden Treasure.
" The smiling Flood illustrates them with Beams,
" Whileas their Beauty beautifies her Streams.

" Within this *Paradise* of all Delight,
" Thus grac'd with Art's proud Wealth and Nature's Care;
" Shall to the World be born that * Lamp of Light,
" Whose shining Shape you are beholding there:
" But ah! too soon snatcht up from human Sight,
" Whose Loss shall make the Western-World despair
" That Heav'ns can raise them to their former Bliss
" Since they have reft so great a Good as this.

" O could he live! he were a worthy Prince,
" By Nature in her richest Wealth enrol'd,
" And fraught with all the Gifts of Excellence,
" That either Man could wish, or Heav'ns unfold:
" But O too wise, and too too soon ta'en hence,
" Heav'n scorns that Earth so great a Good should hold.
" *Albion* beware lest Heav'ns upon thee lour,
" Who thus untimely cuts thy fairest Flow'r.

" Then shall arise a Prince of his own Kind,
" Born of his Dame and of his Sire begot,
" Whose Matchless, haughty, and heroick Mind,
" Shews Heav'ns assigns great Empires for his Lot;
" Here doth he † march in Arms, to War inclin'd,
" O'er *Danube*, *Nile*, *Euphrates*, *Ganges* hot,
" And treads on all, as on the fearful Hare,
" 'Gainst his victorious Arms that dares prepare.

" He, at his Royal Father's high ‡ Command,
" This great and weighty Charge shall undergo
" For dread Revenge, with War's hot burning Brand
" Sent from that angry Monarch's Breast, shall throw
" A thund'ring Tempest o'er all Sea and Land,
" With Shame, Loss, Foil, Blood, Ruine, Wrack, and Wo:

* Constellation, *Antinous*, a most rare and beautiful Youth, alluding to Prince *Henry*.
† Constellation, *Orion* marching with an Army over a River, and a Harp under his Foot; alluding to *Charles* Prince of *Wales*, according to the Prophecies.
‡ He as General under his Father.

" For why, his Waiting-slaves are War and Death,
" T'unbind his Brows knit up in Clouds of Wrath.

" * To whose brave Son thus sent, the Lord hath granted,
" If he his Thoughts hoord in that heav'nly Place,
" With him and his he sure has covenanted
" To pour an Ocean of his plenteous Grace;
" Nor his great Sire's Dominions shall be wanted,
" But all from fertile † *Inde* to *Orcades*
" All shall be his, and his victorious Hand
" O'er Sea and Earth, all Nations shall command.

" And lo, that dreadful ‡ *Serpent*, Scourge of Earth,
" Whose Pride aloft him to the Heav'ns doth rear,
" Shall yield to his all-conqu'ring Arm, whose Worth
" From his proud Head this Diadem shall tear
" And join it to his * own, by Right of Birth:
" Then to his Saviour's sacred Tomb shall bear
" This glorious Standard, this triumphant † Sign,
" Of Sin, of Death, of Hell's great taming King.

" Natnre and all her Train on him attend,
" Putting the golden Key into his Hand
" Of Earth and Sea's rich Treasure, to the end
" That all obey, and he may all command:
" Care, Wisdom, Foresight, Virtue to him send
" Fortune fast bound, with many Thousand Band;
" Love, Beauty, Youth, strive to adorn him more
" Than Virtue, Grace, and Wisdom's plenteous Store.

" The ‡ Twelve great Labours of that antick Lord
" Was justly prais'd and magnify'd alone,
" Yet much more Worth to him shall be restor'd
" Than Men, Beasts, Monsters, conquer'd one by one,
" Where only Strength, not Wit, did Aid afford:
" O'er murder'd Beasts his Glory shall not shone,

* The Verses following are translated out of the Prophecies.
† Agreeing with the Prophecies.
‡ *Hydra*, alluding to the Great *Turk*.
* *Corona Australis*, *Corona Borealis*.
† *Crux*.
‡ *Hercules's* Twelve Labours.

" But Kings subdu'd, and mighty Nations strong,
" Shall to his Fame and endless Praise belong.

" This Prince shall alway feel Heav'n's gracious Love,
" And happy Fortunes shall comfort him still;
" Proud conqu'ring *Mars* still by his Side shall move,
" Fair Victory shall e'er obey his Will,
" His Infancy she nursing shall remove
" To noble Hopes, and his strong Years forthfil
" With stately Trophies, and his Age with Balms,
" With Crowns, with Laurels, and triumphant Palms.

" The boundless Sea shall seem to him a Brook,
" Heav'n-threatning *Alps* shall seem an easy Way,
" Two-horned * *Po* shall his proud Streams rebuke,
" Beholding his victorious Army stay;
" His glassy Cave he leaves, and comes to look
" Whereas a Thousand Cisterns ev'ry Day,
" To pay their endless Silver-Tribute, hies,
" Which, till that Time, did never view the Skies.

" The aged Flood comes gravely from his Cell,
" Down from his Head hangs dangling Silver Tresses,
" From ev'ry Hair a christal Spring doth fall,
" Ay when he sweats aroaring Streams forth presses,
" Each Sigh raise up a Wave, each Groan foretell,
" A fearful Innundation following passes:
" His wrinkled Brows a pearly Dew distilleth
" His greenish Eyes with endless Tears still filleth.

" The *Nymphs* with dancing round about him trips,
" Against the Sun their azure Mantles shone;
" From Wave to Wave the wanton *Faries* skips;
" Whole Sholes of Fish here swims; there leaps anone
" Their wat'ry Lord with Ice-cold shiv'ring Lips,
" Thus chides his Streams: ---You foolish Streams alone,
" Ah, will you thus Heav'n's Champion gainstand,
" When Sea and Earth obey his conqu'ring Hand.

" Proud Brook be calm, abate thy raging Torrent,
" 'Gainst him whom *Jove* hath lov'd, lift not thy Horn,

* A Digression, describing the River Po.

" Rowl-smooth your Waves, lash not your swelling Current
" Forth at his glorious Feet, which should be born
" On your smooth Back, but dance an easy Currant
" With me your aged Flood, with Years not worn,
" Till his victorious Army march before
" Their glist'ring Ensigns, on our Eastern Shore.

" His fear'd Renown like thund'ring Cannons roars
" In each Man's Ears, through all Lands, Towns, and Tow'rs,
" And Tempest-like it beats the *Baltick* Shores;
" Clouds of his Wrath in Hail's sharp stormy Show'rs,
" Tumbling through mighty Winds, aloft still soars,
" At whose dread Sound all Nations sadly low'rs,
" And o'er all Lands it flies, at last it falls,
" And beats down Bulwarks, Towns, Tow'rs, Gates, and Walls.

" This valorous Prince, wise, comely, fair and neat,
" In ev'ry Thing himself shall bravely bear,
" His Enemies he shall no sooner threat
" Than he shall overthrow with Shame and Fear;
" The Terror of his Name shall Tyrants beat
" Down from their Thrones, who yields before he war:
" For *Jove* not gives him sparingly good Hap,
" But alway pours down Plenty in his Lap.

" Thus thy great House, thy Race, thy Off-spring fair,
" Unbred, unborn; all those, and more's enrol'd
" On Heav'n's Brass-leaves, by the Almighty's Care,
" For all ensuing Ages to behold:
" Be thankful, serve, love, praise his Mercies rare,
" That in Heav'n's Birth did first their Birth unfold:
" So thy bless'd Race shall be more blessed still,
" Nor Time, nor Age, thy blessed Seed shall kill.

" And thou, dear Country, with all Grace contented
" That Heav'n on fertile Earth can thee afford,
" Let not thy Mind with Pride be once attainted
" For those great Blessings of thy Gracious Lord;
" Let not fair Fate's Approach be so prevented,
" And Bliss once giv'n, with Shame soon back restor'd:
" But, O alas! here my poor Soul doth faint:
" O! then I fear a thankful Mind thou's want.

" Which

" Which if thou do, th'Almighty's Smiles shall turn
" To hot consuming Wrath and Coals of Fire,
" That shall thy * Entrails, all thy Bowels burn,
" Thou's feel his just sad Wrath and dreadful Ire,
" For which thy Maids and harmless Babes shall mourn:
" Nor shall thy Plagues, War, Famine, Death, retire
" Till thou be wallowing in a crimson Flood,
" And drown'd almost in thy own guilty Blood.

" Great *Jove* shall send strange Nation far and near
" Within thy native Land thee to † destroy,
" Earth's farrest Ends thy Widows Plaints shall hear,
" Where weeping Air thy Mournings shall convoy
" From Pole to Pole; beneath Heav'n's Vaults so clear
" Echo shall sadly sound thy sad Annoy."
Annoy cuts his Discourse, thus woful hearted,
Wherewith the prophetizing Sp'rit departed.

Long Time he silent stood, at last again
He thus began: ---" Brave Prince, in Time beware
" Lest, when the Crown thou freely shalt obtain,
" Thou let not Sin and Vice creep in so far,
" That *Jove* his endless Blessings he refrain,
" And thee and thine with endless Vengeance mar;
" Which if thou do not, then thou here hast seen
" What hath for thee and thine prepared been."

Thus said the Propher, while the Prince rejoic'd
Those of his Royal Offspring thus to see
In Heav'ns so fram'd, by *Jove* so well dispos'd;
And rend'ring Thanks to his Great Majesty,
E'en then a ‡ Vow he on himself impos'd;
His Kingdom once at Peace, his Crown made free,
He with an Army great Christ's Tomb would view,
And with stern Wars would *Saracens* pursue.

Then said he to that grave and ancient Sire,
" Wise, holy Father, let me once be bold
" Thy bless'd and happy Name for to enquire,
" Of whom my very Soul's Content I hold.

* Prophecies. † *Gladsmoor.*
‡ He died unperforming this Vow; wherefore he sent his Heart to the Holy Grave.

" Great Prince, *quod he*, I yield to your Desire,
" * *Rymour* I height, your Slave and Servant old,
" My Love and my last Duty to discharge
" I hither came, as you shall know at large.

" For the appointed Time is drawing near,
" When my poor Soul must leave this ruin'd Tow'r:
" Know then an Angel did to me appear,
" And of these Revelations gave me Pow'r,
" Only for thee, because the Lord doth hear
" The woful Plaints and Groanings ev'ry Hour
" Of thy still tortur'd Land, which Heav'n surmounted,
" And Mercy beg'd, where Mercy never wanted.

" That only thou selected for Relief
" By the ONE-TRINE eternal Majesty,
" Cross'd with Misfortune, Sorrow, Pain, and Grief,
" For that vile Slaughter sacrilegiously
" In *Jove*'s sole sacred House; but that Mischief
" Hath thy unfeign'd Repentance freed from thee;
" Should here by me Heav'n's endless Bounty know,
" For to remove thy Cares, and Comfort show.

" Persist thou still then in thy just Desire,
" For mighty *Jove* stands arm'd against thy Foes,
" Now all thy bad Misfortunes shall retire,
" Hence shalt thou ever win and never lose:
" Thou freely shalt possess a free Empire,
" And such Renown, such Fame, and Glory goes
" Of thy great Name, that thou shalt have more Praise
" Than ever had a Prince before thy Days.

" Now, *quod the Prince*, old Father, I would know
" If these great Kings shall beautify my Name.
" No, no, *quod he*, but from thy Loins shall grow
" † One Tree, whose Fruit shall flourish still with Fame,
" And on the Banks of Silver *Forth* shall show
" Two Branches fair for to adorn that Stream,

* This was *Thomas Rymour* an old Prophet, who died about Six Months after this Time.

† King *Robert* had a base Son that was Earl of *Ross*, of whom is descended the Two famous Families of *Clackmannan* and *Airth*, both surnamed *Bruce*.

" Who

" Who turns and bows his crooked Shores about,
" To keep such Heav'n-bless'd Treasure ungotout.

" And so farewel. --This said, thro' shapless Air
He went away: A Light clear, bright, and shining,
Enlightned all the Place so clear and fair
As *Phœbus* seem'd, but *Phœbe* thence refining
His pale old Beauty spent with Age and Care;
The Prince his Knees and dazled Eyes inclining,
Down falls he straight, Life seem'd to leave his Station,
Struck blind with Light, and dumb with Admiration.

When he recover'd of this Brain-sick Trance,
He lookt about, but could no where behold
The Cause of such a golden Radience,
Nor any where see that grave Prophet old,
Which chang'd and alter'd much his Countenance
Twixt Doubt and Fear, yet needs from thence he would,
Finding a beaten Path down to the Plain,
That leads him where his Horse doth yet remain.

He takes him straight, and doth from thence depart,
Revolving oft into his Princely Mind,
If by Illusion, Vision, Dream, or Art,
Or if he reft in Sp'rit, such Things divin'd:
But weighing well each Thing with joyful Heart,
He nothing thinks impossible to find
By mighty *Jove*, altho' Man's shallow Wit
Can hardly be induc'd to credit it.

Thus while he thinks, thus while he musing rides,
Six Knights all arm'd, well mounted, he espies
Come towards him; he for Defence provides.
Yield, yield thy self or die, the foremost cries.
He nought replies, but boldly them abides,
Drawing his noble Brand, them all defies;
And in short time so quell'd them with Rebuke,
That Three he kill'd, Two chas'd, and One he took.

Then foreward on his Journey doth he hold,
And of his Prisoner desires to know

Who rul'd that Land. He thus unto him told:
" To day this Country did me Homage owe;
" But I too rash, my fond Attempts too bold,
" Hearing of Strangers landed here below,
" Would with these few my Country's Wrong prevent,
" But you alone hath mar'd my fond Intent.

" And if you to King *Edward* doth pertain,
" Or to our Prince, I pray you show to me;
" Or with these late come Troops, if you remain,
" Whom I *but* Foresight thus would go to see.
" I hold of *Edward*, said the Prince again,
" Thereof I'm sorry, said the Knight, *pardie*;
" Great Pity were't, in such unlawful War,
" So excellent a Knight should Armour bear.

Thus jest they, thus they talk, till they have gone
Far on the Way, at last they might descry
A warlike Troop in glist'ring Armour shone,
Whom, by their Arms, the Prince knew presently;
They knowing him, with high Applause each one
Made known how well they lik'd his Company:
He to his Prisoner himself reveal'd,
Who Pardon beg'd, and Thanks to Heav'n did yield.

While Day's great Lord o'er Heav'n's gilt Roof far past,
Beholding *Thetis* Beauty where she lies
Redarting back his Amours, till at last
Her Love-fir'd Smiles seem'd to inflame the Skies,
He hurles his golden Wheels down in the West,
Breathless for haste, he blush'd, yet down he hies,
Where on the trembling silver Waves she stood
Then dive they both down through the christal Flood.

E'en then the Knight, the King, and all his Train,
Intreat that Night beneath his Roof to rest,
Whereto the King doth yield: Thus back again
Right to his Palace they themselves address'd;
But this brave Prince not long did here remain,
For why a joyful Hope his Heart possess'd,
Wherefore he shipt in haste and took the Sea,
Hoping on his proud Foe reveng'd to be.

CAP.

CAPUT VI.

The ARGUMENT.

By Fortune, Valour, and adventrous Chance,
The Douglas *doth relieve Three* Scottish *Dames*
In Arran's *Isle, and doth from thence advance,*
While he is burnt with Love's insulting Flames:
Yet shews he that on Mars, *nor* Cupid's *Launce,*
Glory provides to hing triumphant Palms.
He finds his Lord, to Scotland *who returns,*
And Turnberry *he sacks, destroys, and burns.*

NOW may you think, that I have lost the Sight
Of *Douglas*, and forgot his warlike Deeds;
Who still pursues his Chace till sable Night,
o save her Friend and end his Game, forth speeds:
hen from his well-spur'd Horse he doth alight,
o rest till Heav'ns smil'd on *Apollo*'s Steeds:
But long he rests not, when he hears a Noise
Confus'dly jarring with a weeping Voice.

e takes his Horse, and there in haste doth ride
here, as him thought, he heard the woful Sound,
Phebe's Light at last he has espy'd
Horse some Fifty Knights, who led fast bound
e Knights, Three Ladies, all behind them ty'd
on their Horse; the Knights from many a Wound
Dy'd the green Grass in red, that seem'd to call
For dread Revenge, shewing the Way withal.

follows still; but lo they ride so fast,
at they by this had gotten to the Shore,
d in a tall Ship soon from thence they pass'd,
sees * Sixteen in Arms there him before
t them pursu'd; with those he goes at last
o a Barge, oft wishing to restore

* These were his Friends.

To

To Liberty those poor distressed Wights,
The woful Ladies and the wounded Knights.

Now these were led, he met upon the Shore,
By one Sir *Robert Boyd*, a valiant Knight;
They from the Army stray'd not long before
When on Three Gentlemen they hap'd to light,
Who them besought to aid them to restore
Three Ladies ta'en by cruel * *English* might;
And coming near to *Arran*, they conclude
With *Douglas* only for to spend their Blood.

Wherefore he caus'd them presently to land
In haste, to get betwixt them and their Hold,
Which straight was done: O happy they that fand
So brave a Guide, wise, hardy, fearless, bold,
In whose mild Look, in whose all-conqu'ring Hand
They Victory already might behold.
Now were they to the Castle nearhand by,
Where all in secret they did closly ly.

By then the *English* to the Shore had brought
Their Prisoners; but all their Wealth and Store
Within their Ship they left, which all for nought
From Merchants Ships they had bereft of yore:
And now straight to the Castle when they sought,
The *Douglas* gives the Sign, and steps before
His warlike Rout, and with his Sword and Shield
He cuts a bloody Way out through the Field.

Thus in a Rage forth through his Foes he drew,
Whose virtuous Valour thirsts for Glory's Crown,
With ev'ry Blow a Soul bids Earth adieu;
Their new Array he breaks, their Ranks beats down:
So many Shields he cleft, and Knights o'erthrew,
That too much Valour hinder'd much Renown;
For lo a Wall of Bodies dead he laid,
Whereof the rest in need, a Rampert made.

* These *English* Men whom they followed, were Keepers of the Castle of *Brettwick* in *Arran*.

Trans-

Transported thus with Hate, with Wrath, and Ire,
Now here, now there, he woful Slaughters wrought;
Astonish'd then, some did with Fear retire;
Yet some for Shame stick to't, amaz'd in Thought;
Others that scorn'd such Wonders to admire,
Vows dread Revenge, and on him still they sought:
Yet those that Fools were thought, did wisely fly,
And those that wisely stays, like Fools they die.

While he, not wearied thus with killing, fights,
Their Captain stout, that *Hastings* height to Name,
Forth from the Castle comes with Twenty Knights,
Whose fresh Supplies, with Fury most extreme,
Beats down their Foes, and stay e'en in their Sight
Fair Victory with Glory, Praise, and Fame,
That crown'd was come, aud smil'd on them before,
But now she turns her Back, and threats them sore.

Which when the noble *Douglas* had espy'd,
Viewing their fierce and valiant Captain bold,
He leaves his Task; and forthwith thither hy'd,
Whose chearful Sight his mangled Band did hold
From present Flight, while he so well apply'd
His matchless Strength, that his keen Blade grown cold
In their warm Blood, his Heat so much renew'd,
That now they first did flee, who first pursu'd.

Thus rarely chang'd the Fortune of the Broil,
Hastings with Threats menace them still that flee,
And now in equal Balance stood the Toil:
" Ah Heav'ns! you feeble Soldiers, *said he*,
" Shall you, almost an Hundred, have the Foil
" Of but few more than half a Score you see?
" Ah Shame! you ever hence the Name to bear
" Of *English*, so victorious in War.

This said, he gaz'd, and staring round about,
At last he flies with fierce and angry Look
Forth through the Throng against the *Douglas* stout,
A stiff Steel-pointed Dart he strongly shook,
And as a Bow an Arrow swift shoots out,
Singing through Air, such sounding Air it took,

Whileas

Whileas the hardy fearless Knight oppos'd
His Shield against all Dangers undisclos'd.

This strange and mighty Throw pierc'd *Douglas* Shield,
And in his Armour staid, which quickly done,
The warlike *Douglas* doth the Weapon weild,
And gave his Foe no Leisure for to shun,
'Gainst whose strong Arm, his Arms could be no Bield,
Quite through his right Side pass'd it too too soon;
For at his Heart he aim'd, yet forc'd him fall,
Which doth abate the Courage of them all.

Love, Sorrow, Fear, threw forth Confusion fast,
Yet quickly they resolve, and in their Fray
Take up their wounded Lord, and thence they pass'd;
Yea surely this had been their latest Day,
But Night's dark Shades between them slipt at last,
And forc'd them both aside their Arms to lay:
For if Heav'n's chearful Lamp had bidden in,
The valiant *Douglas* Force the Tow'r had win.

Now they the woful Prisoners unty'd,
Who fell with humble Rev'rence on the Ground,
Praising Almighty *Jove* who did provide
The *Douglas*, that their Way to Saf'ty found:
When he the Ladies Beauties well espy'd,
He wonder'd what wild Savage would have bound
Their minger'd Bodies, with their dainty Hands,
Fitter for Arms Embrace than Iron Bands.

For their neat Bodies, dainty, sweet, and rare,
Was exquisite and excellent he thought,
That e'en almost his Martial Mind, all Care
Of Arms forgot, and Love's Delight he sought;
The Youngest's Beauty did his Thoughts ensnare,
Her Face, Eyes, Hair, her All, by Nature wrought,
Was in the rarest and the finest Mold
That Heart could wish, Hand touch, or Eye behold.

But now because the Night was waxing dark,
He did from thence unto the Shore retire,

here they at Anchor fand the *English* Bark,
hich they of all Resistance soon did clear,
d launching from the Shore, they did remark
hat Store of Wines they had, what dainty Cheer:
And as their former Task great Praise obtain'd,
So by the last a wond'rous Wealth they gain'd.

ith Dainties cloy'd, at last they go to Rest,
d sets their Watch; but, lo no Rest at all;
e *Douglas* finds Love did him so molest,
w he's become enchanting Beauty's Thrall;
uth was he that his Love should be possess'd
one to whom he was a Debtor small:
And by her changing Passions, sure it seem'd
That she of late some Knight had much esteem'd.

that you may the Truth more clearly know,
ree Sisters born were these fair Ladies Three,
eir noble Sire of Children had no mo,
eat was his Wealth, his House and Lineage high,
s Revenues he wholly did bestow
those Three Ladies, yet did this foresee,
To give the Youngest, whom he most affected,
The better half, whose Worth he most respected.

Three, to their old Sire, such Rev'rence bure,
d each to other had such mutual Love,
still his Pleasure was their Pleasure; sure
Will they did with willing Minds approve:
brave young Knight the Youngest would procure
Marriage, and still his Suit did move,
Whom she did neither love, nor hate outright,
it *Andrew Murray* height this valiant Knight.

se Ladies chanc'd one Day abroad to go
Neptune's sandy Shore, for their Delight,
h whom this Knight went forth, and Twenty mo,
Armour but a Sword had ev'ry Knight:
hanc'd e'en then, hard by a Craig below,
se *English* came ashore, whose sudden Sight
ts those poor Ladies in so great a Fray,
hat they obtain'd a rich, yet easy Prey.

Murray long Time the Ladies did defend,
With chearful Words encouraging the rest;
But lo, there was no Safty, for in end
Fifteen there dy'd, the Remainder possess'd
As Prisoners they hold, and then extend
Their Wrath, which in that Land their Wealth increas'd:
At last they fled with Shame, and with Rebuke,
These follow'd them whom *Douglas* overtook.

And only by this warlike Earl's brave Hand
Were they repaid of all their former Wrong;
Amongst the rest of Prisoners he fand
This *Murray*, who had lov'd this Lady long;
All this the valiant Earl did understand,
Inform'd by Conference the rest among,
And thought indeed he lov'd that gallant Knight,
Yet in the Lady was his chief Delight.

Now on the Seas they stray a certain Space,
Till on a Night the Count that silent lay
Upon his Bed, did hear one cry, "Alas!
" Will thus my Lady all my Hope betray?
" Is my long Love rewarded with Disgrace?
" Ah, Grief! alas, what will the World now say!
" On Wings of Hope I mount above my Might,
" And now am forc'd with *Phaeton* to light.

" Ah! whoso feeds on Women's double Words
" Runs with a Strangling-row to meet Despair;
" Who Kindness to their wanton Looks affords,
" Heaps on themselves a Hell of endless Care;
" Who to their Smiles applies Love's sweet Concords,
" With Scorn and Shame they shall their Thoughts ensnare
" Yea, who upon a Woman's Vows shall dream,
" Can ne'er be rid of Wo, Grief, Care, and Shame.

" But I must love her, I must love her still,
" And loving her, e'en loving I must die:
" Or shall I live my friendly Foe to kill,
" That thus deprives my Hopes? O no, not I.
" I will my very Soul in Tears distill,
" In Sighs consume my Heart, with Groans I'll tie

"

" On willing Death unto my tortur'd Mind,
" And with all Pains, End to one Pain shall find.

Tho' thus disdain'd, disgrac'd, and quite forlorn,
Yet her, poor Soul, e'en her I cannot blame
But Fortune proud, that to this Knight hath sworn
O'er all the Earth she will extol his Name;
And Nature that did weep when he was born,
For all her Wealth hangs at his virt'ous Beam;
" Yea, she in him herself excels so far,
" Compar'd with him, all others she doth mar.

Ah! thrice unhappy I, that e'er did yield
As Prisoner unto the *English* Foe;
Thrice happy I, if slain into the Field,
Then had she pity'd, if not lov'd, I know:
But O, this Knight, did with his Sword and Shield
Free me from Bands; and yet he freed me so,
" As giving Life and saving this my Breath,
" He sends to me a far more cruel Death.---

ere Sorrow cuts his sad Discourse at last,
ith many grievous Groans, with Sighs and Tears;
here at this warlike Lord was much agast,
henas this woful Song had pierc'd his Ears;
s Lady's Love all other Cares surpass'd,
r divine Shape graft in his Mind he bears:
And yet he thinks he wrongs that worthy Knight,
Whose faithful Love long since made known his Right,

herefore in Time he would command these Fits,
nd Love's fond flamming Passions would remove:
t O! commanding in his Heart she sits,
ling the Motions of his Soul above;
ould him kill, or near distract of Wits
he the meanest Thought of Loss should prove.
Yet straight he thinks, with Reason Man's endow'd,
That by himself his Lusts might be subdu'd.

us tossing Thousand Passions in his Mind,
last he vows himself for to command;

Now

Now *Phœbus* had his golden Locks untwin'd,
And them in *Thetis* christal Glass upband;
When cutting *Neptune*'s Back, afar they find
Three warlike Ships come toward them from Land.
Wherefore in Arms each one himself address'd,
And at their Lord's Devotion then they rest.

Now all of them did in his Presence stand,
And forth he caus'd the Ladies to be brought,
And thus said he: ---" Fair Dames, you understand
" What I and these most valiant Men have wrought
" By *Jove* his only Aid, we took in Hand
" Your Honour, Saf'ty, your Relief we sought:
" Tho' Heav'ns did favour this our Enterprize,
" You know it was more desperate than wise.

" And tho' all Knights indeed should Armour bear
" For Ladies, and in their Defence to fight;
" Yet I more shameless than the rest I fear,
" Of you fair *Eve*, for so the Youngest height,
" Would crave Reward, which you may well forbear,
" Yea I would have your Oath in all their Sight,
" That what I charge you with, you will obey,
" Nor what I seek may you offend, I pray.

The modest bashful Dame, in silent Mood,
Her mild sweet Looks she bent upon the Ground,
Thro' Sun-bright Beauty shin'd her crimson Blood;
Which sudden Tempest past, she quickly found
This Answer (while the Gallant trembling stood
Expecting that which his poor Soul should wound)
" Curs'd be the Child his Dame gainsays in ought,
" Who his dear Life with her Life's Hazard bought.

Glad was she for to grant whate'er he would,
Who would to him have given her self and all;
Wherefore again she made this Answer bold:
" Brave Knight, your Will I promise and I shall
" (Mine Honour safe) perform; so shall you hold
" My Fate, come Life or Death, or what you call:
" To which my Grant, I here the Heav'ns attest;
" Let me be plagu'd, if I refuse the rest.

ſhiv'ring Cold through all his Veins forth-went,
opping the Organ of his Speech a ſpace;
what he would, he ſhould not give Conſent,
nd what he ſhould, he would not that embrace:
oud *Cupid* from her fiery Looks forth-ſent
ve-burning Darts, that more and more encreaſe
His Thoughts; at laſt he thinks his own he'll make her;
Her Heart flies thro' her Eyes, and prays him take her.

nd while he goes within his Arms to catch her,
ifting his Eye aſide, he there eſpies
er faithful Knight, who all this Time did watch her,
Love, Fury, Wrath, Diſdain, a Combat tries
his ſad Looks, and *Rage* bids ſtill diſpatch her;
r black *Deſpair* did thus to him deviſe:
More Honour is't, thy ſelf to ſacrifice,
And tell diſloyal her, thou loyal dies;

ſhalt thou end thy elſe e'er endleſs Pain,
nd die with Honour, to her endleſs Shame.
o, take his Life, quod *Jealouſy*. Again
uod *Reaſon*, Why? he does not bear her Blame.
uod *Courage*, ſhall he unreprov'd obtain,
en thou, no Man, much leſs a Knight by Name.
Quod *Reaſon*, If he die, ſhe hate thee ſhall.
Then, quod *Deſpair*, kill him, her, thee, and all.

Reaſon ſays, and *Pity* takes her Part,
will thou kill thy Nation's Lamp of Light?
, rather go to him with all thy Heart,
d give him all thy Intreſt, all thy Right;
ſhall thou win great Praiſe and high Deſert.
od *Beauty*, Firſt deprive thy Eyes of Sight.
No, then quod *Love*, thy Heart firſt muſt thou tear
orth from thy Breaſt, for her Idea's there,

ich is the Star that rules thy Life, thou knows.---
ile he thus rul'd with jarring Paſſions ſtands,
Pity mov'd this brave young Earl make choſe
y to fly, and break *Love*'s mighty Bands,

Strife betwixt the Paſſions of the *Mind* and *Reaſon*.

And

And thus he said: —" If Heav'n will that we lose,
" And that those Pirates get us in their Hands,
" No Torment shall sufficiently assuage
" Their cruel Will, their Fury, and their Rage.

" So gladly would they wish Revenge to take,
" Of Fourty which we last of theirs did kill,
" Wounding their Lord, tho' we but few did lack:
" But so Eternal Majesty did will.
" Now therefore first I wish you to forsake
" Our Company, let hap us Good or Ill,
" And take those Knights which here on you attend,
" Those shall with you home to your Country wend;

" And in the light swift-sailing Barge you may
" Be out of reach, e're these our Foes come near.
" But this is it I will you to obey,
" Which of your Heav'n-sworn Oath shall make you clea
" That presently you take, without Delay,
" Brave *Murray* for your Knight and Husband dear;
" Tho' I my self you to my self could wish,
" If to my Taste were ty'd no other Dish:

" Let him your chast and spotless Heart receive,
" Himself and his true Love deserves no less:
" And so your Sisters, he, and you, shall leave
" Us to our Fate, while his great Worthiness
" With these your Knights, shall you from Danger save,
" God grant in Wealth, Ease, Honour, you increase.
Wherewith good *Murray*, after Thanks, reply'd,
" Not so, brave Sir, I will with you abide,

" Till this sharp threatning Storm be overblown,
" Or else I surely were too much to blame;
" Yea, and the like Good-will the rest have shown.
But none would he accept, nor none would name
Except brave *Boyd*, in Feats of Arms well known,
And with him Ten, bold, fearless, full of Fame.
But *Eve* thus gone, proud Love must needs obey;
She dies for Grief, brave *Murray* mourns for ay.

gallant Earl the Fight abides by Sea,
d very long in fearful Hazard ſtands,
laſt he wins, and ſinks One of the Three,
d mightily the other Two demands
yield, till both in end are forc'd to fly,
the Approach forth from the Weſtern Lands
Of a new Fleet, e'en quickly rigged forth
By BRUCE, that famous Prince, and full of Worth.

o glad was *Douglas* thus again to find,
oſe Loſs with wondrous Care he oft lamented:
what the Prophet had to him divin'd
told him there, who thereof much contented,
iſes Almighty *Jove* with thankful Mind,
w that their Foes might quickly be prevented.
The King his Army there would ſet aſhore
Where *Piercy* rul'd, and he was * Lord before.

o Times Heav'n's glorious golden Poſt had paſs'd,
aſuring the boundleſs Bounds of all the Sky,
en *Auſter* to the Shore their Fleet had chac'd,
th chearful Shouts each one aland did fly,
th thundring Sounds of Trumpets interlac'd,
ey rear aloft the Royal Standard high,
Whereas the princely Lion in his Jaws
Would Foes intomb, aſunder torn with Paws.

eir Tents they pitch down in a pleaſant Plain,
hile their glad Rumour thro' the Land aroſe,
ſh Troops from each Part to them flies amain,
wiſh'd to ſhake the Yoke of their proud Foes:
are *Edward* hears his Brother's come again,
him he with a gallant Troop forth goes:
This dauntleſs Prince ſo fierce was and ſo bold,
he threatning Fortune by the Hair did hold.

w our great King a Niece had nearhand by,
Lady full of Wiſdom, Wealth, and Worth,
o marches to the Camp majeſtickly,
view her Royal Couſin came ſhe forth,

* To wit, *Carrick*.

And

And with her brought a gallant Company
In Arms, dread *Mars* the Lord was of their Birth;
Into his Wars those Knights she did convoy;
He thanks her, her he entertains with Joy.

She unto him those sad Misfortunes told
That by Mischance had chanc'd since he departed;
How his fair Queen to his proud Foe was sold,
His Brother *Neil*, and *Mar*'s great Earl had smarted,
Kildrimme also won, and how that Hold
By filthy Treason burnt was, she imparted;
And how his greatest Foe King *Edward* dy'd,
Whose Son, young *Edward*, now his Place supply'd.

Through all the Camp these Rumours sadly goes
Of those Misfortunes that each one abased;
For all doth add these new Mis-lucks to those
That had so much before their Fames defaced.
Their Prince that sees their Courage now they lose,
And for true Worth had frantick Fear embraced,
Caus'd bring them all before his Royal Throne,
And wisely thus encourag'd ev'ry one.

" Brave gallant Friends, with me that have remain'd
" Against so many fearful Dangers past,
" So many painful Travels that sustain'd,
" Nor from your Necks my Yoke, for Want, would cast
" Of Hunger, Thirst, and Loss, you ne'er complain'd,
" Nor nothing could your noble Minds agast:
" Tho' Fortune thus hath smil'd upon our Foes,
" Shall we of Fear, and not of Fame, make chose?

" No, no, the Lord forbid we should refuse
" This War so just, whereto we all were born,
" Tho' Conquest with our Foes so long doth use,
" And our poor woful Country seems forlorn,
" It is not Destiny, but Sin's Abuse,
" Not Man but God, that hath our Country torn,
" That we may Ill, and Sin, and Pride reject,
" And with Repentance mourn for our Defect.

" Yea, if we do with ſad Repentance mourn,
" No doubt but his ſweet Mercies he'll extend,
" His Love and Favour back he will return;
" So hard Beginnings have an happy End:
" Our Foes he will deſtroy, conſume, and burn,
" To cruel them he this Reward ſhall ſend,
" That when we have triumph'd on their Decay,
" * Themſelves ſhall be unto themſelves a Prey.

Thus ended his Prophetick Speech Divine,
Which breathing Life in their dead Hope, they live:
His Countenance with Lightning ſeem'd to ſhine,
From his bright Looks did Courage them revive;
And humbled all before *Jove*'s ſacred Shrine,
With Faſts and Pray'r theſe ſtarry Walls they cleave,
Before the Lord themſelves they humbly lay,
With broken Hearts and weeping Souls they pray.

The King and all his Princes of Eſtate,
Of Godlineſs and Faith Enſamples be,
With Faſting, publick Pray'r, and Sins regrete,
The ONE-ETERNAL everlaſting THREE
They do beſeech to pardon them ungrate,
And view with Mercy this their Miſery.
Thus they invoke, and from the Lord above
On them deſcends Grace, Mercy, Conqueſt, Love.

Now while they brought their ſolemn Faſt to end,
And holy Vows unto the Lord had made,
To *Turnberry* their haſty Courſe they bend,
Would they firſt beſiege and firſt invade,
Which Town the warlike *Piercy* did defend,
Within the Caſtle ſtrong himſelf abade;
By warlike BRUCE inviron'd ſo about,
That nought but Fear gets in, and Courage out.

Suddenly, ſo unawares they came
That they no Time had left unto them ſo
Their Town to victual, or their Strengths to frame
Them to defend, or to offend their Foe,

* So it fell out ſoon after.

No rolling Force, no Engine, nor no Ram
Our Gallants fought the Walls to overthrow:
By Force he enters at the first Essay,
And to his Army gives it as a Prey.

But still the *Piercy* did the Castle hold,
Built on a Rock impregnable it stands;
Thrice fiercely he assaults, and thrice the bold
Northumbrian beats back his valiant Bands:
At last the valiant *Piercy* yield it would,
For want of Victuals, in the Prince's Hands;
Not mov'd, forc'd, fear'd, by Gold, by Strength, nor Terror;
Want breeds his faultless Fault, his guiltless Error.

This valiant Prince his Army here would rest,
Wearied with Travel both by Sea and Land,
His Foes Designs to view he thinks it best,
Which Charge he puts into the *Douglas* Hand:
For this Attempt himself he soon address'd,
With him twice Twelve hid Dangers to withstand,
And forth they went the Country for to view.
What they by Valour wrought, doth next ensue.

CAPUT VII.

The ARGUMENT.

The warlike Douglas *on his Journey goes,*
Where his most loved Lord did him command,
He finds a dying Knight that sadly shows
A Tale most pitiful to understand,
Which doth a woful Injury disclose,
Whereof he vows Revenge; and in that Land
He knew a Knight, whose Counsel doth obtain
Douglas *chief Strength: The* English *Bands are slain.*

AIR Fortune's Knight that erst had ta'en in Hand
The Country all about to view and see,
And all the Foe's Designs to understand:
n *Titan*'s Spouse with purple Wings forth fly,
golden Bars Heav'n's silver Gates upband
straight undoes, when with dread Majesty,
n silver paved Heav'ns her Lord of Light
olls forth his golden Wheels and Chariot bright,

Western Lands in Clouds of Night enroll'd,
n Shadows dark of Death he doth release,
nas the Earl so strong, so stout, so bold,
gs forth his Troop well arm'd, and thence apace
narch'd o'er Dales, Hills, Vales, and Forests old,
Passage free he finds in ev'ry Place;
r being oft encountred by his Foes,
ir Victory still forward with him goes.

conqu'ring Lord three Days forth journy'd right,
n in a Wood, hard by a River Side,
y sadly hear a woful groaning Knight,
thro' the Groves to him in haste they ride,
deadly wounded lay a woful Sight;
ory Blood the flow'ry Verdure dy'd

The Earl with Pity sadly him besought,
What Murderer that cruel Act had wrought.

He weakly leans his Head upon his Hand,
Wan was his Face, pale Death hath dim'd his Sight;
A hollow Sound his dying Voice yet fand,
These Words he breathed faintly as he might:---
" * Ah! shall the conquer'd Conquerors withstand,
" When e'en themselves against themselves still fight:
" Ah Heav'ns! thy Wrath procur'd doth now descend:
" Ah *Scots*! your Name, Fame, Glory, now must end.

" In *Douglas* dwelt I, *Kennedy* I height,
" My Wife a Lady was, alas! too fair;
" Too fair, alas! my Sorrows doth endight,
" Her too chast Mind was fraught with Virtues rare;
" In her was all my Joy, all my Delight,
" With her remain'd my Heart, my Thought, my Care;
" Yea she me also lov'd as much and more,
" She me esteem'd all earthly Joys before.

" A hundred Soldiers and a † Captain bold
" In *Douglas* strongest Castle doth remain,
" These hath the Land in all Mischief enroll'd,
" Which now by Wrong to *Clifford* doth pertain,
" By Wrong-usurping *Edward's* Gift and Gold,
" While the right Heir defers his Right to gain;
" And all the Land obeys this Captain's Will,
" Either in Right or Wrong, in Good or Ill.

" One Day he chanc'd my Lady for to view,
" While she on Divine Service did attend,
" While as enamour'd straight of her he grew,
" Whom not enjoy'd, Death would Affection end:
" Friendship he urg'd on me; thus did ensue
" 'Twixt him and me great Love; but still he feign'd,
" For all his Friendship was for to deceive me;
" And of my chiefest Joy for to bereave me.

* A pitiful Tale told the *Douglas* by a Gentleman of *Douglasdale*, c[illegible] *Kennedy*.
† This Captain's Name was *Hastrig*.

" S[illegible]

Such friendly Love he seem'd to me to bear,
Confirm'd with Words, with Vows, with Oaths not few,
That my too trusty Mind could no way fear
From such fair sugar'd Words Deceit t'ensue:
But lo, he whisper'd in my Lady's Ear,
That I to her did bear a Mind untrue.
" By this one Slight, to win his Suit, he try'd,
" When by all other Means he was deny'd.

No heed to this fond Tale at first she took;
At last he urg'd so far, he takes on hand
She should it see, her Eye thereon should look,
Providing that she would but closly stand,
And nothing would bewray, to his Rebuke;
Whereto she yields at last, which erst I fand.
" Then forth into a Grove he did her bring,
" O'er which a mighty clifted Rock did hing.

Near to my House this quiet Walk doth ly,
By which a clear swift running River glides;
A Sister hath my Lady near hand by,
That with her Sire, a grave-old Knight, abides:
For her the Captain seem'd in Love to die.
When pensive often times alone he rides,
" He haunts my House, and yet no Ill I deem'd,
" His virt'ous Worth I still so much esteem'd.

While oft he pensive seem'd and sad with Grief,
I much desir'd the Cause thereof to know;
Oft wish'd I to his Woes to find Relief:
When after great and much Intreaty, lo
He so disguis'd his Thoughts, that, to be brief,
He made me to believe his ceaseless Wo
" Proceeds from Lady *Anne*'s fair Beauty's Beam;
" For so my Lady's Sister heght to Name.

I pity'd him, and, glad of this his Love,
Promis'd his Suit should cunningly be wrought,
For which in secret I her Mind would prove:
This he allows; for this was all he sought,
But pray'd, I to my Wife should nothing move,
Nor she nor any else should know his Thought,

" But tryst her to that secret Grove I should,
" And there alone to move her, if I could.

" When Night drives Day down from the Western Land
" E'en then he brings my Lady forth, to view
" Where I and her fair Sister closely stands
" Within a Grove of Bushes, thick that grew;
" My Arms embrac'd, I gript and wrung her Hands,
" And oft these Words I softly did renew:
" *Thou, then, most worthy, fear not Love's Annoy;*
" *Be secret still, and thou shalt all enjoy.*

" This heard my Lady, like to burst for Grief,
" Tortur'd with burning Love and cold Disdain,
" Whil'st I, poor Soul, knew nought of this Mischief,
" Which, to acquit my Pains, he doth ordain:
" Yet to his Love this finds him no Relief;
" Her spotless Name, for this she would not stain;
" But closely heaps her Pain, her Grief, her Wo,
" In her poor Heart, till it should burst in two.

" As doth a new, fresh, strong and mighty Wine
" Pierce thro' and burst his Vessel-old asunder;
" So would her Sorrows split her Heart in twain,
" So oft she wish'd to fall her Burden under:
" But he that could not work with this Engine,
" His Lust to Fury turn'd almost, O Wonder!
" Yet loath, by Force, to work this cruel Fate,
" Lest he were thought of all the most ungrate.

" Not that he car'd for Credit, Faith, or Fame,
" But that he fear'd some fatal Punishment,
" While as his Passion burneth so extreme,
" As, if it lasted, Death would all prevent:
" For Sickness doth him quite from Health reclaim,
" His vital Pow'rs a burning Ague spent,
" Wherewith he seem'd tormented so indeed,
" As his Disease all human Pains exceed.

" Such Grief for his Disease I did conceive,
" And such the Love was I to him did bear,

" Of Food, of Rest, of Sleep, did me bereave,
" Nor can I half express my loving Fear:
" One Day I hapt of his Disease to crave
" The Ground or Cause, which long I could not hear.
" Ah! if your Health were in my Pow'r, *said I*,
" Or that my Life, with Death, your Life might buy.

" Do then to me your Sorrows all declare,
" That if I can, both would and should relieve you;
" Hope healeth Wo, Wisdom o'ercomes Despair,
" And Counsel can remeed all Pains doth grieve you:
" By Craft, by Strength, by Wit, or Fore-sight's Care,
" We shall have hence all Hurt that doth mischieve you.
" Let not fond Shame 'gainst Health and Saf'ty strive;
" Flee willing Death, while Hope is yet alive.

" So earnestly, in Wo, these Words forth brake,
" As he at last, to tell me seem'd content;
" And having paus'd a little, thus he spake:---
' *Dear Friend, it fears me much, you shall repent,*
' *When you have known what doth my Sorrows make,*
' *And to my Death you will give soon Consent;*
' *For in my Death much Pleasure does belong you;*
' *In Life I cannot live, except I wrong you.*

" No then, said I, I fear not, let me know it,
" Come Well, come Wo, come Death, come Life, come either,
' *Well then*, said he, *unwilling I shall show it;*
' *Your Wife her Beauty, nay my folly rather,*
' *From both of these, or either Love doth draw it;*
' *Or shall I say more truly, Fate and neither;*
' *Which secretly I smother'd have so long,*
' *And rather choose to die, than do you wrong.*

' *To chase this frantick Passion from my Mind,*
' *I you desir'd to move her Sister* Anne;
' *For to her Beauty had I been enclin'd,*
' *I haply had left off where I began:*
' *But since Remeed at all I cannot find*
' *Except of all the Earth, the only Man*
' *Whom I lov'd best, I should so far injure,*
' *Death first unto my Love shall End procure.*

" These Speeches pierc'd my Heart in thro' my Ear,
" Nor Tongue, nor Hand, nor Foot, could stir or move;
" Great was the Love I to my Wife did bear,
" Him both I lov'd, and pitied, as did prove,
" Who rather chose to die without all Fear
" Than me to wrong thus all the Rest above;
" This, this, I say, e'en this alone did kill me
" This one Respect his Life to save, did will me.

" Wherefore at last I said, first shall I lose
" Both her, my self, and all my Joys beside;
" Than such a worthy Friend should make a choise
" Of Death, if I can for his Life provide:
" And to be short, at length we did dispose
" The Matter so, that kind, too kind I try'd;
" For in my Place I did him so convoy;
" Her Thoughts unstain'd, he did herself enjoy.

" But I my self such Grief did soon conceive,
" A thousand Deaths unto my self I wish'd;
" For Jealousy did in my Soul engrave
" Such endless Pains, that I no Torment miss'd;
" Such eating Corosives my Wits bereave,
" That my too woful Heart was like to burst.
" Ah woful Act! which doth my Soul afray;
" My self consents, my self for to betray.

" But he all Reason did exceed so far,
" And with Ungratitude so much was stain'd,
" That of my Joy he did me quite debar;
" For when he had his filthy Lust obtain'd,
" He then bewray'd himself, which all did mar:
" And which was more, of me he also feign'd
" That I contriv'd the Plot, that I did send him;
" Her I disdain'd; her I did gladly lend him.

" Whereat she did conceive such endless Grief,
" That presently she doth resolve to die,
" While he, e'en he, that wrought this great Mischief
" Departs in haste, and to his Strength doth flie.
" I, all this Time of Cares found no Relief,
" Wond'ring that to his Bed, return'd not he:

" Where-

" Wherefore, I in the Morning straight arose,
" And to the Chamber where he lay forth goes.

" But there I found her, Ah! I found her there;
" As she was then, would God that I had been!
" A purple Stream, with Milk mixt White and Fair,
" Ran her more white and snowy Breasts between!
" With Child she was, the Milk could well declare;
" Ah, too untimely Fate! Ah, Death I mean!
" Thus past all Help, forth from the Bed I drew her,
" And in my Arms (Ah, woful Sight!) did view her.

" E'en as the Lily clear, fresh, fair, and white
" Wither'd with Drougth, grows wrinkled, pale, and black;
" So her fair Face, fair Beauty's choise Delight,
" Did swarthish seem, that Life, Blood, Moisture lack;
" In her dim Eyes, Death did my Crime endite;
" Once lookt she up, and once, these Words she spake:
' *Ah!' let my guilty Blood wash forth the Stain*
' *That cruel you, to my chaste Bed did gain.*

' *Ah! let my Soul mount to high Justice-Throne,*
' *And there sound forth a sad, still sad Revenge:*
' *Heav'ns only view'd my chaste, chaste, Thoughts alone;*
' *Heav'ns only may forgive this Murder strange;*
' *Heav'ns only owes my chaste Vows ev'ry one;*
' *Heav'ns only wrong'd, since I my Vows infringe;*
' *Heav'ns only then your Wrath, fierce Wrath surcease you;*
' *And let my Blood, thus sacrific'd, appease you.*

" These Words, *Appease you*; seal'd up Death's sad Birth,
" And her last Breath, dear Breath, dear Life, dear All:
" Ah, cursed Death! bereft Earth's rarest Worth:
" Ay me for Shame!--- While he on *Shame* did call,
Shame clos'd his Lips, the Sound went weakly forth,
Shaming to shew what after did befal:
His Moving, Speech, his Sight, and all was lost;
Down falls his Head, and he yields up the Ghost.

Himself had kill'd himself they surely scann'd;
But when they weigh these his first Speeches right,

Ah, shall the conquer'd Conquerors withstand,
When e'en themselves against themselves do fight;
They think some Friend of her's that there him fand
Had done the Deed, or else some *English* Knight,
Aided by *Scots*, had kill'd him for the same,
Surmising that himself had kill'd his Dame.

But why, or howsoe'er he shed his Blood,
They all lament this woful Tragedy;
While their brave Lord avow'd to taste no Food
Till he had ta'en Revenge most rigorously
Of that same *English* Lord's Ungratitude;
Whereto Occasion fitly did apply
A present Mean, whereby he might fulfil
His well-made Vow, and work his warlike Will.

By this the Light gave place to Shadows brown,
And sable Clouds had masked all the Sky,
When from the Hills and Forests they come down,
And in a Valley fair they might espy
A stately Palace far from any Town,
To which this warlike Crew did haste in hy;
* Where they a rev'rend aged Knight did find,
That gives them Entertainment to their Mind.

To a Chamber richly hung the Earl was brought,
And there disarmed by a Lady fair;
The rest were all unarm'd, and with a Thought,
They to a stately Hall did then repair;
Whose Tables richly spread, there soon was brought
All Kind of Meats, all Kind of Dainties rare.
Thus were they serv'd to Supper, in such sort
As might become a King, for princely Port.

The Supper done, the worthy Count began
To question with his Hosts, both grave and wise;
His Lineage, House, and Name requir'd he then,
And who doth rule that Province where he lies.

* This old Gentleman was called *Dickson*, and is now called *Simington* of *That Ilk*, and dwelleth as yet hard by the Castle of *Douglas* and hath his Living off that House for the same.

" Brave Sir, *quod he*, I'll tell you truly, When
" Fair *Scotland*'s Glory mounted to the Skies;
" When, in sweet Calms of Peace, her Native-born
" Deckt her fair Front, whose Wealth did them adorn;

" E'en then I serv'd a too too noble Lord.---
Here silent long, scarce could the rest essay,
Grief, Kindness, Love, and Pity well deplor'd
His grievous Loss, Tears did his Woes bewray.
This Quandary once past, and Speech restor'd
He thus began again,--- " E'en him I say
" Whom *English Edward* did by Wrong surmise
" In Prison close; and there, ah! there he dies.

" *Douglas* great Earldom did this Lord enjoy,
" A Son he had both young, strong, fair and wise;
" The Fruit that kept his Years from Age Annoy,
" The Casket rich where all his Treasure lyes,
" Sent unto *France*, while he is yet a Boy;
" And to return, it seems, he still denies;
" While here the *Clifford* holds his Revenues,
" Who tyrannizing all the Land subdues.

" Ah, were he here! Age from my wrinkled Brow
" Would soon depart, and Youth would soon transport
" These silver Hairs with Strength and Vigour new,
" That would my Limbs and weakned Arms support;
" This Arm should make him Way for to renew
" His just Revenge in such a wondrous Sort,
" That *England*'s King should quake for Fear and Shame,
" When in his Ears, Fame thunder'd forth his Name.

" Why, *said the Earl*, and if himself were here,
" How could he be reveng'd upon his Foes,
" Whose Strength nor his much greater doth appear,
" Which makes our Prince, e'en BRUCE, so oft to lose?
" No, no, *said he*, God shall his Wrath retire,
" And make brave BRUCE shine like the Morning Rose,
" Whose beauteous Branches each where spreads and springs,
" Whose Odours sweet the Senses Comfort brings.

The Count, for Joy, cutting his Speeches short,
Inquires his Name; who told he *Dickson* height:
And then he calls to Mind his Father's Court,
Where he had seen him many a joyful Night;
So that, embracing him, he doth report
His Name, and how he was his Lord by Right:
Whereat he humbly kneels, and doth embrace
His Feet for Joy, while Tears bedew'd his Face.

Now each of others Sight did much rejoice,
And after they had talk't and argu'd long,
The Earl inquires what Way he might oppose
Himself against his Foes inflicting Wrong.
" Brave Lord, *said he*, to Morrow all our Foes
" Will muster forth their glorious Forces strong,
" Under the Conduct of a valiant Knight,
" Who here rules all beneath the *Clifford*'s Might.

" This Man within your chiefest Strength doth bide,
" His proud commanding Garison withal,
" *Palm-Sunday* is to Morrow, all provide
" Their Palms to bear at that chief Festival;
" They all to Church in sumptuous Manner ride,
" You by the Way may cause them catch a Fall;
" My self shall lead the Way unto your Train,
" And, if I can, the foremost Brunt sustain.

Glad was the Earl so fit a Mean to find,
Whereon they both conclude, then goes to Rest,
And on *Olympus* e're proud *Titan* shin'd,
The ancient Knight in Arms himself address'd;
He rais'd the *Douglas*, whose still restless Mind
Had banish'd Sleep, and for Revenge was press'd.
Now with this Knight, he and his Train departs,
Revengeful Fire still burning in their Hearts.

And near unto the Church when they were got,
They hap'd to meet a hoary aged Sire,
Whose woful Looks his woful Loss did note;
At whom the Earl did earnestly enquire,
What he did lack? " Sir Knight, *quod he*, my Lot
" Is for to lack what most is my Desire;

" Which

" Which is, alas! my long desired Grave,
" Age, Loss, Grief, Sorrow, doth all Joys bereave.

A Daughter had I, which was all my Joy,
In whom I more than in ought else delighted,
But her from me an *English* did convoy,
An *English* that my Nation ay despighted:
I to the Captain plain'd of this Annoy,
The Captain that my Wrongs should all have righted:
" But greater Wrongs than these himself hath done,
" Wherefore to right all Wrongs he still doth shun.

And thus my Daughter with my Foe doth stay,
Her urging to his Pleasure for to yield,
While me thus scorn'd and mock'd with long Delay,
E'en now the Captain with proud Words revil'd,
As he with all his Troops from Church to Day,
With Palms in Hand, was marching thro' the Field,
" They all rejoicing, while my Griefs renew,
" And now they come my Life for to pursue.

he ancient Knight looks up, that *Dickson* height,
nd sees a Hundred armed Men draw near, *
nd says, " Brave Lord, lo here the long-wish'd Sight
You of your Vows, and me of mine, shall clear.---
hen with these Words he doth begin the Fight,
hileas his Lord the rest with Comforts chear,
Whose Countenance their Courage all appeal'd,
Their Eyes, Hearts, Hands, and all their Foes assail'd.

hen burnt with Heat of Glory, Praise, Revenge,
his all-subduing Earl rush'd thro' the Rout;
ight shin'd his Looks, of Sun-like Beams a Range
bout his Head did flame, his Courage stout
id his mild Looks to sparkling Fury change,
hat shoots out noble Anger round about:
Une'en they fight, and yet with valiant Hand
Their noble Lord made Way to his small Band.

* They were on a Place, called, The *Bredlibank*, over against the Church, on the which they came and join'd with the *English*, as they came out of the Church.

Who

Who hemm'd about in midst of all his Foes,
His valiant Heart and Courage well made known,
His Name and Fame, his Deeds did well disclose
And ev'ry one to other has him shown;
All runs to him, his Life to make him lose,
Which fondly while they seek, they lose their own:
For on his Sword, accusing each of Error,
Sat dreadful Death, all arm'd with Fear and Terror.

Long fought he thus, imbru'd with Gore and Blood,
Till he at last their Captain did espy,
Whose knightly Valour, long he viewing stood,
By whose strong Hand, Four Knights did breathless ly;
Wherefore he steps to him with angry Mood,
And him to mortal Battle did defy;
Which long in equal Balance did abide,
While each his Strength and utmost Valour try'd.

The angry Count at last, with wrathful Heart,
Did in his Stirrops raise himself on hy;
His Foe with Force, would set the Blow apart,
But now no Force, his Force could bear away;
On his left Shoulder, to his Grief and Smart,
The crisom colour'd Brand did light, whereby
His warlike Arm was from his Body shorn,
Himself with Force and Pain to Earth was born.

Now he who late did Captain-like command,
Was as a Captive forc'd for to obey,
Whileas this noble Earl with conqu'ring Hand,
No longer with his Prisoner would stay,
But where the rest, in Battle strongly stand
He thither hastes, his Sword shears forth the Way;
And shortly Victor was of all the Field,
Forcing them all to die, to flie, or yield.

The Victory by Heav'ns Decree obtain'd,
They thence depart the Castle to surprise,
Wherein no Soldier at all remain'd
Nor any to gainstand them did arise:
This Fortress since he had so bravely gain'd,
Here would he rest, and here he would devise

To make his Captives by an uncouth Death
To know his Vow, and justly kindled Wrath,

Low in a Vault, the Captain first he band,
And all the other Captives him beside;
The Grain, the Flour, the Beer and Wine
He fand, which they before could ne'er enough provide;
With this he fill'd the * House wherein they stand;
Thus chock't with Meat, and drown'd with Drink they dy'd,
Whose greedy Gorges ne'er suffic'd with Ill,
Now in their Death, might gormandize their fill.

Then all the Tow'rs he raz'd unto the Ground,
And levell'd all the Ditches with the Plain;
Poison'd the Springs, and Fountains which he found,
And to the wonted Liberty again
Restor'd that Land, which long before lay bound
Beneath a Tyrant's servile Yoke with Pain:
But this Estate, they long remain'd not in,
Such was the Wrath of angry Heav'ns for Sin.

CAPUT VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Scotland's *great King from Treason ill contriv'd,*
By Heav'ns and his own Valour, is reliev'd;
In Spight of twice Two Hundred he repriev'd
The Victory, which he alone atchiev'd;
He resteth there, till all his Knights arriv'd,
The witty Hay *is with his haste aggriev'd:*
Fierce Edward *Aid unto his Brother lends;*
Douglas *to win his Strength again intends.*

WHILE Fame, with brasen Breath, did sound o'er all
What she had heard in *Scota*'s fairest Land
Of BRUCE Return, whose Arm imperial
Now o'er the Western Regions did command,

* It was ever after call'd, The *Douglas Larder.*

Great

Great *Edward's* Viceroy did a Council call,
Wherein, with grave Advice, he choos'd a Band
Of warlike Soldiers, and their Captain bold
Sir *Ingrham Bell*, a Champion wise and old.

Now these for to gainstand his Pow'r he sends,
And for to keep him still into the West;
For he himself with greater Pow'r intends
To pull the Weeds up by the Root at last:
That Squadron then their warlike Pow'r extends,
And marching to the Town of *Air* they pass'd,
Whereas their wary Captain minds by Slight
To work his valiant Foe a foul Despight.

Within this Land an ancient Knight did dwell,
Who of our Prince had secret Friendship got,
He *Liebail* height, whom th'*English* did compel
Of his sad Death for to contrive the Plot;
Two valiant Sons he had, nay Sons of Hell,
Who stain their Fame with filthy Treason's Blot;
Nor this their Treason would at all reveal,
But wait to take Occasion by the Heel.

Near to King ROBERT's Camp, a Grove there lay
Low by a River's Side and out of Sight,
Where aged Oaks their branched Arms display,
And makes dim Shades with dark and gloomy Light,
Here oft our Prince in secret us'd to pray;
Here lay the Murderers, till on a Night
Down to this Grove the Prince alone descended,
On whose Return, a Page without attended.

No sooner 'mong these Thickets did he go,
When he beheld where they had closely lien,
By what Intelligence I do not know,
Or rather Revelation most divine;
He calls his Page, and from his Hand does throw
A Cross-Bow and a Bolt both sharp and fine;
The ancient Knight he killeth with the same,
As he unwars too rashly forward came.

l arm'd the other Two, in Wrath and Rage,
gan him cruelly for to assail,
his good Sword, did both their Wraths asswage,
nd did so much against them both prevail
en then expir'd the Dates of both their Age:
ey in their Death, despairing, curse and rail
Against their Fate and Fortune's had Decree.
Of God who careless lives, shall careless die.

us to the Camp the Prince returns again,
ov'd, honour'd, fear'd, admir'd, and prais'd of all;
hen Night of Day the Victory did gain,
he Scouts return'd, before his Feet they fall,
hile in his regal Tent he did remain,
esenting there a Prisoner withal,
Who to this worthy Prince in secret shows,
That he should be assailed by his Foes;

nd how they would approach that very Night
nder thick Darkness, black and cloudy Veil,
nd would assault his Camp with sudden Fight,
or would strong Trenches nought at all prevail,
ith Fire thrown forth their Tents should burn so bright;
et could not this his wonted Courage quell,
But with a glad and chearful Countenance,
He doth enquire what Way they would advance.

Beyond this River are they yet, *said he*,
And by a secret Foord they pass unknown.
Then, *quod the Prince*, Heav'ns our Protector be;
As is our Cause, such be our Fortunes shown.
ow he commands his Captains for to see
hat his small Army from the Camp be drawn,
And rank'd in Battle forth upon the Plain,
Where they in Arms must all that Night remain.

o guard the Camp he Sixty makes to stay,
nd brings Four hundred forth with Spear and Shield;
ith this small Army he would needs essay
o force his subtil Foe to flie or yield;
nd that brave Lord, that bears the Name of *Hay*,
e doth create as Gen'ral of the Field:

Him

Himself, with only Two, would go and view
The Foord where they should pass that would pursue.

Now down the River-Side his Course he bent,
From whose steep Banks, high Craigs and Rocks arise,
And still he sees the farther that he went,
Higher the Shore, lower the Stream still lies:
At last whereas the Rocks in Two were rent,
Their Nature did a narrow Path devise,
So to the River down or up, might go
But one in Rank, or at the most but Two.

When this brave Prince this Strength did well behold,
Quickly these Two that with him thither went
He back directs, and prays in haste they would
Draw up the rest, his Foes for to prevent:
" For here, *quod he*, our Foes to us are sold
" To die what Death we list for to invent;
" Craft without Craft, we should withstand in vain:
" Here will I stay, till you return again.

When they were gone, he softly nearer drew,
Whileas he hears a Noise and ratling Sound,
Which still the longer heard, the greater grew;
At last Horse-braying, Men's shrill Voice confound,
Yet these he vows his Flight shall ne'er pursue,
Nor ought but Death shall make him lose his Ground:
When lo, pale *Phœbe* shin'd so bright and clear,
That he descries Four hundred Horse well near.

These, crossing o'er the River, did ascend
The Passage, where with Sword high born he stands,
And with a Blow the first bright Crest doth rend,
Nor Head nor Breast the mortal Blade withstands:
Down falls the Knight, his reeling Horse doth bend
And foreward leaps; but lo, in both his Hands,
The Prince his Sword shears thro' his hoary Sides,
And for his Lord a bloody Tomb provides.

Now, with a Shout, the rest of this proud Crew
Throngs up the Path, and strongly him invade,

Part climbing up the Craigs upon him flew,
And at his Feet they fall, lam'd, bruis'd, dismay'd;
Trode by their Friends they die, the rest forth drew
Their Swords, each other hurts, haste Love betray'd;
Straight way dark Night, fierce Rage, doth blind them so,
Each hurts his Friend, for haste to harm his Foe.

But as a Rock, a Craig, or Cap of Land,
That Fire, Air, Water, raging would divide,
Doth stedfast still and unremoved stand
'Gainst Thunder, Lightning, Tempest, Storm, or Tide;
E'en so the Prince gainstands this warlike Band,
And all their Rage, their Wrath, their Strength, doth bide;
Still as they came in Troops confus'd to find him,
He marching leaves them slain in heaps behind him.

Their Leader foremost, now to speak began:---
" Ah, Shame! *quod he*, now never live we more;
" So many Hundreds beat by one poor Man,
" Should die a Thousand Deaths.--- Death clos'd the Door
And Organ of his Speech, he stagg'ring ran,
And reeling twice, he falls the Prince before,
Whose Sword had pierc'd his Heart; he lifts his Eyes:
With half-groan'd Words he threats, and threatning dies.

The Captain's Brother, thirsting for Revenge,
Thursts thro' the Throng, and to the Prince he hies;
Wrath from his Eyes forth sparkled Lightning strange,
And with an angry Voice he sternly cries:---
" Ah, Villains! you your Credit thus infringe;
" Ah, Soldiers! you no Soldiers thus that sees
" Your Captain slain: Ah, now! return your never,
" You Feazards, Wretches, Outcasts, curs'd for ever!

" Weak, feeble, faint, for Horse, for Sword, or Spear,
" More fit for Iron-Tools than Armour-bright:
" Your Heads, Breasts, Backs, should heavy Burdens bear;
" No Helms nor Shields should you adorn with Light:
" In Courage Place is entred Shame and Fear,
" No Hope is left but in your Feet and Flight:
" In darkest Night your chiefest Strength abides:
" Darkness your Shame, your Fear, and Faintness hides.

And

And full of Rage, for ev'ry Word a Stroke
He gives our Prince, whose Sword bears ev'ry Blow:
And while he, yet enrag'd, would more have spoke,
He cuts his Words, and with them cuts in two
His Jaws: On him Death spreads his misty Cloak;
He on his Brother falls, who living, lo
Him doth embrace, both kiss, both Souls remove:
O, Pity great! O, bless'd, O wondrous Love!

Now foreward rush'd this single Champion stout,
And makes such Havock alway where he goes,
As *Boreas* when he has blasted out
His Storms; of Herbs, Trees, Beasts, and Fowls, the Fo
Or as the raging Floods that roar and rout
'Gainst Rocks, or Thunder that high Tow'rs down throw
As Earthquakes threat to burst the Earth asunder,
His Force so shakes those Bands. O Strength! O Wonde

While thus he kills, and drives them back by Force,
And all their Blows, unharm'd, unhurt, sustain'd,
Horse bruis'd their Masters, while he treads the Horse,
In and beyond the Stream they all remain'd:
Forc'd down with Might, the Passage quite they lose:
When lo the Army comes, and quickly rain'd
A Storm of Swords, while Trumpet's roaring Blast
War's thund'ring Tempests forth with Lightning cast,

Death, Horror, Murder, Fear, Grief, Sorrow, Pain,
Came far before, and with their Tallons wide
Seize on their Hearts, and chill'd in ev'ry Vein
Their vital Breath, that flies it self to hide.
Now are they so benumm'd that scarce remain
Strength for to fly, or Force for to abide:
Some fly, some fall, some drown, despair'd alone;
Each other hurts for haste for to be gone.

The Prince by this, of all his Foes was clear'd,
And sets him down upon a Stone to rest,
Sweat on his Face, Blood on his Arms appear'd,
His Breath was short, faint Heat his Heart oppress'd:
Weary his Arms, his Hands so stiffly steer'd,
He could not wield his Sword which he possess'd:

And

nd lo the Sword did seem no Sword at all,
blunted was the Edge, and hack'd so small.

his his Troops were come unto the Place,
for him calls, and for him loudly cries;
when they found him, when they knew his Face,
Heaps they run to feed their longing Eyes,
down they fall, his Feet for to embrace;
h Thanks and Praise to God, they rend the Skies,
hat he alone o'ercomes a Thousand Foes,
hey doubt who wonders most, or most rejoice.

y find the Captain and his Brother slain,
d Fifteen more ly wallowing in their Blood,
me *English* were, some *Scots* who felt the Pain,
y gain who 'gainst their King and Country stood;
Galloway these Troops did all remain,
lding that Country in great Servitude;
They took King *Edward*'s Pay, their Captain bold
Brought them in Hope of Gain, Praise, Glory, Gold.

the Lord *Hay*, and others grave and wise,
ainst his Rashness bitterly did chide;
nd they, " What prove you in this Enterprise?
No Gen'ral, nor no Captain, Prince, nor Guide,
In whose dear Loss e'en all our Loss now lies,
Nor our's alone, but all this all beside:
" Ah! should you not to mind our Nation call,
" That *but* for you, no Nation were at all.

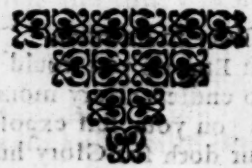
Alas! you do of Glory so account,
That it to gain, an Empire you would lose;
Nor can you not to endless Glory mount,
But to all Dangers you your self expose?
In vain poor Valour doth for Glory hunt,
If not for good, of Wisdom he makes chose.
" Be wise, dear Lord, since of our Crown and Camp
" You are the Head, the Heart, the Life, the Lamp.

He little Answer to these Speeches made,
ut said he forc'd was either fight or fly:

Now to the Camp triumphant-wise they ride,
While Day shoots forth his silver Horns on high;
Fame flies o'er all, on War's Wings sanguine red,
And strows the Seed of this great Victory;
Which back unto the Camp brought many Score
Who, cross'd with Fortunes bad, had fled before.

Edward the bold in *Lennox* now remain'd,
And with Three Hundred did that Land subdue,
Who hearing what his Brother late had gain'd,
Returns unto the Camp with all his Crew.
The *Douglas* with his Train, that late obtain'd
His own chief Strength which last he overthrew,
Hears that the *Clifford* had, with wond'rous Care,
Re-edify'd the Building much more fair,

And left a warlike Man, a valiant Knight
To keep the Hold, with him Three Hundred strong,
And he who thus commanded *Thirswal* height,
A Man who had in War Experience long,
Yet would the *Douglas* needs essay his Might,
And to the World make known his Right, their Wrong;
To Sixty now his Train augmented were,
With those he would essay the Chance of War.



CAP.

CAPUT IX.

The ARGUMENT.

An English *Wizard, with great Art, foreshows*
The Douglas *Off-spring, great to these our Days,*
And how that happy Family arose
To Fortune's Height, whereat the World may gaze.
The second Time he doth himself oppose
Against his Foe, and there, with endless Praise
O'erthrows the Captain of his chiefest Strength;
Then back, to aid his Prince, returns at length.

NOW with this *English* * Captain did abide
His Uncle old, grave, learn'd, wise, and true;
Whose Judgment deep was rarely deify'd,
Mysteries and Secrets hid he knew.
Day by Chance, the *Douglas* he espy'd;
thus unto the Captain quickly drew:
om this infused Sp'rit and flowing Mind
his † History, by Heav'n long since divin'd.

he righteous Heir of that most famous ‡ Line,
hat shall the *Scots* fierce Nation still adorn;
o whom, and not without Right, doth incline
hese Lordships great, which *Clifford* holds in Scorn,
ho once hath won this Strength without Engine,
hose Virtue by no Time can be outworn,
Shall win the Land again, and it possess,
In vain would mighty *England* him oppress.

er him to triumph ne'er shall *England* boast,
Victor he shall evermore remain,
shall not fear to meet their mighty Host
th his small Troop, the Garland still to gain;

his Captain height *Thirsval*, who kept the Castle of *Douglas*.
he Race of the *Douglas* is from Sir *James* to this our Time.
James Douglas Lord *Douglas*.

" While

" While Fortune his Attempts hath never croſs'd
" He cloy'd with Conqueſt * here, ſhall croſs the Main
" His Prince's unperformed † Vow to bear,
" Where ‡ Infidels his Worth ſhall know and fear,

" Not without Cauſe the Weſt ſhall fear him ſtill,
" Their chiefeſt Nations Force his Sword ſhall tame,
" And all the Eaſt his worthy Praiſe ſhall fill,
" To *Ganges* ſounds the Terror of his Name:
" But there a dreadful Tempeſt ſhall him * kill;
" Yet of his Death none dare the Conqueſt claim:
" His Courage fierce ſhall arm his Foes Deceit;
" And thus himſelf, ſubdues himſelf to Fate.

Here Silence ſtays his Tongue, his Speech is croſs'd,
Both Joy and Grief at once his Heart oppreſs'd;
Grief for ſo rare a Knight that ſhould be los'd,
Joy that his Death, ſhould cure rich *England*'s Peſt:
But now enamour'd of his Worth almoſt
The Captain him entreats to ſhew the reſt;
And needs would know, if Heav'ns ſhould Nature will
From ſuch a Root, to bring ſuch Branches ſtill.

" Ah! *quod his Uncle*, thence doth Grief proceed;
" For as great *Jove* ordain'd a Hatred ſtill
" Betwixt the Serpent and the Woman's Seed,
" So ſhall his Line bear us and our's Ill-will,
" While their ambitious Minds on Fame doth feed:
" Yet Heav'n ſhall raiſe, for to withſtand this Ill,
" A famous † Race their dreadful Wrath to bear,
" Whoſe Worth ſhall prove right fortunate in War.

" Now firſt of him deſcends that valiant Lord, ‡
" Whoſe high Atchievements ſhall his Foes withſtand,
" His Victories moſt rare ſhall be decor'd
" With Valour, flowing from his conqu'ring Hand:

* He triumphed Seventy ſeven times over his Enemies.
† He bore his Prince's Heart to the Holy Grave.
‡ He was Thirteen Times Victor over the *Saracens*.
* He dy'd in *Spain*, following the Victory too raſhly, being enclos'd his Enemies, *Anno* 1330.
† The Piercies, Earls of *Northumberland*.
‡ *William* Lord of *Lidſdale*, Son to Sir *James*, of whom is deſcended the Houſe of *Kevert*.

Yet Cruelty in him shall be deplor'd,
Which Hermitage doth fatally demand:
" But for his Valour worthily renown'd,
" Whose Deeds almost are all by Fortune crown'd.

Then comes his * Uncle, whose All-matchless Brood
Seems thund'ring Flames, with Fire-consuming Breath;
A new Deluge, an overwhelming Flood,
A Storm that nips our Spring's fair Flowers to Death:
For he, like thund'ring *Mars*, imbru'd with Blood,
To dreadful Arms shall all his Days bequeath;
" But ruling for his Prince, with Royalty,
" Too forward in his Country's Cause, shall dy.

His † Brother bold an *English* Dame shall bear,
Whose famous Line and wondrous Gifts exceeds,
This Man a mighty Family shall rear,
That shall the World astonish with their Deeds;
Which at this Time to shew I will forbear
Till thou have known who from the first proceeds,
" Who valiantly in Battle spends his Life
" To bring to End his Country's endless Strife.

Then shall appear that first great shining ‡ Light
That dims those blazing Stars, his Heav'ns bright Sun,
In midst of Arms and thund'ring Wars, dread Sight!
At him is Honour's Title first begun;
Conquest's first Fruits do much augment his Might,
Penwick his Wrath thy Wealth shall over-run;
" And *Berwick* strong his Anger's burning Fire
" Shall turn to Ash, yet shall not quench his Ire.

His * Brother's Worth shall to all Times be told,
Whose Son shall soar on princely Eagles Wings;
Y Virtues rare and Valour so extoll'd,
That he's preferr'd to Princes, Lords and Kings;

* Archibald Brother to Sir *James*, Lord of *Douglas*, was Regent of *Scotland*, fought *Halidownhill*, and being too forward, was slain *Anno* 1333.
† Sir *James* Lord of *Dalkeith*, of whom the House of *Morton* is descended, whose Wife was an *English* Lady called *Fiers*.
‡ The first Earl of *Douglas*.
* His brother was *Archibald* Lord of *Galloway*. His Son was Lord of *Nidsdale*, married the King's Daughter, whom the King of *France* sued for in Marriage. Of him is descended the House of *Drumlanrick*.

" In Arms his Fortune, Strength, and Courage bold,
" Shall strive whose Merits most the Muses sings.
" From this fair Imp shall spring a fairer Tree,
" Whose Fruit shall much adorn this Family.

" But O! thou * *Bellicose*, what Man may know
" Thy virt'ous Mind, thy Worth, and warlike Deeds?
" The brightest Lightning of thy Works doth show,
" Dazling the Beams which from thy Peers proceeds,
" Heav'ns Lamps removes their painted Cieling so
" To bright *Appollo*'s fiery flaming Steeds:
" Yea, thy rare Line thy rarest Virtues claims,
" In whom still shines thy former Glory's Beams.

The Deeds of all thy Deeds do overturn;
All Fortunes rare thy Fortune foileth still;
E'er Victor thou ne'er Conquest shalt return:
And *York*'s proud Walls bear Witness of thy Skill:
Lastly, that ever famous *Otterburn*
Seals all thy Conquests, 'gainst thy Country's Will,
While thou, thrice wounded Victor, sheds a Flood,
To dye thy latest Triumphs with thy Blood.

Thy valiant † Brother shall to thee succeed,
Whose awful Looks presageth Wrath t'ensue,
With him shall Fortune likewise forth proceed,
And *Linton* Battle shall his Praise renew.
But O! his ‡ Son shall all that Age exceed
In Wit and Courage, Strength and Valour true:
To princely State, in *Europe*'s Garden fair,
He shall be rais'd, and Honours great shall bear.

Yet all in vain, since Fortune proud hath sworn
The World shall build no Trophy to his Name:
Nature doth him with such rare Gifts adorn,
That she, envying, cuts the Wings of Fame;

* *James* Earl of *Douglas*, Son to *William* first Earl; He dismounted *Percy* before *Newcastle*, and wan *Otterburn*, being thrice strucken thro' Body, where he died *Anno* 1388.

† His Brother was called *Archibald Grim*; He wan *Linton* Battle, the *Pi* and the Earl of *March*, *Anno* 1403.

‡ His Son, called *Archibald Lyoman*, was valiant, but most unfortun who was slain at the Battle of *Vernell* in *France Anno* 1422. He was D of *Turin*, Lord *Longville*, and Marishal of *France*.

tries her Favour oft, but she doth scorn
s Suit, and doth her Favour quite reclaim.
Thus him, whom Nature frames for Glory's Throne,
Fortune throws down, for Fate to tread upon.

Then comes that Lordly * Earl, whose pow'rful Might
Is both suspect'd and fear'd, and wish'd more small:
Whose Race once run, his Sons, without all Right,
Must free the Way to rule by their great Fall:
Which turns the *Scots* calm Day to stormy Night,
Whose Tempest threats the Kingdom, Crown, and All:
" Yet he that must succeed, shall flee Mischief,
" And, wisely to his End, conceal his Grief.

This Star gone down, † another doth appear,
Whose bold Mind feeds the Flame of martial Fire:
Yet shoots forth Beams illustred white and clear,
Which shews to War or Peace a like Desire:
At Honour's Crown he aims, tho' ne'er so dear:
His conqu'ring Look presageth martial Ire.
" To Honours great he shall his Brothers raise,
" But he offends his Prince, who ends his Days.

His ‡ Brothers then enrag'd, upbraids their King,
Whose Minds burst forth a Storm of Desolation:
What he heap'd up in Silence, forth they bring
A Flood of War, a fearful Inundation,
That well might choak their Foes o'erflowing Spring,
But vented wrong, flows to their Prince's Station:
" Yet this huge Flood, e'en in the Height, shall turn,
" And of a boundless Ocean, seem a Burn.

For with the Weight of their own heavy Sway
The Current's swiftest Motion they recal,
Their too too lofty Minds do mount so high,
That, scorch'd with *Phœbus* Beams, to Earth they fall

Archibald Earl of *Wigtoun*, Duke of *Turin* and Lord of *Longoville*; his *William* Duke of *Turin* and Lord of *Longoville*, was beheaded in the Ca-
Edinburgh Anno 1445. To him succeeded *Gross James*, Earl of *Abercorn*.
William Duke of *Turin*, Lord of *Longoville*, he made his Two Brothers
Murray and *Ormond*, and the Third Lord of *Balveny*, *Anno* 1452.
second Son to *Gross James*, with his three Brothers, of *Murray*,
and *Balveny*, arose against the King, and were pacified with great

" From Tops of tow'ring Clouds in War's bright Sky,
" Their Smoak-evanish'd Throne dissolves, and All:
" For why the Heav'ns ordain no Force of Men
" To rouse the Lordly Lion from his Den.

" Yet their deserved Fall shall not be such,
" As shall extinguish that most famous Line,
" Nor darken shall their wonted Glory much,
" Nor yet their former Greatness shall decline:
" Tho' Pride o'erthrows, whome'er he haps to touch:
" But they by Virtue shall their Thoughts confine
" Within the Limits of their former Worth,
" Wherein they stretch'd their fruitful Branches forth.

" Yet ends this Race: their Room the second Line
" Obtains, and brings their Virtues from the Grave:
" The * First in Worth and wondrous Deeds shall shine,
" If he from *Shrewsbury* himself can save.
" Nor shall his Son to any Vice incline,
" But of due Praise swift Time shall him deceive:
" Whose second † Son shall to the World bring forth
" A family of much redoubted Worth.

" But to bear up that House, Lo, ‡ One appears
" Clad with the Light of bright *Aurora*'s Rays:
" Whose great Experience and whose aged Years
" His Prince rejects, and still at *Flouden* stays:
" With whom he leaves Three Sons, himself retires
" Fearing his Lords untimely blasted Bays:
" And as he doth presage, so shall it fall,
" Their dies his royal Prince, his Sons, and All.

" Yet shall their rich and fruitful Seed spread forth
" Four Branches fair, whose Fruit is rip'd by Fame,
" Whereof the * second, planted in the *North*,
" Shall grace that Soil with Blossoms of his Name,

* *George* first Earl of *Angus* was slain in *Shrewsbury*, aiding the *Piercy* gainst the King of *England*, *Anno* 1403.

† *George* second Earl of *Angus*, of his Base Son called *George*, the Ho of *Boundward* is come.

‡ *Archbald* Earl of *Angus*, his Sons and Friends were all slain at *Flond* he went home himself, being reprehended for good Counsel.

* Sir *William*, his Second Son Laird of *Glenbervie*.

" N

" Nor shall the * Third know any Want of Worth:
" The † Fourth shall cleanse his Blot in Virtue's Stem:
" But lo, the ‡ First's rare Son shall grace the Line,
" And shall o'er *English* royal Blood propine.

" With that rare Dame, whose heav'nly Grace is such,
" As her Son's Son shall be that blazing Light,
" Whom all Divines and Prophets praise so much,
" Of whom fair *Albion* longs to have a Sight,
" The Aim which all the Prophecies would touch:
" The Joiner of this Isle's disjoined Might:
" For *Albion* it is now in Name alone:
" But then in Substance we shall *All be One.*

" But leave we him, till God appoint his Time,
" And turn us to that * Lord, that ancient Knight,
" Whose Charge is free, uncharg'd with any Crime:
" Famous for Wit, and fortunate in Fight,
" Not one beneath this cold distemper'd Clime
" May claim more princely Virtues for his Right:
" Yea *Anckermoor* his Fortune fair shall see,
" Where he obtains a glorious Victory.

" † Two Brothers shall he have, both valiant Knights,
" From whom Two famous Families shall spring:
" The First's rare ‡ Son, well skill'd in martial Fights,
" Obtains his Uncle's Place in ev'ry Thing:
" Thus is that House prepar'd of glorious Lights,
" By Heav'n's eternal universal King;
" For Rule's the Line, they soar in virtuous Deeds:
" And if the Branch it self that Branch exceeds,

" Then comes the * Last of this fair Branch in *fin*,
" For Virtue call'd, *The Good*: When from the *North*

* His Third Son Laird of *Kilspindy*.
† *William* his Base Son Lord of *Tortboral*.
‡ *Archbald*, Son to *George* Master of *Angus*, married the Queen of *Scotland*, Sister to King *Henry* the Eighth of *England*, and begat *Margaret* Countess of *Lennox*, Mother to *Henry* Duke of *Albany*, Father to King *James* the Sixth.
* The foresaid *Archbald* that married the Queen, he was *Anckermoor*; he died in *Tintallon*, *Anno* 1557.
† His Second Brother Laird of *Pittendreich*: His Third Brother Prior of *Coldingham*.
‡ *David*, Son to the Laird of *Pittendreich*, succeeded his Uncle *Archbald* Earl of *Angus*, 1558.
* *Archbald*, Son to *David* Earl of *Angus*, died without Issue, 158-

" Shall come a * Knight that shall succeed by Line,
" Who, weigh'd with him, doth equalize his Worth;
" And yet with Fame cannot the World propine,
" So loath is Time to bring Occasion forth.
" Yet Virtue for his Son shall Grace prepare,
" And thus to Fame shall measure forth his Share.

" Heav'n-changing Time shall Civil Discord raise,
" And wrap the *Scots* in Wealth-consuming Woes;
" When † he, by God set up unto these Days,
" Shall leave his Soil, to foreign Lands he goes,
" Widing thro' Trouble's-Stream, and there, with Prai
" His Pen unto his Predecessors shows
" The Way to win from dark Oblivion's Night,
" Building their Trophies with his Virtue's Might.

" This Lamp gone out, O then his ‡ Son succeeds,
" Raising that House declin'd, to former height,
" Whose Mind is great with Child of glorious Deeds,
" And as a *Colon* fair upholds the Weight
" Of a large Frame, so from his Wit proceeds
" The Strength that under-props that Name's great Migh
" Yet he by Art stops Nature's Stream to flow,
" With *Juno*'s String still bending *Pallas* Bow.

" He rips the Tombs of his Ancestors old,
" And brings them clad with Robes of heav'nly Light
" For all ensuing Ages to behold,
" They shoot forth Beams of Fame and Glory bright,
" Which long lay hid in Night's dark pitchy Mold,
" O'erveil'd by sad Oblivion from our Sight;
" Their Ghosts rejoicing that so rich a Gem
" Springs from their Loins, t'immortalize their Nam

" Now comes the next * great Family in Sight,
" That jointly with the First, at first shall spring,

* *William*, the Third from Sir *William* first Laird of *Glenbervie*, succe the Earl of *Angus*, he died 1591.
† *William* his Son, Earl of *Angus*, died at *Paris*, *Anno* 1611. He written the Chronicle of that Name, to which I have referred most pa their Actions.
‡ *William* now Earl of *Angus*.
* The Descent of the Earls of *Morton*.

" Wh

" Which ev'ry where sends forth such Lamps of Light,
" As Earth and other Firmament doth bring;
" Wherein each fixed Star doth burn so bright,
" As yields both Life and Light to ev'ry Thing;
" So far those Glory-lighting Flames do shine,
" Moving their Orb with Influence divine.

" The * First that shall illuminate the Sky
" Of this bright Orb, this Heav'n reflexing Sphere,
" Arm'd with his Father's Magnanimity,
" Shall be a great and mighty Man of War,
" Of whom shall Two arise, to rectify
" Two Lines, that shall their Fame to Heav'n up rear:
" Yet to the Younger shall the Elder fall;
" And both, thus join'd, shall one great House instal.

" O! thou thrice famous Lake and Strand of *Levi*
" Famous for that great † Race shall come from thee,
" Enrich'd with Graces by the wand'ring Seven,
" That still aloft in th'azure Vallies flie;
" The ‡ First that shall adorn thy watry Heav'n
" With sure and staid establish'd Rule, I see,
" By fatal Deeds shall many Fortunes share,
" And *Pallas* Sword shall all his Paths prepare.

" The Bays thy Temples shall at *Lintoun* bear,
" Where thou, by Valour, from a valiant Knight
" The *Leopard* and *Flour de lis* shall tear;
" Thus shall thy Arm put all thy Foes to flight.
" But when the valiant *Piercy* wageth War
" Against his Prince, in that untimely Fight
" Thou, valiantly advent'ring, then shall fall;
" Yet, after Death, thy Fame shall soar o'er all.

" But thou, * brave Youth, altho' a Stripling young,
" Scorns in thy native Soil for to remain:

* *John* Lord of *Dalkeith*, Sir *James Douglas*'s youngest Brother: He had Two Sons; the Eldest was Lord of *Dalkeith*, and the Second Laird of *Loughlevin*.
† The Descent of the Lairds of *Loughlevin*.
‡ The first Laird of *Loughlevin*. He was with *Archbald Grim* at *Linton* Battle, where having won the Enemies Standard from the Hand of Sir *Thomas Kolbuth*, was the Chief of the Victory.
* The Second Laird of *Loughlevin*, who going with the Earl of *Buchan* to *France*, defended the Passage of a Bridge there with Three Hundred against the Duke of *Clarence*'s Army, whom he made retire, and in pursuing fiercely was killed.

" Thou hears *Bellona*'s dreadful Bell was rung,
" Following the Voice with Honour's thirsting Pain,
" When all the Plains embroider'd were along
" With Gore, blood, tint Arms, and Soldiers slain:
" There having win fair Conquest by the Hair,
" Thou leaps from off this worldly Theatre.

" And then succeeds that all-praise-worthy * Youth,
" That with the Ground-Stone lays a fairer Stream,
" Mounting that House up to the second Growth,
" Whose worth in War illusterates his Name.
" Then comes that blazing † Comet of the South,
" Whose wond'rous Deeds with Terror sound his Fame:
" His Looks send Virtue forth so grac'd with Art,
" As stricks mild Rev'rence in each barb'rous Heart,

" A[illegible] yet his gallant ‡ Son shall with him strive,
" Who to that Age shall greatest Light restore.
" As painful Bees still work to serve the Hive,
" And lazy Drones, that doth their Wealth devour,
" There dare not enter, nor with them may strive;
" So Nature doth provide for to decore
" That fruitful Stem with such, whose Pains exceeds,
" Past all Compare, in high and virt'ous Deeds.

" No fruitless Drone shall from that Race arise,
" Each gives Testificates of Honour's height.
" What Praises to the * Sixth can I devise,
" That serves his Prince in many a bloody Fight?
" Nor Conquest e'er to crown his Pains denies.
" Next him comes † One, whose Worth and pow'rful Migh
" Doth aid his Prince against usurping Foes,
" Whose Want at last that mighty Prince o'erthrows,

" But, O what ‡ Knight is this! address'd for War,
" That all the Country round about obeys;

* The Third Laird of *Loughlevin*. † The Fourth Laird of *Loughlevin*.
‡ The Fifth Laird of *Loughlevin*. * The Sixth Laird of *Loughlevin*.
† The Seventh Laird, who was always with King *James* the Third, aga the *Hume*s and the *Hepburn*s: His good Service was oftentimes of g Value to his Prince.
‡ The Eighth Laird of *Loughlevin*, who being upon the King's left H at *Flodden*, and another upon the right Hand, were both slain with t Prince, there being Forty five of their Enemies found kill'd about them.

" Who

" Whom greatest Princes of the Land do fear
" In bloody Battle; who at last essays
" Our *English* Force from off his Prince to bear,
" With whom another valiant Champion stays:
" And while, to save their Prince, their Lives they yield,
" Great Multitudes from Valour wins the Field.

" But who comes here, * in the cold *North*, t'infuse
" Such heav'nly Gifts, all *Europe* passing by?
" O! 'tis *Apollo* sure, that doth refuse
" The *East*, and comes the *West* to beautify;
" Where he the silver Lake of *Levin* doth choose,
" The clear *Caballine* Streams he doth deny:
" Thus leaving *Grecian* Plains and pleasant Fountains,
" He seats himself near to the *Ochel* Mountains.

" Where whilst he views the Valleys round about,
" By Chance shall see fair † Nature's Queen come there,
" That *Daphne* doth surpass, and all the Rout
" Of Virgins, Queens, or Shepherds known of ere;
" Whom following long, at last shall find his out
" And wedd the Dame, who unto him shall bear
" ‡ Five Virgin-Dames, nay Graces Five; for lo
" The World shall not their Match in Beauty show.

" Yea, this rare Beauty past Compare shall be,
" Nor 'longs to one, but in them all it dwelleth,
" E'en all in Colour, Neatness, Decency,
" Proportion, and the Mind's rare Gifts excelleth;
" Nor shall it spend, nor waste, nor fade, nor die,
" But to all Times a Quintessence distilleth:
" For lo their Seed shall in this Land be born
" As Stones to Rings, or Stars that Heav'n adorn.

" And from their Sire, both sanctified and sage,
" Cold, wise, and bold, with hasty Wrath not burnt,
" Adorn'd with Virtue both in Youth and Age,
" Whom Heav'n decrees with Honour's-Height to mount;

* The Ninth Laird of *Loughlevin*.
† His Wife a most virtuous, wise, and beautiful Lady.
‡ His Five Daughters so admirable in all the Gifts of Nature, as not only themselves, but their Offspring, are the Ornaments of their Sex.

" Shall likewise spring that * Youth, when Fortune's Rage
" On swelling *Thetis* shining Back doth hunt,
" Till angry *Neptune*'s Fury bursteth forth,
" And swallows up that Treasure-house of Worth.

" O! but his † Son is *Mars* and *Phœbus* Knight,
" For Valour, Courage, Wit, and Beauty store;
" The foggy Mists of Ignorants dark Night
" He clears; to Knowledge-Day he ope's the Door;
" E'en as a Lantern from a Tow'r's proud height
" Shows the Seas Port for Ships to win the Shore;
" So his clear Lamp of Judgment shows the Way
" For dark, gross Wits to land in Virtue's Bay.

" The active Boldness by his Sp'rit refin'd,
Produce resistless Actions strongly knit;
" The quick Vivacity that melts his Mind,
" In Streams of Eloquence o'erflows his Wit,
" And yet so much to Courtesy inclin'd,
" That humble Mildness on his Brow doth sit,
" Which tempers Passion still with Faculty,
" And makes a sympathizing Harmony.

" For lo, his Soul's rare Faculties divine
" Is so cut forth on his human Perfection;
" Yet in his Looks high Majesty doth shine,
" By Modesty held in so sweet Subjection,
" As always holds a Mean, nor doth decline
" To simple Mildness, or to proud Infection:
" Thus Decency steals forth with ev'ry Glance,
" And frames a piercing am'rous Countenance;

" Which breeds respective Reverence with Delight
" In ev'ry Heart whose Eyes do him behold,
" With Admiration and Amazement great,
" That strains a sweet Obedience uncontroul'd.
" But now I fear, if I the rest indite,
" To cloy your Ears with my Discourse too bold.
" Yet, *quod the Captain*, I would gladly know
" If still that Name produce such Fruits, or no.

* The Tenth Laird of *Loughleven* perish'd at Sea, in a Tempest of Weather.
† *William* now Earl of *Mortoun*.

" O still, *quod he*, and shall be still increas'd;
" For both these mighty Families proceeds
" To Honours great whereof they are possess'd,
" Mounting aloft with high and glorious Deeds;
" And this Lord's Son "--- While he would say the rest,
A sudden Tumult their Amazement breeds;
O'er all the Land great Clamours they might hear,
Which did foreshow some Danger to draw near;

Wherewith they leap to Arms. The Captain cries
For all the Garison in Arms to be;
When lo, hard by the Castle he espies
Were driven great Herds of Cattle hastily.
This was the conqu'ring Knight, that doth devise
How he that Country might from Thraldom free,
And needs would train the Captain from his Hold,
Whose Strength he would essay with Courage bold;

But this his Purpose greatly doth withstand,
They hardly could be brought unto the Field:
Wherefore he takes this Stratagem in hand
To train them out to fight, to fly, or yield:
A woody Plain near *Sandilands* he fand,
Whose Umbrage seem'd from *Phœbus* Heat to shield;
On each side grew the Trees so bushy thick,
It seem'd that Nature fram'd it for a Trick.

Thither the Earl by Night his Troops forth guides,
Where each lies closely, quiet, whist, and still;
His Van-couriers in haste he thus provides
To bring their Herds of Cattle from the Hill,
And those that nearest to the Tow'r abides
These drive they hence; whileas the Herdmen fill
The Air with Scrieks, the Land with loud Alarms;
Wherewith proud *Thirswal*, clad in glorious Arms,

With all his Garison address'd for War,
Iss'd forth in haste for to return the Prey,
And follow'd, having neither Doubt nor Fear,
Till they were past the Ambush far away:
Then those that fled return'd, their Swords they rear
Aloft their Shields, before their strong Arms stay

Their Blows they bear, they push, strike, stab, and kill
Th'amazed Foe, who yet resisted still;

Till at their Backs a sudden Storm arose,
Whose horrid Noise doth make them all to quake,
And with their Force, their Fury and their Blows,
Their broken Ranks begin to faint and shake;
The first Rank backward on the second goes,
The second on the third, the third doth break,
Crush'd by the Fourth and fifth, and at each End
They leap forth, scatt'ring here and there they bend.

So do the Clouds dispers'd from East to West,
In Ranks and Rows that hang clear, white, and fair,
When as the Northern and the Southern Blast,
Forth from their Caves, breaks thro' the troubled Air;
Rank 'gainst a Rank, Cloud 'gainst a Cloud they cast,
Till in a Heap confus'd at last, they tear
And burst asunder, crush'd with furious Blows,
Scatter'd in Drops flies from between their Foes.

Thirswal there dy'd beneath the *Douglas* Sword,
Of all his Men but Ninety went away,
Who in the Castle got, from thence they pour'd
Darts, Quarry-stones, like Hail, without Delay:
The Earl retir'd his Band, when they were tow'r'd,
And from his Prince no longer would he stay,
'Gainst whom he heard an Army was prepar'd,
Of which in time to show him, he repair'd.

CAPUT X.

The ARGUMENT.

While Fortune hovers, doubtful of her Choise,
Nor Peace, nor War on either Side displays,
Hard Fate anone prepareth greater Woes,
Great Dis *foresees that* Jove *the* Scots *will raise*
To former Height, and forth his Fiends he throws,
Who tempt the Scots: *They leave the* BRUCE, *whose Praise*
Augments, while unawares his Foe assails;
His witty Flight; his Valour twice prevails.

THE Prince of Darkness now long Time rejoic'd
Of God's great Wrath among his Children thrown;
Whose foul Offences had his Favour los'd
Fearing if they repent, that Grace were shown:
A Thousand Ills into his Mind he toss'd
Wherewith to tempt them, yet to Heav'ns unknown;
Thus wildly star'd he, when he mus'd alone,
Whileas he sits on his infernal Throne:

And now resolving, to his Work he falls,
And, with a dreadful grisly Countenance,
The curs'd and hateful *Furies* up he calls:
The Monsters trembling give Obedience;
Their poison'd Gorges all with Venom swells,
Inflam'd with his red Eyes hot flaming Glance;
While his strong Breath, forth from his ratling Throat;
A Noise like to a fearful Tempest shot;

Which made the Earth to quake, and deafn'd Hell:
Thus understood they this confused Sound;
" You *Malice* proud, and you *Envy*, that dwell
" Amidst our fiery Regions under Ground,
" Haste up, and with infecting Breath expel
" All Peace, and let no Amity be found

" In the great *North*; and see that you defile,
" With Blood and War, Great *Europe*'s greatest Isle.

" Make *England*'s King to forge some Causes new,
" To keep the Right which he by Wrong has got:
" Tell him that Heav'n ordains him to renew
" Sin's just Reward upon the sinful *Scot*:
" Make *English* all with deadly Hate pursue
" The *Scots*, their only ancient Foes by Lot;
" The only Block that ever bears them down
" From all their Greatness, Glory, and Renown.

" Thus edge them on; it were great Loss, great Shame,
" If they unto their wonted Greatness rise:
" Your Strength alone was never so extreme
" To make them once to Shrink, nor could devise
" By Slight or Might to drown their famous Name,
" Till now, that, lo, * themselves themselves defies;
" And what your Swords before could never do,
" Their Swords have done, and won themselves to yo

" So that you see Heav'n favours your Intent,
" With these and other your intended Slight;
" Arm them with Pride, Hate, Anger, Discontent,
" And move the *Scots* still 'gainst themselves to fight:
" For lo, I see, *Jove* doth his Wrath relent,
" And minds to raise the *Scots* to greater might;
" For in that famous BRUCE, and in his Line,
" They must be bless'd, and o'er all *Europe* shine.

" Tho' what Great *Jove* decrees we cannot mend,
" Yet may we oft delay th'intended Bliss
" Which he ordains upon frail Man to send,
" Since sluggish Man, by Nature, careless is,
" And we may move him thankless to offend,
" And oft to disobey his Law, I wish;
" For Man is fleshly, gi'en to foul Delight,
" And God is always pure, clear, holy, right.

* *Scots* only were the Overthrowers of themselves, divided in Three F ctions, the *Bruce*, the *Baliol*, and the *Cuming*; both the last took Part wi *England* against the *Bruce*.

" Sin

" Since we of all the damned Heirs are chief,
" And have no longer Time from Torments free
" Than till the Cup be full of God's hot Grief,
" And that great Day of his fierce Wrath we see,
" Then with the Souls which now, without Relief,
" We still torment, shall we tormented be;
" And, which is worse, our Pains shall ne'er be spent,
" While we our selves must still our selves torment.

" Then Heav'n's Decree to stay our Strength is small;
" Yet having Time, we may not tire of Ill,
" Since what we would, that can we not at all;
" Do what we may, we may not what we will."
At these his Words, *Envy* and *Malice* swell
With murd'ring Hate, their Breasts with Venom fill;
And up they fly to view Day's glorious Light,
Bringing Mischief, Grief, Horror, War, Despight,

Arriving here, they fill each godless Heart
With Anger, Rage, Mischief, Pride, Hate, Envy:
Then to the Camp they hie to use their Art,
But their vain Slight the nobler Sort descry;
While Grace, Love, Wisdom, with their Worth's Desert
Did drive them thence in endless Infamy:
Yet, in the baser Sort, great Pow'r they win,
Thro' whose faint Hearts, Despair, Fear, Danger run.

Great Bands of these, by their Deceit, they drew,
Who stealing from the Camp, by Night, do fly;
And still these Fiends to their faint Minds do shew,
For hoped Conquest, shameful Infamy;
Their former Loss Remembrance lets them know,
Which, oft repeated, makes their Hopes to die:
These Words they murmur still themselves among,
" On shameful Death shall wo attend so long?

" Alas! what Strength, what Might, what Pow'r have we,
" Rich *England* warlike *Scotland* to gainstand?
" May not our Lord behold his Infamy,
" And in the Glass of former Works have scann'd,
" That 'gainst his Will Heav'ns bend their just Decree?
" Earth scorns to build a Trophy for his Hand,

" Fate

" Fate to his Fall his frowning Fortune brings,
" Heav'n, Earth, Fate, Fortune, all cross his Design.

" Heav'ns never yet did favour his Intent;
" Earth never lookt for Conquest at his Hand;
" Fate never fram'd his Will to find Content:
" And Fortune never lik'd of his Demand;
" Fair Victory her chiefest Wealth has spent
" On his proud Foe, who conqu'ring, doth command
" Us all, if got, like Robbers hang'd to be:
" Thus we're but Outlaws to his Majesty.

" With Grief and Sorrow, Pain, and Travel sore,
" We hunger-starv'd amidst the Mountains ly;
" Our Friends still aid our Foes, and which is more
" E'en our own Nation us with Scorn defy:
" Thousands that rose in our Defence before,
" Now with our Foes 'gainst us their Forces try:
" While we, that nought but Shame and Want do gain
" Attend on Hope, and still attend in vain.

" Why stay we then to imitate their Flight
" Who, with our Foes, abide in Wealth and Ease?
" No, let us render up this Camp *but* Fight,
" And give our Lord, to use him as they please:
" Or if not this, then let us fly by Night,
" And yielding to our Foes, their Wrath appease."
This last Opinion each approveth so,
That ev'ry Night away in Troops they go.

Thus wrought black *Pluto's* Messengers their Will;
And now to work the rest of their Mischief,
Brave * *Pembroke's* Ear with these glad News they fill,
And fills his warlike Mind with Rage and Grief
To make an End of War; they show him still
That now he may at ease, without Relief,
His weakned Foe of further Hopes deprive,
Quite overthrown, or kill'd, or ta'en alive.

Then, fed with Hope, he doth an Army raise
Of *Scots* and *English*, near Ten Thousand strong,

* Sir *Odomar de Vallance* was Earl of *Pembroke*.

" Wh

Whose Minds with Hate and with Desire of Praise
They do inflame; nor stay they those among,
But here and there thro' all the land they gaze
Subjects to find, whereby to work more Wrong;
At last of *Lorn*, that cruel Lord, they find,
And unto new Revenge they stir his Mind;

To new Revenge of his dear Cousin's Blood
Great *Cumbernald*, whom BRUCE before had slain;
He to this War brings forth Five Thousand good,
And to great *England*'s General joins amain.
Thus foreward, prick'd with Hope and hateful Mood,
They bravely march o'er Hill, o'er Dale, o'er Plain,
Whereof our Gallant nought at all did know,
So speedily and secretly they go.

Now of Five Hundred thrice, with him remain'd
Three Hundred scant, the rest were fled and gone,
Whereof he oft and secretly complain'd,
Yet wisely in himself conceal'd his Moan:
But now his Scouts, by Travel that obtain'd
A Sight of their proud Foe, return anone,
And to him bring those woful News at last,
Whose Sound from Ear to Ear right sadly pass'd.

The Relicts small of his forsaken Host,
Where all about him standing in a Round,
Whileas bold *Edward* thus did him accost;
" My Lord and Brother, let not this confound
" Your noble Thoughts, tho' Numbers quite be lost,
" In this small Band must all your Hopes be crown'd;
" Tho' Fortune bear your just Designs awry,
" She cannot lett us bravely for to die.

" Well is it known, since first we Armour took,
" When in our Country's Cause we swore to stand,
" That ever since we suffer'd have Rebuke,
" Nor Fortune once would favour our Demand;
" With Shame and Loss our Friends us all forsook;
" Our Soldiers, seeing nought but Loss at Hand,
" Have left us, Cowards worthy not to breathe,
" That we may look for nothing now but Death.

" Yet

" Yet shall it ne'er be said, nor seen, nor known,
" That in our latest Hour we shrink or fly:
" No, let our Hearts, our Hands, and all be shown,
" E'en in Despite of Fortune's Cruelty,
" To work most dread Revenge, if overthrown,
" And with their bravest Captains let us die:
" Lo, Fame and Glory shall our Death attend,
" Nor shall they much rejoice in this our End."

The rest whom Anger, Courage, Grief, Despair,
Tormenting made to wish their Deaths were nigh,
Applauded all that he had said, and there
All cry, *Dy, dy; revenge, and bravely dy!*
But their brave Prince, with mild Looks, doth declare
His Counsel wise and his Command, whereby
Their Fury hot and their Despair restraining,
He to his Brother answers thus, complaining.

" Thy Counsel in the Wise no Place will find,
" With such despairing Hazards to betray
" Our selves unto our Foes: they prove too kind,
" To please their Foe that work their own Decay:
" What tho' the baser Sort their beastly Mind,
" In flying from our Camp doth well bewray:
" Yet Hope and Foresight Fortune still commands,
" And War's good Luck in Wisdom's Counsel stands.

" What tho' our fainting Troops have fled before?
" Whoe'er the News of Ill with Terror stings,
" These at the real Sight will fear much more,
" And Comfort none, but meer Discomfort brings:
" Yea when they fled, my Hopes they did restore,
" And with them fled the Doubts of my Designs:
" Great Fools are they that build their hopeful Good
" Upon the ever-changing Multitude.

" In you that do remain my Comfort lies,
" Nor can a World of Armies me affray:
" For Heaven promis'd me that I should rise,
" Unto my Foe's Shame, Ruin, and Decay:
" I care not, I, what Earth or Hell devise:
" They cannot hinder Heav'n, tho' they delay

" F

" Frail Man's intended Bliss by Heav'ns decreed:
" With heav'nly Faith is earthly Want supply'd.

" Know then this Praise to *Scots* is only due,
" Ne'er conquer'd yet, ne'er yielded to their Foes,
" For Want refusing never to pursue,
" With endless War, the just Revenge of those
" That would their Lives or Liberties subdue:
" For *Scots* will either alway make a Choise
" Of Freedom ever poor, with War maintain'd,
" Than Bondage ever rich, with Peace still gain'd."

By this they see an Army to appear
Before their Face, and at their Backs they view
The Lord of *Lorn* with all his Troops draw near,
By secret By-ways led, them to pursue;
Whereat they stand amaz'd, until they hear
Their Lord's wise hardy Resolution true;
Who thus to chear and comfort them began.
" Fear not their Slight; for do the worst they can,

" We shall eschew their Craft, their Hate, their Force."
Then he commands his Brother to depart
And *Lennox* Earl, with them an Hundred Horse;
Douglas and *Hay* unto the contrar Airt,
With equal Number bend their speedy Course.
" Now Friends, *quod he*, each bear a valiant Heart,
" And flying fight, and fighting fly your Foes;
" For your brave Flight hew forth your Ways with Blows.

" So our's shall be the Glory of this Day,
" And we with Fame return, but they with Shame;
" We with the rest will likewise hold our Way
" Betwixt their Armies, so shall we reclaim
" Our Life and Honour, which they count their Prey,
" Yea, and perhaps, e're long, may pay them hame."
This said, all Three three sundry Ways oppose
Their warlike Breasts 'gainst Thousands of their Foes.

Yea, surely each of them great Valour shows,
And Wisdom's Beams still gave their Valour Light,

They

They break thro' armed Squadrons of their Foes;
Thus they pursuing fly, and flying fight:
O Courage great! O Valour worthy those
That rise to ever-shining Glory bright:
Thro' thrice Five Thousand, fighting flies Three Hund
Not losing one: O Courage great! O Wonder!

The valiant BRUCE, with unresisted Might,
Flies, yet his Deeds still make him known of all;
The Lord of *Lorn*, that well espy'd his Flight,
Soon follow'd him, in hope to work his Fall;
Five Hundred thrice, on Horses swift and light,
With him he takes, and gives but Leisure small
To BRUCE, who thrice divides his Men in three,
And thrice three sundry Ways they 're forc'd to flee.

At last with him there did remain but one,
And yet his Foes still followed on his tract,
Their Care is only him to have alone,
Nor seem they of his Men account to make:
Five Knights that all the rest had far outgone
Were come so near, that him they overtake;
Who scorn'd to flee while he had been alive,
Tho' but alone, from Fifty join'd to Five.

The Knight that with him stay'd was bold and stout,
Whose Birth made in his Dame's fair Breasts appear
The Milk that nurs'd the Prince; for which no doubt
He greatly lov'd the Man and held him dear,
Who with him turns now to his Foes about,
Both on them run, nor would they once retire;
Their Salutations were in Rage and Wrath;
Death on each Wound attends, and Shame on Death.

Three to the Prince, and two unto the Knight
Address'd; and thus the Combat's underta'en;
The valiant Monarch with two Blows downright
One's Heart another's Head did cleave in twain,
Whereat dismaid the Third doth shun to fight:
And now the matchless Lord, thus left alone,
Lends th'One a Blow that did his Knight assail,
Till from his Horse he sunk down cold and pale.

Benea

eath the Knight's good Sword the Fourth soon dies,
ath after him that flies was quickly sent;
is Stratagem the Prince doth soon devise,
learn, to see and know his Foe's Intent:
on this Horse in this Knight's Arms doth rise,
d to his Foes back as a Friend he went;
His Knight he there commands for to sojourn
Till he again dead or alive return.

us back again a Mile he had not gone,
henas he meets the fore-ward of his Foe
me with a speedy March that Way anone,
d them before an Hundred Knights and mo
ome towards him, before all these alone
scenting Slouth-hound comes with Squires two;
The Hound his own he knew without all doubt,
Which by his Foes was brought to find him out.

thout Delay, without Advisement long,
forward spurs upon his lofty Steed,
hose Swiftness had no Match them all among,
nown by the Hound whom he was wont to feed;
him he fawns, and with a Leap he flung
th from the Leesh, running on him with speed,
Whom when he would have kill'd, poor Pity mov'd him,
He could not be ungrate to one that lov'd him.

herefore he back returns the Way he came,
e Hound still following him, had kept him still,
hen, lo, these Hundred Knights espy'd the same,
e Horse and Arms they know, yet doubt some ill
t with a scornful Rage their Minds inflame,
d with avow'd Revenge their Hearts they fill:
Thus with disorder'd Haste they quickly run,
And one by one, much Ground of him they win,

me him to kill, and some the Hound to take
d oftentimes essay; but all in vain:
their disorder'd Fury still he brake,
ch Wound withholds a Foe with Death or Pain;
was he forc'd at last a Way to make,
killing of the Hound, his Life to gain;

And being now come near unto his Knight,
He thinks not meet against them all to fight;

But him commands in haste to kill that Hound,
Which he himself could not abide to do:
Hard by a Forest covered all the Ground,
Whose Trees o'er all the rocky Mountains bow;
Hither they flee where such dark Ways they found,
As from their Foes their Saf'ty did allow.
Thus, mock'd and scorn'd, the Army turns again
With Loss and Shame, their Travel spent in vain.

CAPUT XI.

The ARGUMENT.

Hell's damned Fiends find Scots *renowned King,*
And by Three Thieves works him a new Despight;
To God he prays, who grants his just Design.
Thro' Desarts wild alone he flees by Night;
He finds his Men at last, whom he doth bring
On his proud Foe, who slaughter'd fears his Might.
Winter makes both their Lamps break up at last;
At Hunts Great BRUCE *a fearful Danger pass'd.*

INFERNAL *Pluto* missing his Intent,
Began to roar, his Voice his Words confound,
From whose foul Throat such thund'ring Noise forth went
As shook the Hell, resounding thro' the Ground:
His Bowels deep a misty Smoak forth sent,
Which made the Souls in endless Torments bound
To dive in Floods, and in the Flames to hide them,
Eschewing Pain while greater Pains abide them.

His dreadful Looks afray'd the Fiends and Ghosts,
Choak'd with the Savour of his noisome Breath;
Like Flights of Crows of Hell musters forth her Hosts
From *Erebus*, with Horror, Fear, and Death:

Clouds of Dangers on our Northern Coasts,
ey rain the bloody Tempests of their Wrath;
And scatt'red here and there, they soon untwin'd
The Webs of Woe, wov'n in each sinful Mind:

d one of them e'en then did hap to light
Robbers Three, that in this Forest lay,
erethro' the valiant BRUCE had ta'en his Flight,
n see they, whom they count an easy Prey,
which Great *Edward* rich Rewards had heght;
erefore their Treason thus they did essay:
Mildly they come unto that noble Prince,
And vow to spend their Lives in his Defence.

ey *Scots* Men were, by Right his Subjects too,
ich to their Treason adds more Credit still:
t Night, to shroud the rest that they would do,
v'n's Silver Walls with sable Hangings fill:
hin this Forest stood a Shepherd's Crue,
other Lodging were they near until.
Thither those Thieves this noble Prince forth guide,
And with their Shift a Supper soon provide.

en he right pleasantly had ta'en Repast
Viands such as Time would then afford,
the cold Earth he lays him down at last,
Shield for Pillow serv'd this noble Lord:
en Thousand careful Thoughts were overpast,
p's charming Rod of Silence him restor'd
into a Slumber soft: but while he lay
e thought he heard a Voice, him threatning, says,

gh careless of thy self, Heav'ns for thee care:
up! arise! from Danger thee defend.
reat he starts aloft, begins to stare:
mas he sees come from the House's End
Robbers three, that with their Swords prepare
th on his Knight and him in Sleep to send:
t with his Sword he their Designment breaks,
nd with his Foot his faithful Knight awakes.

Yet ere he could arise, one of the Three
Unto him stept, and with his transhant Blade
He forc'd his Soul forth from his Breast to flie,
Which in the Prince both Grief and Anger bred,
And in his Wrath his Death so venged he,
That of these Traitors three he soon was rid.
Then thanks he God who sav'd him from that Snare,
And thence departs, loaded with Grief and Care.

Where as his Horse was feeding, there he goes,
Whileas the Darkness somewhat clearer grew,
And being mounted then, no Way he knows,
And yet from thence himself he soon withdrew;
Yea oftentimes himself himself did lose
In Desarts wild, in Paths but us'd by few,
Revolving still within his troubled Thought
What grievous Cares proud Fortune had him wrought,

At last beseeching his great Lord of Grace
To pity him, and Comfort to him send;
His earnest Pray't cleaves Heaven's starry Face,
And at *Jove*'s Throne for Mercy did attend,
Who bends his gracious Eyes on Mortals Race,
Viewing their Woes, their Weakness well he kend;
The Splendor of his glorious Countenance
Clears Heav'n and Earth, and chas'd Hell's Fiends far hence

Earth freed of such a sinful Burden wild,
Begins to smile on Heav'n's all-glorious Spheres,
When from the Prince all Sorrow was exil'd,
Comfort from Heav'n to his sad Soul repairs;
His Faith had brought from his dear Saviour mild
Assured Hope of what his Soul requires.
Now to that Place he goes, the nearest Way,
Where he appointed all his Men to stay.

When bright *Aurore* her Treasures had forth sought,
She edg'd the silver Clouds with Fringe of Gold,
And hangs the Skies with Arras rarely wrought,
Powder'd with Pearl and precious Stones untold;
Then Roses red and white from *Inde* she brought,
And strew'd Heav'n's Floor, most glorious to behold:

Yet weeps ſhe; for ſhe thinks it all too ſmall,
To welcome Great *Apollo* to her Hall.

Ere *Sol* could ſhine, his Way did him reſtore
Where *Edward* and the *Douglas* did abide
With all his Troops, that ſcatt'red were before;
With whom the Prince doth ſecretly provide
For to aſſault his Foes ſo proud of yore;
For them he careleſs knew diſperſed wide,
Diſorder'd quite, and ſcatt'red here and there,
Nor for him would they look, nor for him care,

They all agree; yet thus he would them chear:
" Brave Friends, *quod he*, behold this happy Day
" That ſhall the Clouds of our Diſaſters clear,
" And bring the Garland from our Foes away:
" Methinks I ſee fair Victory appear
" To crown us, that triumphs on their Decay,
" And their hot Blood rich Trophies us advances,
" Born on the Points of our victorious Launces.

" Methinks, upon our gliſt'ring Creſt I ſee
" The glorious Garland of the Conqueſt worn,
" While feather-footed-Fame before us flie,
" Upon the golden Wings of Honour born;
" Altho' than ours their Numbers greater be,
" Yet fear them not, *Jehovah* high hath ſworn
" To yield them in your Hands, that ye may ſteep
" Your thirſty Blades in Blood, whileas they ſleep."

His ſaid; from Heav'n reflected on his Face
A lightning Beam, bright, ſhining, pure, and clear;
His Countenance ſhin'd with ſuch heav'nly Grace
Alighted all about, both far and near;
A martial Fury in his Breaſt took Place,
Whoſe ſparkling did his Eyes with Lightning chear:
So that his gallant Port and graceful Looks
The Bold confirms, the Faint with Shame rebukes.

A Guide he got, who brought him where they lay
Encamped in a fair and open Plain;

And, ere the glorious Sun could gild the Day,
Four Hundred he had wounded, hurt and ſlain:
For theſe before the Camp a little Way,
Within a Village careleſs did remain:
Yea, e'en the Camp at laſt they did purſue,
And there, with Slaughter, did the Fight renew.

The Fire yet ſtay'd within his aſhy Coach
When they began the Camp for to invade:
Sleep, Reſt, or Silence ev'ry one did touch,
And here and there they lay diſordered:
Some were aſleep, of Wine that drank too much,
And ſome with Cards, and ſome with Dice were led;
Some lazy Lubbards quafft Carouſes deep,
Till ev'ry Drink began an endleſs Sleep.

While thus they ly, thoſe Warriors enter in,
Too ſtrict Juſticiars for to part the Fray,
The Wine and Blood both forth together rin
From Back, from Breaſt or Side, e'en as they lay:
Half Words confus'd, their hollow Throats within,
Made bellowing Noiſe, their Blood their Breath did ſtay:
Some riſe to ſtrike, ſome ope their Mouth to chide,
Thoſe fall, and theſe with Blood choak'd, gaſping dy'd.

Thus while each Sword diſlodg'd a Hundred Lives,
Brave BRUCE made known his Rancor, Wrath, and Ire:
Squadrons he kills, cuts Cords, and Tents he rives,
And for Revenge, enflam'd with hot Deſire
To overthrow them all, alone he ſtrives
To kill the Men, and ſet the Camp on Fire;
And forward, ſtill alone, he murd'ring goes,
Giving more Deaths than Wounds, more Wounds than Blows.

But as an hungry Lion for his Food
Kills Thouſand Beaſts mo than he can devour;
So thou ſtout *Edward* doſt their Lives ſeclude,
Whom thy brave Brother's Haſte had paſt before;
And treading proudly on the Multitude,
Thou ſeemeſt ſad becauſe thou finds no more
Whereon to exerciſe thy Valour, ſo
Wiſhing each Trunk could raiſe a ſtronger Foe.

Now

ow at another Part doth enter in
he conqu'ring Knight, that dreadful Slaughter makes:
o from the West the drying Winds begin
o clear Heav'ns cloudy Front, and strongly breaks
he spungy Barm exhal'd up by the Sun
orth of the *German* Lake, which *Æol* takes
Upon his Wings, and musters forth in Hosts,
Wherewith he threats to drown the Northern Coasts.

en so this Champion driveth back by Force
he Multitude of armed Squadrons strong;
s warlike Weapon kills without Remorse,
s Eyes such fiery Splendor darts along
burns their Hearts, but Fear conceals their Loss;
l turning Backs, forget to venge their Wrong;
And careless of their Shame, their Fame, their Fall,
They lose their Lives, their Honour, Hope, and all.

d he, that to withstand will prove so bold
not to flee but bravely bear it out,
on lies he breathless, tumbling on the Mold;
ich in the rest confirms their Fear and Doubt.
s forward, none his Fury can withhold,
l with his Lord he meets, where all the Rout
Assembled were, and wearied now with killing,
The Soldiers dispers'd, the Tents were pilling.

Scots Great King who saw them careless, care
re for their Gain, than Conquest to prolong,
s'd sound Retreat, lest some new Force repair
d bring the Conquest back with Shame and Wrong.
this the *English* General did prepare
armed Knights above Five Thousand strong.
ur this brave Lord in time retir'd his Crew,
hileas they had no Lust for to pursue.

worthy BRUCE thus having paid his Foe
hat Disgrace, which he of late receiv'd,
was both lov'd, and fear'd, and hated so
he just Worth of his great Deeds had crav'd:
England's warlike Gen'ral, tho' in Wo,
ll'd him much, when he his Worth perceiv'd;

Swearing by *Jove*, that Heav'ns decreed to raise him,
And in the midst of Hate was forc'd to praise him.

Wherefore he breaketh up his Camp that Night,
Letting his Soldiers to their Home retire;
The Mighty *Scot* to *Carrick* marcheth right,
And sojourns there the dead Time of the Year:
Where nought befel him worthy to recite,
Save once he went a hunting of the Deer;
For there he thought no Foes could Harm afford,
Since all that Land obey'd him as their Lord.

Now being much delighted with that Sport,
His warlike Knights were near about him still:
One Day unto a Forest they resort
The Hart and Hind with Gray-Hounds for to kill;
And he alone stay'd in a private sort,
With two swift Hounds, above them on a Hill,
Till all the rest were scatt'red far and near,
Rouzing the Woods to bring him in the Deer.

While here he stay'd, Three Men he did espy
Come from the Wood, with awful Countenance,
Each bends a Bow, and thus doth him defy:
" To venge the *Cuming*'s Blood is our Pretence.
" Brave Sirs, *quod he*, then first I pray you try
" Me with your Swords, if I can make Defence:
" Three one to kill, so far were endless Shame;
" So Cowards fight, the Valiant hate such Game."

At these his Words, their Bows away they threw,
And with their Swords they sharply him assail;
His Hounds he loos'd, his Sword he quickly drew,
And many Blows on either Hand they deal.
The Hounds that see such Foes their Lord pursue,
One by the Gorge unto the Ground they hale;
One of the other Two by this he kill'd,
Then kills him whom the Hounds at Ground still held.

The Third, who fears such Guerdon for to try,
Staid not, but soon betakes himself to flight;

Who

Whom when these Heav'n-ordained Hounds espy,
They follow both with keen and awful might,
And in a trace they force him by and by
Most furiously upon the Ground to light.
Their Lord at last from them did him resume,
And strictly gives him his deserved Doom.

When all his Knights return'd, they wond'ring view
How Heav'ns their Prince from Danger had preserv'd.
To God they gave great Thanks and Praises due,
Rejoicing that so brave a Lord they serv'd.
This did his Fame thro' all the Land renew,
All wish'd him now what his great Worth deserv'd;
Who 'scap'd so many Dangers, they conclude
Must be reserved for a greater Good.

CAPUT XII.

The ARGUMENT.

First at Glend'rule *doth* Scots *renowned Prince*
Get Victory above the English *Foe:*
Douglas *at* Adderford, *with Valiance,*
By Forty doth a Thousand overthrow:
Then Pembroke *sues for Battle, with Pretence*
To free the Land from longer War; and so
To Loudon-hill *he brings an Army fair;*
But vanquish'd, flees the Land in great Despair.

WHEN in his golden Carroche *Sol* returns
From *Zenith* back unto the Northern Star;
The *Ram* grown proud, with am'rous Heat so burns,
That with his Horns he seems to make him War:
Hills turn in Tears their Milk-white Robes, and mourns
To see themselves so stripp'd by *Sol* afar:
Who, to redress that Wrong, is quickly seen,
For Ermines poor, to clothe them all in Green.

The Gardens prank'd with rosy Buds still spring,
While *Flora* dallies in her flow'ry Bed,
Whom *Zephyre* courts, and sweet to her doth sing,
Wiping away the Tears *Aurora* shed,
Whose shrill sweet Notes thro' all the Forests ring,
When Meads with Grass, and Woods with Leaves are clad
So that the Spring, thus following *Phobus* Trace,
Made ev'ry Thing to look with chearful Face.

When BRUCE, *Scots* Hope, their Comfort and their Jo
With all his Knights doth to the Fields repair,
Stout hardy *Edward*, fearless of Annoy,
And Fortune's Knight, brave *Douglas*, als was there,
Whom Victory did seventy times convoy,
Crown'd with the Garlands of her golden Hair;
And many mo, all Knights of high Renown,
Pillars of State, and Pearls unto the Crown.

Thrice Ninety Knights their Number were at most,
All marching forth with chearful Countenance,
Whose Worth was known so to their En'mies Cost,
As their brave Gen'ral fear'd not to advance
With these against a great and mighty Host,
And hazard all upon a Battle's Chance.
Thus marcheth he, and would with these begin
To conquer all, or lose what he hath win.

This warlike Lord, whenas the Night drew near,
Camps on a Hill, a Strength by Nature wrought;
And as the second Morning did appear,
The Watch a Woman had before him brought
In Beggars Weed, whom he did straight inquire
What her Intention was, or what her Thought
That way to come? She answer'd, " To betray him,
" And that his Foe would presently essay him.

" *Pembroke*'s brave Earl, *said she*, within a Mile
" Is come, with Thousands Five, thee to surprize,
" That *Scots* and *English* are, and swears the while,
" That they triumphing on thy Death must rise.
" I hope, *quod he*, their Hopes shall them beguile,
" The Right is ours.--- And with the Word he cries,

To Arms! to Arms! And in a Moment there,
All clad in dreadful Arms, to fight prepare.

The Prince without the Camp his Army drew
In Three Battallions or Squadrons ſtrong;
The Vanguard gave he to the *Douglas* true,
Under whoſe Standard Sixty march'd along,
Expert in Arms, that Feats of War well knew.
The Rereward to Prince *Edward* did belong,
Which alſo did conſiſt of Sixty mo,
That faint Fear's ghoſtly Houſe did never know.

The King himſelf the great Battallion led,
Wherein there ſtood thrice Fifty born to fight;
There *Scotland*'s Conſtable in Arms was clad,
The worthy *Hay*, a bold and fearleſs Knight;
There *Lennox* faithful Earl his Enſign ſpred;
There valorous *Boyd*, and others ſcorning Flight:
All Soldiers old, all well approv'd at Arms,
All breathed War and Conqueſt's loud Alarms.

By they were rank'd and well in order ſet,
A Cloud of Men, of Horſe, of Spears and Shields
Comes from a Wood: A Herd of Deer beſet
By Hunters keen, to fearful Flight ſo yields,
Whoſe horned Heads a rattling Noiſe beget;
Such Noiſe their Launces made, when all the Fields
Were hid with Troops, and, e'en as Flights of Crows,
Sing thro' the Air, their Haſte ſuch Sounding ſhows.

But to the *Scots* when they approached near,
They ſtood amaz'd to ſee their good Array,
Till their couragious Gen'ral did them chear
With hopeful Words of Conqueſt, Spoil, and Prey.
" Lo, what are thoſe, *ſaid he*, which you ſee here,
" But Robbers which dare never view the Day;
" Outcaſts, and not true *Scots*, whoſe warlike Force
" You oft before have try'd unto their Loſs:

" And tho' they were their Nation's Flow'r and Choice,
" Yet are they but a Handful unto you;

" 'Gainſt ev'ry One let Ten themſelves oppoſe,
" So they beneath our conqu'ring Sword ſhall bow."
At theſe brave Words the Army forward goes
With Shouts and Clamours great, and with a Show:
Afront the *Douglas* Troop they give the Charge,
Who were too few againſt theſe Squadrons large.

Yet make they neither Murmur, Noiſe, nor Din,
Save Armour's Claſh and Death-reſounding Blows,
Till they had pierc'd theſe Squadrons wide within,
On ev'ry Hand a Stream of Blood forth flows,
That o'er their Man-made Banks to ſwell begin,
And on their Friends they help to venge their Foes:
For ſuch as wounded could not ſtand for Pain,
Falling untimely, were both drown'd and ſlain.

The conqu'ring Knight with his victorious Band,
That now had broken all the Ranks well near,
Beholds the *Clifford* that ſtill fighting ſtand,
Whoſe Valour's Worth he could not but admire;
For by that gallant Earl's ſtrong conqu'ring Hand
Some ſlain, ſome hurt, ſome forc'd were to retire,
To him for juſt conceived Hate he flies,
And him to bloody mortal Fight defies.

Now firſt whenas the BRUCE his Foes did view,
Under an Enſign all to march in gro,
He charg'd his Troops their Diſtance to renew,
And leave more Ground 'twixt ev'ry Battle; ſo
In ſev'ral Parts they did their Foes purſue,
One charg'd Afront, one to each Flank did go;
And each a ſolemn Vow had made withal
Midway to meet, or by the Way to fall.

On the right Side fierce *Edward* gave eſſay,
Whoſe Courage hot could ſcarcely be refrain'd
By thoſe more cold, by his brave Troop to ſtay;
And yet the Valour of his Foes conſtrain'd
Fair Victory above them both to play
With doubtful Wings, till at the laſt detain'd
By his all-conqu'ring Hand, beneath his Sword
They fall, yield, flee, and tremble at his Word.

But *Scotland*'s famous Champion the while,
Whose Charge he knew was their left Side to charge,
Broke thro' the Ranks, with long and bloody Toil,
And to his Troop he made an Entry large;
While th'*English* Gen'ral choos'd, their Force to foil,
Five Hundred strong, with Launce, with Sword, with Targe,
Whose armed Ranks he sets into the Way
Of *Scots* renowned King, his Force to stay.

Those at the first so fiercely do assail,
They break the *Scots* with Wrath and high Disdain,
Who yielding straight, begin to bend and reel,
And break their Ranks, nor could from Flight refrain.
Which th'*English* Captain *Harrington* saw well,
By whose brave Hand eight dead, the ninth, new slain,
The Standard bore; which won, he loudly cries,
The Victory is ours, who yields not, dies.

Scotland's great Champion, who this while had fought
Amidst his Foes, and left his Men behind,
Rush'd thro' the Throng, and this stout Captain sought,
Whom got, his Head he from his Shoulders twin'd,
And won again that Standard dearly bought,
With which he forward goes, where he did find
His Men dispers'd; but, with his chearful Words,
They rank themselves, and march with conqu'ring Swords.

The Victory recover'd thus with Pain,
And rarely wrung out of the *English* Hands,
Earth's bravest Prince leads on his Troops again.
The Standard still he bears, and thro' the Bands
Of his proud Foes he looks, if they contain
Some Object worth the Hire of his Demands:-
He shakes his Sword, whereat the *English* quake,
And shrunk away, and out of Order brake.

Then he espies, a little him before,
Lennox stout Earl, and *Hay*'s unconquer'd Lord,
And famous *Boyd*, all Three assailed sore
And hemm'd in by their Foes; he much deplor'd
Their Danger great, and Valour's worthy Store
They show; for to be ta'en they still abhor'd,

And all the Ground to ſtrew, it ſeems, they ſtrive
With wounded Men, half dead, and half alive.

Not far from them he alſo might eſpy
Where as the conqu'ring Knight with *Clifford* ſtood;
Clifford was ſtrong, but fought too furiouſly,
And now grown faint with ſhedding too much Blood,
His careful Band to ſave their Lord would try,
Thruſting betwixt him and the *Douglas* good;
Yea, all at once him furiouſly aſſail;
But his unconquer'd Valour doth prevail.

All this the Prince of Warriors did behold,
And as a Lion new come from the Wood
Roaring for Prey, eſpies a Shepherd's Fold,
His hungry Whelps ſtill follow hollowing loud,
Whoſe Sight and Sound afrays the Herdmen bold,
They flee that fearful Foe, reſiſtleſs, proud,
Who killeth all, tho' one would ſerve for Food;
His Whelps, by his Example, feed on Blood.

E'en ſo he comes with ſcarlet-colour'd Blade,
His conqu'ring Crew encourag'd by his Sight,
Before whoſe Terror-threatning Face they fled;
Yea, e'en great *Pembroke* yields him now to Flight:
This Uproar ſuch a great Confuſion bred,
The *Engliſh* throw away their Armour bright:
With ſtill ſad Murmurs *Scots* purſue their Foes,
And nought was heard but dying Groans and Blows.

From *Erebus* black Darkneſs takes her Flight,
And ſpred her Wings above our Half of Ground;
When th' *Engliſh*, aided by the friendly Night,
O'er Hills and Dales dark ways for Saf'ty found,
And of their native Soil to have a Sight
The greater Part by ſolemn Vow was bound;
For nought they fand, in this our barren Soil,
But Death and Wounds, inſtead of Wealth and Spoil.

After this Victory, ſo rarely got,
The Choice of Princes, with an humble Mind,

Gave

Gave Thanks to God for his successive Lot,
And holy Vows unto the Lord enshrin'd.
Then marching forth in haste, he resteth not
Till all the Western Countries were inclin'd
To his meek Rule, and with Advice more staid,
Kyle, *Cuningham*, and *Carrick* him obey'd.

While in the West he reign'd a Conqueror,
Sir *Odomar* was griev'd at his Success,
And thought he had dissolv'd his strongest Pow'r,
Seeing his own Atchievements fortuneless;
Yet Fortune on an other would not low'r:
Another Captain whose great Worthiness
Had gi'en good Proof in many a bloody Fight,
A *Scots*-man he, Sir *Philip Moubray* height:

Him would he needs imploy unto this Feat,
And to his Charge commits a Thousand Horse,
With these to view *Scotland*'s great King's Estate,
And wait Advantage to imploy his Force.
But mighty BRUCE Experience had of late,
That Strength shall oft of Craft receive the Worse,
And being careful, vigilant, and wise,
Prevents his crafty Foes sly Enterprize.

With Fortune's Knight twice Twenty forth he sent
To understand and know the Foe's Designs,
Who having search'd and travell'd far, in end
His Way to him a narrow * Passage brings;
On ev'ry Hand did mighty Craigs ascend,
On ev'ry Side below deep marrish Springs;
And of this Place he fitly makes a Choise
For to gainstand, or to assault his Foes.

Long staid he not, when all his Foes drew near,
For by that Way they needs must only go;
Stout *Moubray* then his warlike Troops did chear,
While they couragiously did charge their Foe:
And as on *Neptune*'s humid Sky so clear
Stern *Boreas* to the Land the Waves doth blow,

* Called the *Adder-ford*.

Till Wave on Wave break on the *Baltick* Shore,
Whose dying Voice o'er all the Land doth rore:

So ev'ry Rank on Rank is beaten back
By that brave * Count and his resistless Crew,
Their Ranks in order orderless they brake,
They kill the Bold, and Fliers faint pursue:
All goes to Death, they none to Mercy take,
And with meer Strength and Valour overthrew
Their Foes at last, and forced all with Might;
Nor can their Captain stay their fearful Flight.

But *Mowbray* stout, wise, valiant, fearless, bold,
Whose Words nor Deeds letts not his Men to flee,
Scorn'd such a Flight, nor could his Foes withhold,
His Resolution acted constantly;
For thro' their Ranks he doth his Way unfold,
Where much Blood doth his stern Wrath satisfy.
At last he lost his Brand, and shun'd the Fight,
Else had he yielded Captive to their Might.

His fainting Troops fled Home the Way they came;
Which when he view'd upon the other Side,
Such Rage and Fury did his Breast inflame,
As he would needs return, and would abide
'Gainst all his Foes: but that could no way frame;
For Want of Weapons forc'd him turn aside;
Whileas the Count, whose Deeds are ever glorious,
Triumphing, to his Prince returns victorious.

His Prince that now was under *Loudon-hill*,
And all that Country to his Peace had brought;
These Losses all great *Pembroke*'s Ears did fill,
And sets fierce Rage on edge; for this he thought,
If *Scotland*'s King had Fortune thus at Will,
England's intended Conquest turns to nought;
Wherefore this Motion has unto him sent,
By which their Wrath should soon or ne'er be spent.

He bids him under *Loudon-hill* prepare
To give him Battle on the Tenth of *May*,

* To wit, *Douglas*.

And

And if the Conquest fell to *Scotland*'s Share,
England should quite the Land that very Day,
And ne'er return to claim a Conquest there:
But if the *English* won, without Delay
Then yield he should unto fair *England*'s Prince;
And at his Sentence stand for his Offence.

To this the grave, wise, worthy BRUCE agrees;
And for that Day great Preparation makes;
But with great Foresight wisely he foresees
How that this mighty Foe Advantage takes
Of Multitudes of Men and large Supplies,
Whose endless Number his mean Forces breaks;
For which Three Walls he raises wondrous high,
E'en there where as the Battle fought should be.

And in the midst he leaves a Plain so wide,
As Hundreds five might march and fight at Ease,
At ev'ry End lay Morasses beside,
So at their Back they could no Forces raise;
Thus only here he would his Foes abide,
Let Fortune frown or favour whom she please:
But twice Three Hundred march'd with him along,
Altho' his Foes were full Seven Thousand strong.

Sir *Odomar* the Bold doth keep the Day,
And marched bravely under *London* low,
He put his warlike Army in aray,
Whileas the King of Men himself doth show
With his small Pow'r, his Passage for to stay,
His hardy Knights the Art of War did know:
These oft approv'd, so oft had try'd their Might,
He needs not to encourage them to fight.

Yet Earth's great Warrior restless still did range,
Now here, now there, his restless Troops among,
Kindling their Breasts to hot and new Revenge
Of old done Deeds, and long received Wrong;
The Captains of his Troops he needs not change,
For these were matchless, hardy, wise, and strong,
The worthy *Douglas* and the valiant *Hay*,
Edward the Fierce, impatient of Delay,

Who with his Troop did first assail the Foe,
For his fierce Wrath could bruik Delay no more:
How soon this angry Prince himself did show,
Terror and Fear went sadly him before;
As when strong Winds do cause high Tides to flow,
Whose brackish Waves still beat the broken Shore,
Sea's smooth Back roll'd before with gentle Breath,
In Bristles set, spits forth his foamy Wrath.

So, after furious *Edward*, all the Plain
Was over-run with Ranks of Spears and Shields,
Horse, Armour, Weapons, echoes ay again
The dreadful Noise that Drum and Trumpet yields:
Strife, Terror, Rage, follow both Hosts, anon
Death softens Armour and strong Weapons wields;
Fury and Strife stalks thro' the Hosts with Fire
Of deadly Wounds kindled with blood-blown Ire.

Now both the Armies justling rudely met,
And Spears and Shields 'gainst Spears and Shields opppos'd
Strength answer'd Strength, and Wound for Wound they get
Swords, Targets, Pikes with Pikes, Swords Targets clos'd;
Then *Tumult* comes, to Heav'n her Head she set,
And from her Throat a Thousand Sounds she loos'd,
That thro' the Air confus'dly jarring rore;
Such Sound great Waters send from broken Shore:

Or as when Rain, by Night's black Tempests born
Down from high Rocks and Mountains to the Plain,
Stones, Earth and Trees up by the Roots hath torn,
Till Streams and all in one Pit fall again,
Whose bull'ring Noise, when comes the pleasant Morn,
The Herdmen frights that with their Flocks remain;
Such Sound their Conflict yields, and thro the Air
Sends Clamours, Groans, and all th' Effects of Fear.

But thou, brave *Edward*, was the first did wound,
And wounding kill'd, and killing did affright
Thy Enemies, while thro' the Troops redound
The News of thy great Deeds, which raise on height
Thy Soldiers Hearts; their Valour did abound,
With awful Strength resistless still they fight.

And thou bold *Hay* advent'rously did venture,
Hewing a Way next for thy Troops to enter.

The Woes *Hay* wrought, an *English* Lord there brings;
Who wonders at his Deeds; at last in Wrath
A Dart he sends that to his Labours sings,
And well near brought with it a hasty Death,
Piercing his Curass, from his Breast out-springs
A Stream of Blood, near where his Life took Breath:
Wherewith the Thrower calls, " Now do not boast,
" If thou has kill'd, thy Blood appease their Ghost."

" My Blood, *quod he*, comes from an honour'd Wound,
" But this keen Dart from a deceitful Hand,
" To tell me of thy Treason it did sound,
" And vows to aim more right at my Command."
By this the *English* Champion was bound
With Chains of Death, no longer could he stand;
Death chill'd his Blood and Strength within his Veins,
For lo, the Shaft sent back had pierc'd his Brains.

The warlike *English* Gen'ral sees him fall,
And thrusts unto the Front or Face of Fight,
His Brand he shakes so dreadfully withal,
That many fainting shrunk out of his Sight:
But our bold *Hay* would not his Steps recal,
Whose honour'd March reprov'd their shameful Flight;
And for himself he wisheth Death were nigh,
So that brave Imp of *England*'s Race might die.

The conqu'ring Knight this while had march'd so far,
And led his Troops so bravely on his Foes,
That there they yield unto the Chance of War,
Their Ranks sore shaken now, much Ground they lose;
Back went the first, their Order quite they mar;
And then the *Scots* with Clamours huge arose,
Some stuffs the Chace, whose Breasts with Courage boil'd,
And other some drew forth the Dead, and spoil'd.

Great *Odomar* of all this nothing knew,
Who being wounded by the valiant *Hay*,

Enraged like a savage Boar he grew,
And with a furious Blow he doth him lay
Senseless to Ground, and off his Helmet flew;
Yea, surely this had been his latest Day,
But that he saw his Side go to the worse,
And turns, to stay their Flight, his En'mies Force.

He hasteth forth, and shames to see their Foil,
Whose chearful Count'nance makes them all return
Against the *Scots*, who still despis'd their Toil,
And thick'ning their instructed Pow'rs, they burn
With hot Desire of their expected Spoil;
And in that very Place would they sojourn,
Whileas the Light was pent up in the Skies
With swarthish Clouds of Dust that did arise.

E'en as in Mills, where Grain is ground, none may
Stand near for Dust blown up by breathing Air,
That turns to paled Hue their bright Aray.
So from returning Troops and Squadrons fair
The Clouds of Dust suited the *Scots* in Gray.
Now fights the *English* fiercely to repair
Their Faults; the *Scots* would keep what they had win,
Both Sides stand firm, and freshly do begin.

Bold *Hay* recover'd of his Trance again,
With angry Shame did venge him of his Foes,
Searching for him that left him so in Pain,
Many their Lives for their Lord's Fault did lose:
While he unwearied killing did remain,
And 'gainst whole Troops he doth himself oppose;
Whose good Example chears each *English* Band,
And to their bold Lord's Work they boldly stand.

Well back'd with Troops this *Mars*-like Man comes in,
Whose Deeds struck Fear thro' all the *Scottish* Host,
Who losing Ground, to Flight doth now begin:
But *Edward*, *Douglas*, *Hay*, and *Boyd*, do coast
Along their Troops, and here and there do run,
Praising the Bold, and Cowards still they boast:
Yet their brave Deeds prevaileth more than Cries.
In Leaders Deeds the Soldiers Comfort lies.

But worthy BRUCE their Hearts with Courage fills,
A Cloud of Knights with Spears and Shields he brings:
And as when Shepherds see from Tops of Hills
A Cloud brought from the Sea on *Eurus* Wings;
Amaz'd they stand and gaze against their Wills,
While Heav'n on Earth a smoaky Darkness wrings;
Which drawing near to them, affrighted, then
They drive their Herds into some covert Den.

So dark'ning Earth with Spears, with Swords, with Shields,
They came, and in their Breast a Tempest brought,
To whose apparent Wrath the *English* yields;
For they had seen what these before had wrought,
Of their left Wing they quite had scour'd the Fields:
Thus quickly they resolve, and with a Thought
All yield to Flight, and down their Weapons threw,
Scots kill and chase till Night her Curtains drew.

CAPUT XIII.

The ARGUMENT.

BRUCE *falleth sick near to the Northern Shore,*
The Army mutines for his sore Disease,
Whom at that Instant Heav'ns to Speech restore,
Else all had dy'd, his Speech doth all appease:
They fight with Buchan's *Earl, and thence they bore*
Their Lord in spite of Foes; their Camp they raise.
Auld-Meldrum's *Battle brings his Health again;*
He wins Saint-Johnstoun *with a subtil Train.*

LIGHT's chearful Dame in Saffron Robes did shine,
Whose silver Beams thro' ev'ry Part dispers'd
Of this Terrestrial Globe, did now refine
The thickned Air, and leafy Forests pierc'd,
Where Hills, Groves, Dens, and Valleys deep decline
To Night's dark Shows those Shadows brown it search'd:
When to the Camp of conqu'ring BRUCE aspir'd
Great Troops of *Scots*, of *English* Thraldom tir'd.

And

And all that Land soon to his Peace was brought.
Bold *Odomar*, now like to burst for Wo,
To *Bothwel* flees, and then to *England* sought,
No more to *Scotland* would he prove a Foe.
Thus was the Third Part of the Kingdom thought
True Homage to their native Prince to show;
The rest for Lord the *English* King did know,
By Thirty Thousand *English* held in awe.

Great Enemies had our far greater King
In the great *North*, that native *Scots* were born;
There *Buchan*'s mighty Earl did proudly reign,
That *Cumbernald*'s Revenge had deeply sworn;
Brechin's great Lord like Vengeance coveting,
And with them Sir *John Moubray* they suborn,
With many more, that by the *Cuming*'s Faction
Held many boundless Bounds in great Subjection.

To quell their Pride and tame their tameless Wills,
Directly *North* our dauntless Prince doth go,
Crossing these far renowned topless Hills
Of *Grampion*, that *Scotland* part in two;
His ever famous Name these Regions fills
With Fear and Terror of ensuing Wo:
He led his famous Captains with him all,
Save *Douglas*, whom he left for to recal

True *Scots* to Peace, and wrackful Foes restrain,
Who did so much by Valour, Wit, and Grace,
Jedburgh and *Ettrick* Forest's fertile Plain,
With ceaseless War he forc'd to timely Peace;
And *Douglas* Tow'r, which *Clifford* had again
Builded and mann'd, his Conquest did increase:
The Garison and Captain both he slew,
The Tow'rs unto the Ground he overthrew.

Strife, Discord, War, now in the North did weave
A bloody Web, with Hate, Revenge and Fear;
Most mighty-minded BRUCE would needs deprive
His Foes of Strength, e'en where they Rule did bear.
To his most Royal Camp there did arrive
A gallant Troop of Youths, address'd for War;

The bold Lord *Frazer* led this gallant Crew,
His Cousin dear, and to him always true.

But whether Change of Soil, or Change of Air,
Or Climates cold, or rather Heav'n's Decree,
Has been the Cause, but Earth's best Champion there
Fell sick into a fearful Lethargy;
For which the Soldiers made such doleful Care,
That Rage, with Sorrow, thro' the Camp did flee:
* All rose in Factions, none regardeth Reason,
Each other wrongfully accus'd of Treason.

Some *Lennox* Earl, some *Edward* did accuse,
Some *Frazer*, others *Boyd*, and others *Hay*,
Some say that his Physician did infuse
Poison in Druggs; nor would they thus delay,
But headlongs led with furious Love, would use
A strange Revenge, all would they kill and slay.
This Tumult rose to such a dreadful height,
That nought but Drums and Trumpets hear you might.

Thus while they stand themselves for to destroy,
With Blood to glut Revenge, suspected wrong;
Buchan's bold Earl and *Brechin*'s Lord convoy,
E'en in their sight, an Army great and strong,
Who having Knowledge of their Strife, did joy
To see the Time which they expected long:
Yea, this one Day had made a woful End
Of all, but *Jove* from Heav'n some Help did send;

Not unto Health, but unto Speech the King
Was at that Instant wond'rously restor'd;
His Lords praise God, and forth they did him bring,
Whose Eyes bent upward, first Heav'n's Aid implor'd;
A purple Robe about him wreath'd doth hing;
A Crown not him, but he a Crown decor'd;
His scepter'd Hand proud Majesty doth threat,
Born by Four Lords up in a Royal Seat.

* A Mutiny in the Army for the King's Disease, which shows their Love to him, worthy to be noted.

His

His conqu'ring Hand his Scepter ſhakes alone,
Thus he to all the Army ſhows his Face,
Where Majeſty's clear Lamp of Glory ſhone.
Then with, I know not what, a heav'nly Grace,
A *Mars*-like Voice, an Angel's Shape put on,
Firſt ſoftly to himſelf he groan'd, alas!
He lock'd his Hands, mov'd all with ſtately Fear,
Silence flew forth and ſeiz'd on ev'ry Ear.

" What Words be theſe we hear? What Threats? *quod he*,
" What Noiſe of Arms? Who dares theſe Tumults raiſe?
" Where are we honour'd? Where your Fear? We ſee
" Not your Obedience: Shall our Rule thus ceaſe?
" Of our Diſeaſe is this your Memory,
" By wrong ſurmis'd Offences us to pleaſe?
" Who dares of Treaſon think againſt their King?
" No, no, you cannot thus excuſe the Thing.

" Make not ſo ſide a Cloak of publick Wrong
" To private Grudge, if Grudge we may it call;
" If Love to us, take heed your ſelves among;
" For in your Lives, your Weals, your Saf'ties all
" Conſiſts our Health, next Heav'n, who will ere long
" Reſtore our Health and wonted Strength recal:
" O! can the Head a pleaſant Health enjoy,
" Whoſe Members ſtill each other do deſtroy?

" Ah! ſee you not our proud imperious Foe,
" That ſeeks our Fall, our Ruin, and Decay?
" No Treaſon to our Perſon here we know,
" None in our Army that would us betray:
" But theſe are Rebels to our Crown, and lo,
" Theſe would put violent Hands in us to Day.
" Brethren in Arms, Go then, your King defend,
" Let not our Want unto our Foe be kend.

" Heteafter we will think on this your Love,
" When Heav'n to wonted Health ſhall us reſtore."
While thus he ſpake, the lightning Beams did move
Of Majeſty, his ſparkling Eyes before;
That all the Army, who did late approve
Wrath, Folly, Rage, ſhames with Repentance ſore.

Ba

Back to his Tent he goes; his Soldiers kind
Cry all, *Go to, Go to*, to fight inclin'd.

r this their proud and mighty Foe drew near,
hose Number Ten to One did them furmount;
t march they on, while each did other chear,
or need their Captains do as they had wont,
here to menace, or to encourage here,
r rather forc'd to ſtay by wiſe account
Their too too forward Haſte; for ſtill they cry,
Let ev'ry One a Rebel kill, or die.

he Rebels ſee them diſappointed clean,
heir Hearts begin to faint, their Hands to fail,
he Royal Army's Trumpets ſounded be'n,
nd valiantly they 'gan for to aſſail
he Foes; ſo great a Multitude were ſeen,
hey ſhame a Handful ſhould their Courage quell:
Thus each on other ruſh'd with furious Might,
irſt Wounds, then Blood, then Death approach'd their Sight.

reat Deeds of Arms on ev'ry Side were ſhown,
ill *Phœbus*, pitying ſuch unkindly War,
unk down anon, on ſilver Skies were thrown
ark ſable Clouds that thickned all the Air:
hen by the Rebels the Retreat was blown,
hich made the Royal Hoſt ſeem ſad with Care,
Nor would retire, till by their Leaders Awe
They're forc'd within their Trenches to withdraw.

our Days within their Camp ſtill they remain'd,
our Days their Foes encamped in their Sight,
o Day did paſs wherein they once refrain'd
om Skirmiſh hot, and many ſingle Fight:
t laſt the Royal Army was conſtrain'd
o raiſe their Camp, and for to march forth-right;
For Victuals in their Camp were waxing ſmall,
Nor Phyſick helps their King's Diſeaſe at all.

e in a glorious Chariot richly wrought,
oes in the midſt, they marching round about

In Battle-rank, and all their Baggage brought
Within the foremoſt Ranks; thus all the Rout
Still ready was to fight, if thereto ſought.
Their Foes perceiv'd their Reſolution ſtout,
And for that Time they thought not good to move them,
But follow ſtill at unawares to prove them.

Edward the Fierce, while his dear Brother lay,
O'er all the Royal Army did command,
Wherewith he march'd a ſoft and eaſy Way
By Cities fair, thro' many a fertil Land:
At laſt he caus'd the Army for to ſtay
In *Marr*'s renowned Shire, whereas he fand
A Village ſituate on a pleaſant Plain,
Where wealthy *Ceres* Treaſure doth remain:

This famous Town *Inrurie* height to Name,
Famous for that great Victory obtain'd
By BRUCE, unto his Foes eternal Shame:
For in this Town, for Health, while he remain'd,
Buchan's bold Earl, ſtill thirſting after Fame,
From urging Battle could not be refrain'd:
Within two Miles beſide *Old Meldrum* long
Upon a Hill, he lay encamped ſtrong.

A choſen Band with *Brechin*'s Lord he ſent,
At unawares his Princely Foe to find,
Who of his long Diſeaſe began to mend,
Whoſe haughty Mind was ne'er to Reſt inclin'd;
His Army forward, at the Village End
Encamped lay, of Foes that had no Mind:
While *Brechin*'s Lord againſt their Wills would will them
Battle to give, or in their Tents to kill them.

But he, and all his choſen Crew, deſcry'd
Had been by them, when near to them he drew,
Who fand not, as he hop'd, fair *Scotland*'s Guide
Un'wares, nor yet unready to purſue:
Theſe that eſpy'd him for the Fight provide,
All rank'd in Order, forth their Weapons drew.
And tho' their Foes were far the ſtronger Might,
They boldly bide the Battle and the Fight.

these so few, that could not long endure,
e forc'd with Loss for to retire at last,
e swift Report, with Information sure
their Success, unto the King had past;
ich did his wonted Courage so procure,
p he rose, and calls for Armour fast.
is Lords withheld him, till he cry'd aloud,
s Health was only gain'd by Threatnings proud.

own chief Guard he with his Brother sent
hold them Play, till he the Army brought,
boldly met them, forcing them in end
flee, and by that Means their Saf'ty sought.
following, to their Camp did them attend,
re *Buchan*'s Earl, still fretting in his Thought,
ed forth his Troops unto a Valley wide,
here strongly rank'd, the Battle would abide.

his the King was come, who thought it best
then to join, and give a furious Charge;
self advancing far before the rest,
Horror, Terror, Fear, and Death at large,
rewith the Rebels Hearts were sore possest,
aid, they faint their Duty to discharge:
ey flee, his Looks print Fear in ev'ry Heart;
en so our Stars their Influence do impart.

was there left unkill'd into the Chace;
Earl and *Moubray* unto *England* fled;
ne'er return'd: While, for their Worthiness,
King gave *Buchan*'s-Shire thus conquered
oldiers Prey; where Plenty did increase.
Store of Wealth from thence the Army led,
s e'en the poorest Soldier, for his Share,
ught Lands and rich Possessions to his Hire.

he great *North* now to his Peace was brought,
, Lords, and Barons, were his Liegemen sworn;
s, Cities, Castles, Strengths unto him sought;
still their Oaths, with Presents rich adorn:
th the famous *Grampion* was nought
Shire, but his mild Yoke had gladly born.

Then

Then back to *Angus* he his Army guides,
And to reduce that pleasant Land provides:

Forfar's strong Hold did *Frazer* of *Platan*
Recover from the *English* by a Train;
Then all true *Scots* to shew themselves began,
And with some worthy Service Peace obtain:
Athol's bold Earl *Brechin* both sieg'd and wan,
And brought that Lord unto his Prince again.
Thus both the *Mearns* and *Angus* did obey him,
No Foe was seen from Conquest for to stay him.

Then suddenly to *Perth* he march'd, and rais'd
Strong Men, made Walls about those Walls of Stone,
Wherewith encompass'd round, they stood amaz'd,
Yet did resolve to yield at last to none;
Their Pow'r was such as all their Fear appeas'd,
Their Strength was such as brought their Courage on:
But this their Pow'r, and this their Strength agree,
To bring them to their End with Infamy.

For being two within for one without,
And having so impregnable an Hold,
They fed Security, and banish'd Doubt.
In vain Great BRUCE had spent his Soldiers old,
Who had renew'd th'Assault their Walls about
In thrice seven Days full seventy times, so bold,
As of Nine Hundred thrice he with him brought,
Six Hundred Soldiers he had lost for nought.

Wherefore by off'ring Peace he try'd their Might,
Since neither Strength nor Force could them surprize;
Their Walls were built of such a wond'rous Height,
On which strong Tow'rs their Entry still denies;
The Ditches were so broad and deeply dight,
Wherein *Tay*'s Flood up to the Brinks did rise.
Still in those Tow'rs and all those Walls along
Were armed Men, above Five Thousand strong.

Then after he two Months had staid before
The Walls, in Haste he rais'd his Siege at last,

Wherewith the Citizens with Threatnings ſore
Would brag and taunt the Army as they paſt:
But *Scotland*'s Champion wiſhed nothing more
Than this their Inſolence, and nought agaſt,
With Silence he reply'd, nor minds to ſtay them;
For ten to one he hopes ere long to pay them.

Three Days the Army marcheth to the Weſt,
Till they arrive within a Foreſt fair,
And there the King commands great Trees to caſt,
Whereof they Ladders make, and do prepare
Back to return. Thus ſecretly they paſt
The Way they came by Night, nor whiſp'ring are
Of their Approach, let forth the meaneſt Sound,
Till they arrive hard at the Ditch profound.

Well knew their Lord the Way that they ſhould go,
For he himſelf had marked it before;
A Shald he found into the Ditch below,
And he, for to encourage them the more,
Firſt wadeth o'er, and on his Shoulders two
The longeſt and the largeſt Ladder bore:
His Shoulders broad jumpt with the Water's Crop;
Yet o'er he goes, and ſets his Ladder up.

Each one admir'd, and wond'ring prais'd the Deed,
But moſt of all a * *French* Man ſtanding by,
And all into the Water leapt with ſpeed,
Raiſing their Ladders to theſe Walls ſo high;
The King firſt mounts with well-deſerving Meed:
All mounted then, and none did them deſcry:
For all ſecurely ſlept, nor fear'd Offence;
The doubtful Night yet had not parted thence.

Their glorious Enſigns on the Walls they ſpred,
Then to the dreadful Work of Death they fall;
Death that thro' ev'ry Street his Troops forth led,
Whom by their Names high *Tumult* forth did call,
Sorrow in ſable Clouds all muffeled,
With canker'd Care came mourning firſt of all:

* The *French* Man's Name was *Thomas* of *Longoville*.

Then *Infant-Pity* weeping, then *Despair*,
Then *Horror*, *Terror*, *Error*, *Pain*, and *Fear*:

Fear that ran witless, heartless, bloodless, faint,
And trembling like an Aspen-Leaf did quake;
Base Shame and drowsy *Sloth* that gape and gaunt,
Sadness that set in secret ways her Wrack,
And Thousands mo in Nature discrepant,
Each one from these, and all came here to sack
The woful Town, their greedy Paunch to glut,
And *War* to ev'ry one his Morsel cut.

War that with her led lawless, lewd *Enormity*,
Rape, *Reeving*, *Wrong*, *Rage*, *Discord*, and *Impiety*,
Sack, *Sacrileage* and *Sin* in one Conformity;
Atheism, despising Faith and scorning Diety;
Wrath, *Anger*, *Hate*, and monstrnous *Deformity*,
That Laws, Arts, Manners marrs and breaks Society;
Poor Poverty, and wasteful Desolation,
Life turn'd in bloody *Death*'s sad Transmigration.

These fill the Town, and send a dreadful Sound
Up to the Heav'n, with Clamours, Raps and Cries,
Tears mixt with Blood o'erflow the Streets around,
War's bloody Arms lift Clouds above the Skies
Of Dead-groan'd Sighs, delighting in each Wound,
Her Looks are Lightning from her Eyes that flies;
Her Iron Feet shake Towns and Tow'rs asunder,
The Roaring of her Voice is dreadful Thunder.

All Night this fearful Massacre did last,
Till *Titan* crown'd *Olympus* Top with Fire;
Then Death and all this hellish Crew adress'd
Themselves to Flight, to Darkness they retire;
And in a sable Cloud themselves they plac'd:
Then to the West they fly with Night their Sire;
And all the Way they went they left a Tract
That did infect the Air with Vapours black.

Thus they once gone, both Blood and Slaughter ceas'd,
All that would yield were then to Mercy ta'en.
Strathern's old Earl got by his Son's Request
His Prince's Peace; tho' he would not abstain

help the Town; for with the King at last
Son remain'd, nor would from him refrain:
And then the Town was levell'd with the Ground,
The Walls were raz'd, the Ditches fill'd around.

CAPUT XIV.

The ARGUMENT.

The Fields of Cree *fierce* Edward's *Praise begin,*
He beats with Fifty Fifteen Hundred Foes;
The Third Time Douglas *doth his Castle win;*
Then Bonkil, Randolph, Huntley's *Lord do lose*
The bloody and the cruel Fight of Linn:
The First Two Douglas *takes, free* Gordon *goes:*
Great BRUCE *doth* Lorn *to his Obedience bring:*
The Virgin-Tow'r is Randolph's *Conquessing.*

HRINK not, dear Muse, nor rest thy restless Team,
Ty'd to the Labours of this endless Story,
Pent in the narrow Path of Truth's poor Theme,
d in these Labyrinths; yet be not sorry,
use that *Phœbus* Bays thou dares not claim,
range abroad for Gain, nor hunt for Glory:
or with smooth *Venus* sweetest Songs can sport thee,
r here rude *Mars* harsh Jarrings must comfort thee,

n art not here set in an open Plain,
reas thou may in ev'ry Part be bold
wantonize, or like the Horse of *Spain*,
bursts the Halter erst that did him hold,
ing the Meadows here and there amain,
ets, and leaps with Courage uncontroul'd:
or drinks thou here of *Heliconian* Fountains,
n walkst thro' barren Creeks and Bow'ls of Mountains.

nth the Banks of Sea-like *Forth* did bow
n Obedience to their native King,
n in *Brigantia*, called *Gall'way* now,
English rag'd and mightily did reign.
efore the fierce * Knight boldly doth avow
Country in Subjection for to bring:

* wit, Edward.

And thither, with his Brother's Leave, he goes;
Small was his Train, but many were his Foes.

When he arriv'd within this pleasant Land,
E'en all with Fire and Sword he did destroy;
He height, that o'er the *English* did command,
Sir *Ingram Omphraville*, whose greatest Joy
Was still his Foes by Battle to withstand,
Who ay unto the *Scots* did much Annoy:
Experience long had made him wise and bold,
Cunning in Feats of War, in Counsel old.

Forth then this mighty Man the *English* brought,
And did a mighty Army soon provide;
Of which when *Edward* hears, he feareth nought,
But on the Banks of *Cree* † would them abide:
Tho' they were Ten to One that to him sought,
Yet car'd he not; for these whom he did guide
Were worthy men, whose Valour well he knew,
With Ten of whom he Twenty would pursue.

At this fair Flood his Foes he needs would stay;
The Stream was to his Back a Rampier strong;
The *Southern* now at *Buttle*-Castle lay,
From which they brought their armed Force along;
Wise *Omphraville* still march'd in good aray,
Fearing some Trains those Hills and Dales among:
While *Edward* choos'd, betwixt the Tow'r and Strea
A Valley fit for bloody *Mars* his Game.

And when the warlike *English* comes in Sight,
Fierce *Edward* forth his Bands to Battle brings,
Tho' few, yet famous, whose great Valour's Might
My long-spent Muse grown hoarse, but harshly sings:
Both Sides approacheth furiously to fight,
Their bloody Rage thro' all the Mountains rings,
Sent forth by Drums and Trumpets roaring Cries,
Which Rocks and Mountains echo thro' the Skies.

As Two stout Rams, when jealous Heat's infus'd
In their hot Reins, afront Two fleecy Flocks

† *Cree* a Water or River in *Galloway*.

eet, with their horned Heads to push inus'd,
nd rush on other with still ceaseless Knocks;
meet those Armies, and with Blows confus'd
heir Arms resound and with tempestuous Shocks
Earth rives; but when dread *Wrath* her Drought remembers,
She's drunk with Blood, and clad with martyr'd Members.

or the fierce Champion gives so fierce a Charge,
is Foes, unable longer to resist,
rink back at last, and break their Ranks at large;
ome flee, some fall, some fight, some Friends assist:
ltho' their warlike Gen'ral did discharge
Gen'ral's Part, yet needs he not insist;
For neither Words nor martial Deeds at all
Could Hearts from Fear, nor Feet from Flight recal.

hereat he takes such Indignation great,
hat shaming of their Deeds, and scorning Flight
He last abides, and with a brave Despite
ssaults his Foes with unresisted Might;
ith him a Cornet stays, for to indite
heir fellows Shame in their Death-wishing Fight:
And their brave Lord, with this small Band assisted,
His Foes fierce Wrath with manly Breast resisted.

t as a Bush of *Saplins* tender Crops
soon cut down by Peasants undertaken,
en so their gilded Casks and plummed Tops
ell down like blasted Leaves all Winter shaken;
nd yet their Lord's brave Valour underprops
heir yielding-Strength, their dying Sp'rits t'awaken:
But hemmed in with Multitudes at length
All die that yield not to such pow'rful Strength.

heir Gen'ral now that sees no Help at all,
corns to be ta'en, and makes a worthy Choice,
ee must he go and Live, or die he shall;
ying, the Best with him his Life must lose.
hus all his strongest Pow'rs he doth recal,
nd breaks forth thro' the thickest of his Foes,

* This was the General of the *English* Army, called Sir *Ingrham Ompbra-ville*.

Hewing a Way for Four that follow'd still,
Who by his Valour 'scap'd Death's endless Ill.

Fierce *Edward* came e'en as they took the Flight,
Who being loath they should escape so free,
Still follows them: But now they came in sight
Of * *Buttle-Castle*, to the which they flee:
This Strength impregnable they wan ere Night;
Yet for to force them ish immediately,
He caus'd some Troops, beneath their Castle-wall,
To bring away their Herds, their Flocks, and all.

But all avails not; there they must remain
Till *England*'s King with Forces them relieve:
Bold *Edward* sieg'd the Castle, but in vain;
In thrice two Weeks he could them nothing grieve:
Till *England*'s mighty King at last did gain
Sir *Odomar de Vallange*, to revive
Old Hate, and came in *Scotland* to revenge
Long passed Harms, but doth his Oath infringe.

He only Fifteen Hundred with him brought
To raise the Siege, and to relieve his Friend.
Edward got Word of his intended Thought,
Whose Army scant but Hundreds Three contain'd,
The Choice of which but Fifty forth he sought;
With these, well hors'd, his Foe he thus preveen'd:
Ten Leagues from thence, within a Forest large
He stays, at unawares his Foe to charge.

Time's restless Hours undo the Gates of Day,
All-quick'ning bright *Apollo* would be gone,
Whose golden Tresses gild with glist'ring Ray
The topless Tops of famous *Lebanon*;
When *English Odomar* was on his Way;
And being come within the Wood, anone
Fierce *Edward* would have charg'd, such was his Rage,
If not withheld by grave Advice of Age.

As hungry rav'ning Wolves that do intend
To prey on Flocks by Shepherds call'd to Fold,

* *Buttle-Castle*, a strong Hold in *Galloway*.

n Paths unknown their silent Way they bend,
heir feather'd-feet by Wings of Hope made bold;
ar off they follow war'ly, till in end
Occasion quickly by the Top they hold:
So follow these their Foes unto the Plain,
Who still securely march'd, nor fear'd their Train:

nd on them now they set with Courage stout,
With Shouts and Cries they make a fearful Sound,
heir first Assault disorder'd all the Rout,
With Lances stiff they bore them down to Ground:
Who fear'd they were an Army great, no doubt,
So sudden Fury doth the Thoughts confound:
But their brave Lord Sir *Odomar* suspected
Their crafty Guile, the which he thus detected.

" Ah! fear them not, *quod he*, I know their Trains,
" I know their Craft, I know their Force, their Might;
" We Twenty are where One of them remains:
" Ah, Villains! this is but a silly Slight.
" Come, you shall have your well deserved Pains;
" In your own Nets your selves are ta'en full right.
" Come, we are for you: Come, receive your Blows,
" I see you long your wretched Lives to lose.

" Now, now, our Swords shall all those Wrongs amend,"
old *Odomar*, with Visage stern, cries out;
nd sundry of his Troops with him contend
o force them back: But they, with Courage stout,
n Answer sharp on Points of Lances send;
Who brought by this another Course about.
Fierce *Edward* then, with Sword and Shield so hollow,
Cuts down their Ranks, whom Blood and Death did follow.

rom his stern Looks his fearful Foes withdrew
heir Eyes that wink'd, which Clouds of Night bedims,
heir fainting Hearts distils a bloody Dew,
Death's threefold Horror thro' their Ears still swims,
heir Feet seem light to flee, faint to pursue,
A shiv'ring Cold thro' all their Bodies climbs;
Yea, at his very Sight his Foes resemble
The Seggs or Reeds in Fenns, with Wind that tremble.

And now no more their Captain they obey,
His Aw seems nothing to their awful Foe;
Altho' themselves were willing for to stay,
Their Legs, Hearts, Hands, unto their Will said, No:
All go to Flight, and here and there do stray;
Their Lord, altho' unwilling, needs must go;
He shames, to *England* while he hastes with Speed:
That he had broke his Vow for such a Deed.

Victorious *Edward* to the Siege return'd,
While *Omphraville*, that hears this Overthrow,
Knew that proud Fortune now her Back had turn'd,
Whose Smiles were chang'd to Frowns, remeedless Wo!
Wherefore he yields the Strength where he sojourn'd,
With Passage free in *England* for to go:
To this fierce Youth now all the Land obeys,
None his Commands nor his Behoofs gainsays.

While thus he reign'd and ruled over all,
His valiant Brother, that all-conqu'ring King,
The Lord of *Lorn*'s old Hate he did recal,
Which alf in one his angry Pow'rs did bring:
His Heraulds give the Camp but Leisure small,
To Lorn! To Lorn! their Proclamations sing.
But all this Time the worthy *Douglas* goes
Victorious still amongst his armed Foes.

Douglas strong Tow'r essays he first of all,
And Fifty Load of Hay, in Sacks well bound,
He caus'd to drive hard by the Castle-wall.
The * Captain, hoping Victuals to have found,
Isht with his Troops, whom ere he did recal,
He sees that conqu'ring Knight, so much renown'd,
Betwixt him and his Strength, who now with Might
Would force him either for to flee, or fight.

And thus the *Scots* assail with raging Mood,
Whom long the *English* valiantly withstands,
Till, like a Lion wet with lukewarm Blood,
The *Douglas* slops their Ranks and breaks their Bands;

* This Captain height *Wolton*.

He

He heav'd his Sword above their Heads, where stood
Both Life and Death, that urg'd him with Demands:
But as his Fury led him all to kill,
Fear led them for to shun remeedless Ill.

* *Wobton* himself dy'd by his valiant Hand,
Wobton that Captain was of all the Rout,
The rest from him that fled no Mercy fand;
All dy'd, yea e'en the Fearful with the Stout:
Nor Wall, nor Tow'r, nor Castle let they stand,
All thrown to Ground, the Ditches fill'd about.
Great *Douglas* Fame now flies o'er all the Land,
All yield to him, o'er all he doth command.

All *Douglasdale*, and *Ettrick*-Forest fair,
And *Jedburgh* to their native Prince then sought:
But the † Lord *Stewart*, *Bonkil*'s only Heir,
A Man that Valour's rarest Fruits forth brought,
Was charg'd by *England*'s King for to repair
Gainst Fortune's Knight for this great Wrong he wrought:
Who with him brought the valiant *Randolph* forth,
And bold Sir *Adam Gordon* much of Worth.

With these and Fifty more he came to view
The Land, and how the People stood affected;
But worthy *Douglas* of their Coming knew,
Their secret Drifts to him were all detected:
Then after them he softly did pursue,
And follow'd them afar, still unsuspected,
Till they, at Night, retir'd into an Inn
Was richly built upon the Banks of *Linn*.

Then round about the House his Men he set,
And threatned Fire, till they came thronging forth,
With bloody Fight then both the Parties met,
And both did prove the utmost of their Worth:
Thus ‡ *Scots* against the *Scots* were hardly set,
Nor was there any there of *English* Birth.

* This *Wobton* was enjoyned by his Mistress to keep the ventrous Castle of *Douglas* a year, before she would favour him; which Injunction was found in a Letter gotten on him when he was slain.
† The Lord *Stewart* of *Bonkil* riseth against the *Douglas*.
‡ A cruel Fight.

Great is the Heat, and Fury blows the Fire,
Where Friends against their Friends are mov'd with Ire.

Great Pity was't to view this woful Fight;
Still was the Killer kill'd, yet none would flee:
The *Douglas* Party was of greater Might,
Yet still the others fight, and fighting die,
At last, when Death and Slaughter's at the height,
Of Fifty none was left alive, but Three
That with the *Stewart* came; and *Douglas* lost
Of Fifty twice near Sixty six almost.

Bunkil's bold Lord, that could no more defend,
With *Randolph* and with *Gordon* steps aside,
And soon were hors'd to flee; but lo, in end
The *Douglas* did so well for that provide;
Their Way was stopt what Course soe'er they bend:
Sir *Adam Gordon* leads, and was their Guide,
Who with a desp'rate Hazard, brave, and bold,
Breaks thro' his Foes, and safe his Way doth hold.

The other Two did to the *Douglas* yield,
Who entertain'd them as his Friends most dear;
He many Days thereafter kept the Field,
But saw no Enemy at all appear.
Yet never irkt he Armour for to wield:
Wherefore unto his Prince he would retire,
Who now was on his Journey, *Lorn* to view;
Yet to the Camp he came ere any knew.

E'en to the Royal Tent swift Fame had born
The News of his Approach, unto the King;
Who from his Throne rose like the glorious Morn,
And to him says, " My Thoughts were combating
" If my lov'd Earl did live, or dy'd forlorn. "
And with his Arms about his Neck did hang,
Whileas he kneel'd. " My gracious Prince, *said he*,
" I live, if in your Grace; if not, I die. "

Much more they said. At last the Knight presents
His Prisoners unto his Royal Prince,

Whose

Whose Love his * Nephew too too soon prevents
With Speeches proud and spiteful Conference:
But Wisdom mild and grave with Rage convents,
And stay'd wrath-hasting Death for his Offence:
Yet *Bonkil*'s Lord and he's to Prison sent,
Where they must stay till *Lorn*'s new War be spent.

But now the Lord of *Lorn*, that clearly knew
Of their Approach, so well did him provide,
By Ship himself on Sea the Fight would view,
And left Two Thousand on the Land beside,
That to a Mountain's Top themselves withdrew,
Which did that Country by itself divide,
And underneath that Hill the Passage lay,
So that the Army's forc'd to pass that Way.

The King, that of them had Intelligence,
Sends *Douglas* forth, with him a chosen Band;
Who with much Pain, but short Continuance,
Had win their Backs by hid Ways, which they fand.
Now comes the Army to the Strait, and thence
They see their Foes above all armed stand
On Craigs, and hurl'd down mighty Stones from high,
And thence they let their Clouds of Arrows fly.

Wherefore another chosen Band intend,
With valiant *Hay*, to give the Charge before;
Of these the Stones brought many to their End,
And some return'd lam'd, bruis'd, and wounded sore;
Yet to his Foes bold *Hay* did still ascend
Still foremost, to encourage them the more;
And tho' but few, in spite of all their Foes,
They wan the Mountain's highest Top with Blows.

But surely there each one had los'd his Life,
Their Foes so huge encompass'd them about,
If *Douglas*, who with Labour, Pain, and Strife,
Had not arriv'd, with his resistless Rout:
But then, O then! Blows, Wounds, and Deaths were rife.
Long fought they, long was Victory in doubt:

* *Randolph* was his Sister's Son.

But *Douglas* now 'gan on his Men to frown,
Because they were so long unoverthrown.

Then with the strongest Ranks it fareth worse,
His Sword there makes a wide and bloody Lane,
He treads them kill'd and wounded by his Force;
Who yieldeth lives, all that resist are slain.
So kills a Hound the Cur, without Remorse,
That bites, when he that yields his Life doth gain.
Our Knight still kills the Arm'd with best Assistance,
And scorns t'assail, but where he finds Resistance.

Good valiant *Hay*, that thro' the Rout forth went,
Found matchless *Douglas* dealing Deaths enow,
And to his Side he stept incontinent,
A hardy Friend, bold, constant, wise, and true;
These Two once met, were all sufficient
A great and mighty Army to subdue:
Yea, tho' bold *Hay* had hidden from the Fight,
Douglas alone had put them all to Flight.

At last, discomfit, all do flee away
Down to a tumbling River deep and red;
They past a Bridge that o'er this River lay,
Which they would cut, of Danger to be fre'd:
But of their Work they did them quickly stay,
And gave so fierce a Charge till thence they fled.
By this one Bridge the Army past the Flood,
And found from thence that no Man them withstood.

A wond'rous Strength was there, *Dunstaffage* height,
The vanquish'd Rebels mann'd this Fortress strong;
But with a Siege inviron'd hard and strait
They forced are to yield it up ere long.
Argile's old Earl, a Man of wond'rous Might,
Got Peace, whose * Son had done such endless Wrong.
Then all submit themselves the King before,
E'en all the Lords along the Western Shore.

All faithful *Scots* rejoice of his Success,
And for to show their just conceived Ire,

* The Lord *Lorn* was Son to the Earl of *Argile*.

Their

ir crafty Foe by Craft they would suppress
l, when Occasion wink'd at their Desire:
ongst the rest that shew their Willingness,
Country Swain there dwelt in *Lithgow*-Shire,
hat was both fearless, hardy, strong, and bold,
e to his native Prince some Service would.

ile or Strength by *Lithgow*-Lake there stood,
t held in aw the Country round about;
Hundred *English*, with their Captain good,
mmands the Strength well fortify'd about:
s Country Clown oft, for their Horses Food,
h Provender and Hay came in and out;
ive Sons he had as bold as was their Sire,
hree Brethren born and bred in *Mars* his Ire.

d these well arm'd, within a Wain he set,
d cunningly he cover'd them with Hay,
n driveth forth his Wain straight to the Gate,
ere he arrived with the Morning gray:
e Porter rose, and in the Wain he let.
s Driver *Binny* heght, who made no Stay,
ut to the Porter leap'd, and soon dispatch'd him,
hen forth he lets the rest, while nothing fash'd him.

d soon themselves they thro' the Chambers spred,
ne slept; some arm'd, and naked some they fand;
all their Lives at length they quickly rid:
ne that resists could their rude Rage withstand.
ineen were to the Captain's Chamber fled,
o with him, tho' unarm'd, these Houses mann'd:
ut Tow'rs nor Walls could not prevent their Smart,
Mild Pity dwells not in a Currish Heart.

e King, return'd from *Lorn*, did well reward
is *Binny* for so hazardous a Deed.
en of his Nephew *Randolph* hath Regard;
still his Love his Anger did exceed.
ray's great Earldom he for him prepar'd,
whom hereafter he might stand in need:
And sure his Worth is worthily renown'd,
A braver Knight ne'er trode upon the Ground:

Who

Who being to his Uncle reconcil'd,
Wish'd oft, within his haughty Heart, to show
Some Piece of rarest Service in the Field,
Whose Fame his former Faults might far outgo:
Fortune e'en then did fit Occasion yield,
Whereby the King his willing Mind should know.
Nine Provinces with *England* yet did stand
Besouth the silver *Forth*, e'en all the Land

Obeyed *England*'s King: But only Three,
Jedburgh, and *Ettrick*, and fair *Douglasdale*,
These by the mighty *Douglas* conquer'd be,
'Gainst whose all-conqu'ring Arm none could prevail.
In all these Lands brave *Randolph* well did see
Many strong Holds and Castles to assail;
Amongst the which was one, whose Strength excell'd,
The *Virgin*-Tow'r, or *Maiden*-Castle call'd.

Of that high Craig this beautifies the Top,
Whereon the Famous *Edinburgh* doth stand,
And that fair Town's free Liberties doth stop,
So proudly doth the Garison command:
Whose Wills to tame, their Insolence to crop,
His Uncle puts the Charge into his Hand:
Which he obeys; and being furnish'd out,
With a strait Siege he sets the Walls about.

A * *Gascoign* Captain Chief was of the Hold,
Whom straight the *English* take and put in Bands,
And of themselves they choos'd a Captain bold,
That valiantly their Enemy withstands,
Who in continual Labour doth them hold
By new Assaults with fresh and warlike Bands;
Yet still with Loss he's forc'd for to retire,
So resolute and bold his Foes appear.

At last he seeks for to obtain by Slight
Where Strength did fail, and where no Force prevails,
For sure it was impregnable by Might,
In vain with warlike Force he still assails:

* The Name of the *Gascoign* was Sir *Pierre le Bald*.

William French, or *Frances*, lo he heght,
ho comes one Day to him, and thus reveals:
" To win the Hold, my Lord, I know the Way,
" Nor all their Force my ſubtil Craft can ſtay.

My luſty Youth I ſpent within theſe Walls
As Captive, while my Father did command;
My Love within the Town, as oft it falls,
To whom by Night a ſecret Way I fand,
Tho' dangerous, to Banquets, Masks, and Balls;
I went for Love: O! what can Love withſtand?
" I ſhall you lead up thro' the Craig by Night,
" Unto a Wall but ſcant ſe'en Cubits height. "

Glad was the Earl that he did thus deviſe,
nd promis'd him a fair and rich Reward:
hen pitchy Clouds then muffle up the Skies,
ith Thirty and his Guide, the Count repair'd
ard to the Rock, and mounting doth ariſe
Thouſand Fathoms height, without regard;
For fearful Danger could them not withhold,
Under the Wall at laſt they reſt them would.

hen ſtraight above them doth the Watch repair,
nd o'er the Wall one throws a mighty Stone,
he which a Corner of the Craig did bear
ard by them, elſe they dy'd had ev'ry one.
lee, Traitors! Flee! quod one, *I ſee you there.*
ut with her dreadful Veil black Night alone
Had cover'd them, by Heav'ns high Providence,
Elſe with a Thought their Souls had parted thence.

he Watch, that hears nor ſees nothing, departs,
hen to the Wall they ſet their Ladder ſtraight,
nd *Frances* firſt aſcends, that knew theſe Parts;
t *Andrew Gray* was next, a valiant Knight;
hen mounts the Earl; when, with couragious Hearts,
he Watch returns, that now had got a Sight
Of them, and *Treaſon! Treaſon!* loudly cries;
Wherewith they all awak'd, in Arms ariſe.

Then

Then that brave Lord and his Two Knights purſue
The Watch, with ſuch undaunted Courage ſtout,
That all of them they quickly overthrew,
When all the armed Gariſon comes out;
The *Scots* ere then got up, all do renew
A deadly Fight, while Blood flow'd round about.
Their bloody Swords oft give a gloomy Light,
Still made more fearful by the dreadful Night.

Great was the Number of the *Engliſh* Foe,
But many Hearts were ſeiz'd with ſudden Fear;
And yet their Captain did great Valour ſhow,
With whom as yet themſelves they bravely bear.
A hardy *Scot* doth to the Captain go,
That *Seton* height, a Knight that knew no Fear,
Grave, wiſe, and old, whoſe Counſel's ſtay'd Effect
The worthy *Randolph* held in great Reſpect.

Three Sons he had, that with himſelf forth ſpeeds,
And when he ſees the Captain's murd'ring Ire;
" * My Sons, *quod he*, let this bold Knight's brave Deeds
" Be Bellows for to kindle Anger's Fire:
" Perils and Dangers hard are Honour's Seeds,
" Fame-worthy Praiſe to Perils ſtill aſpire."
His tender Whelps ſo leads the Lion old
Forth to their Prey, and whets their Courage bold.

The Youths ſtept forth, and with their hardy Father
The warlike Captain furiouſly purſue.
The old Knight hits him on the Helm, but neither
His Armour pierc'd he, nor his Blood forth drew;
Who not afraid, but enraged rather,
His Brand with Blood of honour'd Age t'imbrue,
Quite thro' his gentle Breaſt the Brand he thruſt,
Whoſe Life and Blood both at the Wound forth burſt.

The youngeſt Son that ſees his Father ſlain,
Holds up his dying Sire with both his Hands.
But, O, poor Pity! Kindneſs, O in vain!
In vain for Help he calls; for his Demands

* A pitiful Fight.

Are

e soon cut off, and with them cut in twain
is Arms, that link about his Sire like Bands:
Down fall they both, both bid the rest Adieu,
Both kissing die: Ah, woful Sight to view.

wo Brethren now were only left alive,
nd yet tho' both alive, both twice were slain
these two Deaths, yet both against him strive;
r neither could his Fury great restrain.
he Breast down to the Bowels he doth rive
one, the other's Head he cleft in twain.
The Noise and Tumult of this hapless Fight
Brought *Randolph* for to view this woful Sight.

e rudely broke the Press, and came in Time
o take Revenge, but too too late to aid.
Ah, wo is me! *quod he*, shall Youth's fair Prime
Be thus destroy'd, and Wisdom's Wealth decay'd?
Who durst commit so inhumane a Crime?
Who hath so far from Reason's Center stray'd?
" He, *quod the Captain*, who dares seal his Deed
" With thy hot Blood, and on thy Heart dares feed. "

r Rage and Wrath the Count could not reply,
r strongly thrusts his Sword forth him before
ate thro' his Breast; the Wound he ripp'd t'espy
is cruel Heart, which his left Hand forth tore,
nd wrung forth Blood, sprinkling on these that ly
n newly dead. " If this can back restore
" Your Lives, he proves a Pelican, *quod he*;
" If not, let this appease your Ghosts from me. "

nd not suffic'd with this Revenge, at Will
e wracks upon the Multitude his Wrath,
heir Captain's Blood suffic'd him not, until
hey ran in Heaps to flee such cruel Death.
ome leap the Craig, some run out o'er the Hill,
hese break their Necks, those crush'd to Dust beneath.
So headlong flies a Flight of simple Doves,
When from her Way the princely Falcon bows.

Ere

Ere then Night fled, to let the lightsom Day
Unfold her Works of Murder, Death, and Blood,
The Strength was won, no *Southern* there did stay,
Nor saw they any that their Will gainstood.
The *Gascoign* Captain, that in Prison lay,
The Earl releas'd from Bands and Servitude.
Then fully was that * Prophecy perfited,
Which *Canmoir*'s Saint-like Queen therein indited.

CAPUT XV.

The ARGUMENT.

A Messenger unto the King doth show
Sad News that doth incense his wrathful Ire;
From Roxburgh's *Tow'rs brave* Douglas *beats the Foe;*
Edward's *bold Answer quench'd his Brother's Fire:*
To view the English *Camp doth* Douglas *go.*
The Scots *obey their Prince's just Desire;*
Few Men they send, but valiant, fierce, and bold,
Choos'd forth of every Region uncontroul'd.

SCOTLAND's Great King that all this time had gon
From Town to Town, from City, Strength, and Tow'
Through *Fife*, *Strathern*, *Mearns*, *Angus*, one by one,
And *Goury*'s Carse; which all unto his Pow'r
Did gladly yield, and he, e'en he alone
Their native Lord was their great Conqueror:
But he to *Edinburgh* return'd at last,
Till Isicles his chilling Breath forth blast.

No greater Pomp, Solemnity, nor Glory,
Magnificence, Praise, Riches, nor Renown,
Got *Cæsar*, as records the *Roman* Story,
Whenas he made the Western World bow down

* Queen *Margaret*, that was canoniz'd *The Chaste*, wrote upon the Wa of the Chapel, *Garde vous le Francois*, with a Man climbing up a Ladd on a Wall, which is meant by *Frances* that was the Cause of winning th Castle.

T

To *Rome*'s proud Rule, whereof he might be ſorry,
Nor enter'd he more bravely in that Town
Than our Great Lord when firſt he enter'd here,
Who was more lov'd, whom all as much did fear.

While here he ſtay'd, admir'd, fear'd, lov'd of all,
To him brave *Randolph* did the Caſtle yield,
Which to the Ground he raz'd, both Tow'r and Wall,
That there his Foe again ſhould have no Bield:
And on a Day, ſet in his princely Hall,
He to his Knights and Lords his Will reveal'd,
When ſtraight a Meſſenger doth to him bring
Tidings of Joy, whereof new Troubles ſpring.

The Meſſenger upon his Face doth fall,
And ſays: " Great King, and my moſt Gracious Prince,
" All Praiſe be giv'n to God, that doth inſtal
" Upon our Throne thy Worth, thy Excellence;
" God grant that in thy Seed he may recal
" Thy Glory, and reſume thy Greatneſs thence:
" Thy Brother *Edward* humbly greeteth thee,
" And warns thee thus of what is paſt, by me.

" *Ruglen*'s ſtrong Pile is ta'en by *Edward* bold,
" That warlike Town *Dundee* by him is won,
" And alſo Royal *Stirling* uncontroul'd
" Gladly receiv'd his conqu'ring Army in:
" But that impregnable and matchleſs Hold
" *Stirling*'s ſtrong Caſtle, would not once begin
" To hear of Peace, till Famine-forc'd, at laſt
" They *parle* thus, and thus their Peace is paſt.

" A Year to keep the Hold he them permits,
" And if within that Time great *England*'s King
" Relieves them not, but careleſs them omits,
" Then in his Hands they ſhall the Place reſign.
" Sir *Philip Moubray* there in ruling ſits,
" He's gone to *England*, Succour thence to bring:
" And now that mighty King provides, we hear,
" By Gain and Gold to bring all *Europe* here:

" For he by Proclamation great hath sworn,
" Thro' ev'ry Kingdom, Country, Town, and Shire,
" That *Scotland*'s Name by him shall be outworn,
" He will destroy that Nation in his Ire:
" And all that come, of other Nations born,
" To keep that Day, shall have what they desire,
" And of this Kingdom great, without Extortion,
" Each equal to his Worth shall have his Portion.

" Great Multitudes of Strangers Day by Day,
" Brought by these Means, in *England* do arrive;
" So that they think rich *England* scarcely may
" Find Store enough to keep them all alive:
" Besides those Countries great that him obey,
" In *France* all Princes his Confed'rates strive
" Who shall the best and greatest Armies raise,
" So willing seems all *Europe* him to please.

" And thus in Time your Grace would needs be ware
" To sue with Gifts the angry King to please;
" Or if you mind to try the Chance of War,
" Provide in Time your Forces for to raise."
Wherewith the King's Eyes burnt with Wrath's red Star.
" Should we his Ire with Gifts, *quod he*, appease?
" Why, Villain, what base Fear so timorous
" E'er till this Day hast thou espy'd in us?

" Have we till now sustain'd such endless Pain,
" And Storms of War's sad Tempests have outworn,
" Our Kingdom, Crown, and Country to obtain,
" And rais'd our self in spite of *England*'s Scorn;
" For Brags thus for to fold with Shame again,
" When Fortune to our Foot the Ball hath born?
" No, Heav'ns forbid, such Clouds of Fear and Shame
" Should so obscure our Morning's rising Beam.

" What tho' the Pride of our imperious Foe
" With ever sole Destruction doth us boast?
" Our Forces mean his Multitudes do know;
" Yea tho' a World of Men augment his Host,
" Our Mite increaseth with his Talent; lo,
" The Widow's Oil, when bless'd, tho' least, was most:

" He

" He must be many still, and still be glorious;
" And few we must be still, and still victorious.

" Let him bring forth his *England*, *Ireland*, *Wales*,
" With *Britaigne*, *Gascoign*, and fair *Aquitain*,
" *Poiction*, and *Guyen*, and all Countries else,
" With *Scotland*'s better Part; yet all in vain:
" God us protects, 'gainst whose strong Arm prevails
" No earthly Pow'r; in him our Hopes remain:
" True *Scots* we bring, and bring this Praise withal,
" 'Gainst *Scots* alone all *Europe*'s thought too small."

Thus spoke the King: While all his Lords and Peers
Rejoic'd thereat, and hop'd in Heav'n's Revenger,
While he, not only fearless, bold appears,
But also ware, and wisely weighs the Danger.
He for each Captain sends, who soon compears,
Consulting all how to bear off the Stranger:
The conqu'ring Knight came there, whose worthy Acts
My tir'd Quill mends, and my dull Muse awakes.

How soon the King returned was from *Lorn*,
And Progress took thro' ev'ry Region fair,
To view the Land whereto himself was born
As righteous King, just Prince, and only Heir;
Douglas, that Rest and Ease did ever scorn,
Did back unto the South again repair,
Where he the *English* oft did overthrow:
But *Roxburgh*, how he wan I'll only show;

And thus it was: On *Fasten-Eve*'s dark Night
Threescore he brings in Armour pitchy black,
All on their Hands and Feet do creep outright,
No Noise, no Sound, no Word bewray'd their Tract.
The Watch them sees, but so, as in their Sight
They seem'd a Herd of Beeves; and thus they spake:
" This Night good *Roger* lets his Herd at large,
" Whereof ere long Black *Douglas* may take Charge."

He smiles to see their Sight deceived so;
But hard below the Wall arriv'd at last:

In goes the Watch, such thund'ring Tempests blow.
Ledhouse a Ladder made of Tows upcast,
Whose Cleeks of Iron soundeth with the Throw;
Yet full of Courage he ascendeth fast.
This Engine he devis'd, whereby to gain
Himself some Glory, and his Foes some Pain.

The Sentinel that hears the Sound, espies
Ledhouse ascend, and quickly to him goes,
Who doth not only on the Walls arise
But kills him too, then down the Carcase throws.
When all were mounted, *Douglas* quickly hies
Down to the Hall, for to assail his Foes,
Who now amidst their Fest'val Joys were caught;
Some play to Death, some drink their latest Draught.

With Life-devouring Swords the *Scots* arrive,
That *Douglas*! *Douglas*! cry, whose very Name
So dreadful seem'd, that few for Weapons strive,
But flee to save their Lives, not caring Shame:
Ere Day Three Hundred they of Life deprive.
The * Captain with the rest themselves reclaim
In a strong Tow'r; but *Douglas* kept the Field,
Till Famine forc'd them all at last to yield.

And then brave *Douglas* they intreat for Peace,
To whom anon they render up the Hold,
Themselves, their Lives, and all unto his Grace;
Who was as wise and mild as fierce and bold;
Them of that Bondage straight he did release,
And sent them home with all their Wealth, their Gold:
And then to *Edinburgh* his Course he bent,
Where warlike BRUCE for all his Lords had sent.

There *Edward*, there Great *Stewart* might he see,
True *Marr*, wise *Lennox*, *Hay* and *Randolph* strong,
With many more, grave Councellors that be
To their brave Prince, who sat them all among.
All Silence kept, he mus'd with Majesty
While on his Throne he sat: At last of Wrong

* The Captain hight *Guilliam Ferms*; whereby it appears he was a *French*-Man.

Ac-

Accus'd his Brother; who, with rev'rent Fear
To these his wise and solid Words gave Ear.

Brother, what Haste, what Rashness did you guide?
What Folly caus'd you give so long a Day
To *England*'s mighty King, for to provide
His Forces great? When, well you know, he may
Bring forth for ev'ry One upon our Side
A Hundred valiant Knights in good aray.
" How could you think, that we could him gainstand,
" Who yet most Part of *Scotland* doth command?

Yea, tho' he would no other Forces raise
But only *Scots*, for to relieve the Hold,
E'en these can overmatch us, if he please;
Much more with *Irish*, *English*, *Welch* Men bold,
With *Almains*, *French*, and *Dutch*, and by all these
Whom in Subjection he in *France* doth hold:
" All these shall come; and with a World of Men
" Shall we be able to encounter then?

Surely you had no Foresight here at all,
And so our rising State you wronged much;
What we have conquest yet, is very small,
Nor are we sure of these; the Commons such
Inconstant Minds to bear: And so our Fall
Is near, if one the broken Reed but touch.
" Better had been we ne'er had sought with Pain
" To climb so high, so soon to fall again.

His Brother answers: " Heav'ns forbid, that so
Should fall! What I have done we cannot mend,
Nor need we much to fear our mighty Foe,
Tho' he bring Armies from the World's End:
His *Sun* is at his Summer-Solstice, lo!
And needs he must return for to descend.
" Fortune must frown when she too long hath smil'd,
" Who surest hopeth oft, is oft beguil'd.

Yea, tho' he had a Hundred Kingdoms more,
And could a Hundred *Englands* bring to War;

" By

" By Heav'n, he shall have Battle once before
" He come to *Stirling*, if to come he dare."
Thus spake bold *Edward*, whose bold Words restore
The shining Light of Glory's darkned Star
In many Hearts; which to great Love doth raise him:
His Brother in his Heart doth greatly praise him.

But gravely thus again the King began:
" My Lords, my Captains, and my Chieftains all,
" I gladly would we were assured when
" Our Foes should come, and when our Troops recal;
" For our mean Force must be made stronger then,
" To catch Occasion and give 'vantage small."
" Then *Douglas* says, " My Lord, let one be sent
" That war'ly can perceive what's their Intent.

" And surely I my self the Man must be,
" I'll slily walk thro' all their Squadrons brave,
" A *French* Man of a *Scot* they all shall see,
" With *Almains*, *French*, and *Dutch* I can deceive:
" I know their Lords and Princes of Degree,
" Thro' all their Camp the Secrets I will have:
" I'll raze my Beard, and *basane* make my Face;
" I'll change my Voice, my Gesture, and my Grace.

Loath was the King that he should undergo
This fearful Task he for himself provides:
But needs he would be gone at last, and so
Disguised like a *French* Man forth he rides:
His Face strak'd with an Oyl, no Part did show
Of his first Grace, his Countenance it hides:
The Accents hard of *French* he sounds so right,
That e'en the *French* themselves mistake their Sight.

The worthy BRUCE his Time not idly spent,
But forth to Muster calls his Men of War;
Forth to the flow'ry Banks of *Forth* they went
Unto a pleasant Meadow large and square.
Dear Muse, tho' Time hath in Oblivion pent
These Worthies Names that here did Armour bear,

And

And make their Offsprings Names to differ far;
Thou knows both what they were, and what they are.

But what they were, were longsome to repeat,
Only as they are now to us unfold;
That tho' their Names be somewhat chang'd of late,
Yet we may know them for the Offspring bold
That yet remains: Stand not on Points of State,
But let each Land, each Province, be enroll'd
With their Lord's Name, and these such Tincture lend
As mighty Time nor Age may after spend.

Unto the Camp their worthy King forth goes,
Their King, their Captain, and their Gen'ral great;
While all the common Soldiers arose
With joyful Shouts and Signs of Love perfite:
Pleas'd with their Salutations sweet, he shows
A chearful Smile, their Love for to requite;
Then gives Command, against the following Morn,
Their glorious Standards should the Plain adorn.

No sooner *Titan* burnish'd *Neptune*'s Wave,
And spread his Beams o'er Earth's enamell'd Breast,
When forth the Worthies, warlike, bold and brave,
Came all in shining Steel, their glist'ring Crest
Adorn'd with Plumes, their armed Horse whose Show
With stately Pransing seem'd with Pride possess'd
Before their Lord; he from a Rock's proud Height
On ev'ry Troop down-bent his curious Sight.

Now *Edward*'s, *Douglas*, *Randolph*'s Troops remain'd
About the King, nor march'd they to the Plain.
And all on *Douglas* Absence much complain'd;
But most of all his own Men thought in vain
A Sight he of the *English* Camp obtain'd;
Nor fear'd he ought, nor would he turn again.
Whom to his Fortune leave we now, to show
These Troops that march'd unto the Plain below.

From *Skyland*, *Orkney*, *Cathness* fair and wide,
Forth stretch'd to the great North these Countries lies,

Came forth Two Thousand led in martial Pride,
By * Two bold Earls of ancient Families,
That long these Countries large did wisely guide:
And tho' far off they ly, yet they arise
To help their noble Prince, their Mind's so haughty,
Showing thereby their Faith, Zeal, Love, their Duty.

Ross, *Sutherland*, *Strathnaver*, next to them,
As many Men, as brave, as stout, as strong,
Led by † Two worthy Earls of ancient Fame,
Great *Sutherland* and *Ross* right famous long.
Of ‡ *Irish Scots* in Clans that kept the Name,
Five Hundred thrice their Chieftains brought along
From all these Mountain-Countries North that ly,
And pleasant Shores that coast the *Irish* Sea.

* *Randolph* brought forth all *Murray*'s Shire almost;
These wait on him, he waits upon the King.
The Men of *Buchan*, tho' their Lord was lost,
To shew their Love and Duty, forth did bring
A Thousand bold, brought from that pleasant Coast
That still beholds the *German* Ocean spring;
For Grain a fertile Land, for Pasture good,
The Men a People of *Bellona*'s Brood.

From *Marr* Two Thousand came of warlike Fame,
Led by that ever famous Earl of † *Marr*,
Whose faithful Heart, whose much redoubted Name
Yet never left his Prince in Peace or War;
Whose Star of Glory ever casts a Beam
Which still illuminates both near and far.
The Men of *Athole* then their Ensign spread,
A Thousand by their gallant ‡ Earl forth led.

From *Mearns* next there came of Squires and Knights
A Thousand, warlike, hardy, fearless, bold,

* The Earls of *Orkney* and *Cathness*.
† The Earls of *Sutherland* and *Ross*.
‡ The *Frazers*, *Grants* and *Clancbattan*.
* The Earl of *Murray*.
† Earl of *Marr*.
‡ Earl of *Athole*.

Led by their * Earl, train'd up in martial Fights:
Their Earl whose Worth my Muse cannot unfold,
Whose great Ancestors shin'd still glorious Lights,
And whose first Father did the Land uphold
From Bondage wild, for which they still command
As only great Lord-*Marschals* of the Land.

But *Angus* height the Region next that lies,
A famous, fertile, fair and pleasant Land,
From which Two Thousand did in Arms arise,
Led by great Lords that by themselves command,
As *Ogilvy*, † and *Brechin* bold and wise,
Montrose great Earl that led a valiant Band:
But he that led the most Part of that Host
Was *Crawford*'s mighty Earl, who ruled most.

Next ‡ *Gowry's Carse*, a pleasant Country, lies
Upon the northern Banks of famous *Tay*,
And to the North, the East, and West arise
Pleasant green Hills up to the cloudy Sky,
That like a Wall impregnable defies
The boasting Foe or foreign Enemy,
Stretching their ragged Arms, aloft ascending,
The pleasant Plains from Tempests still defending:

Where Barley, Wheat, and all the Sorts of Grain
That pleasant Country plentifully yields;
In all the Valleys, Meads, and ev'ry Plain
The fruitful Trees are strow'd thro' all the Fields:
The Regions round about that do remain
Are still supply'd from thence, where Plenty wields;
By Heav'n and Nature grac'd with all Things else,
That e'en the famous *Normandy* excels.

The Port or Entress to this pleasant Land
Is strong *Dundee*, well situate and fair,
Betwixt it and the *German* Lake that stand
Where as *Tay*'s mighty Flood with murm'ring Care,

* Earl *Marschal*; His first Forebeet at the Battle of *Arbroth* slew *Camus* Prince of the *Danes*, for which he got great Lands, and was made Marschal of *Scotland*.
† Lord *Ogilvy*. Lord of *Brechin*. Earl of *Montrose*. Earl of *Crawford*.
‡ A Description of the *Carse of Gowry*.

Like *Tagus* rolling o'er the golden Sand,
Doth cast himself away as in Despair.
From this fair Land came forth a Thousand good,
That in their Country's Cause would spend their Blood.

By mighty * *Errol* were these Troops forth led,
Whose great Beginning gloriously was wrought,
When as the bloody *Danes* their Ensigns spread
Here, to destroy our Nation while they sought.
As endless Swarms in Thousand Bee-hives bred,
Such endless Swarms these rude Barbarians brought
Of armed Savages, tho' still withstood,
And fill'd the Land with Famine, War, and Blood.

But when their Moon was full, their Tide at height,
Our Ebb so low that Hope and all was lost;
Thy first Forebe'r stout *Hay* came to the Fight,
Who with two Sons alone their Fortune cross'd,
Whose Valours only put them all to Flight.
O Wonder! Th ee o'ercome a mighty Host:
But so *Jove* will'd, that from so fair a Spring
Scotland's great Constable his Stream should bring.

Then fertile *Fife* next muster'd forth her Brood,
A Land by Nature fair, and rich by Art;
From *Tay*'s great Stream to *Forth*'s clear crystal Flood,
She gathers forth her Bands in ev'ry Part;
Earls, Lords, and Knights, they all are Horsemen good,
Three Thousand chosen Men of high Desert.
† *Rothes* great Earl, and many Earls beside,
Amidst these Troops spread forth their Ensigns wide.

Three Thousand more came forth of *Lothian* fair,
All Princes, Lords, and Knights, and Men of Fame,
Where ‡ *Seton*'s Lord, e'en *Winton*'s Earl, did bear
Not meanest Rule, with others of great Name.

* The Earl of *Errol*'s Forebeer, at the Battle of *Loncarty*, with his two S and Yokes in their Hands, stayed the *Scots* from Flight, and obtained Victory; for which he got the *Carse of Gowry*, and was made Constable *Scotland*.

† Earl of *Rothes* and the Lord *Lindsay*, with others.

‡ Lord *Seton*, Earl of *Winton*.

Angus great Earl, and *Morton*, both were there,
Tho' other Countries fair might them reclaim
Where they bore Rule, with many Barons more,
As Gems do Rings, whose Worths that Land decore.

Then *Lithgow*'s Shire and *Stirling*'s pleasant Land
Seven times Five Hundred Men of Arms forth send;
There * *Livingstone* o'er *Lithgow* did command;
Lord † *Elphinstoun* his Aid did likewise lend;
Monteith's old Earl brought forth a chosen Band;
A gallant Rout on *Erskin*'s Lord depend
From *Clyde* that came: All these and many mo,
As Floods to th' Ocean, to their Sov'reign flow.

Perth and *Strathern*, two Regions fair and broad,
Sent forth Two Thousand hardy Knights on Horse,
Strathern and *Drummond* Earl of *Perth* forth led
The greatest Part of all this martial Force.
And here the *Murrays* forth their Ensign spread,
Who from *Moravia* bring their Ancestors;
A doughty Race of People, bold and stern,
Led by that valiant Lord of † *Tillibara'n*.

And ‡ *Bonkil*'s Lord there came, that *Stewart* height,
Whom *Douglas* with brave *Randolph* took of yore,
When *Huntley*'s mighty Lord, by honour'd Flight
Escap'd from *Jedburgh*, as you heard before:
He brought a gallant Troop, and wrought so right,
That to his Prince's Peace he did restore
This * *Adam Gordon*, *Huntley*'s noble Lord,
With Virtue and with Valour much decor'd.

He in the *Merse* a mighty Rule did bear;
Yen he, of whom Heav'ns Maker had decreed
Such Branches still should spring as should upreat
That House to such a Height, as now his Seed

* Lord *Livingstone*, Earl of *Lithgow*.
† Lord *Elphinstoun*.
‡ Earl of *Monteith*.
* Lord *Drummond* Earl of *Perth*; and the Earl of *Strathern*.
† Lord *Murray* of *Tillibairdin*, Earl of *Balquhidder*.
‡ Lord *Stewart* then of *Bonkill*.
* Lord Marquis of *Huntley*.

Reigns in the North, nor can Time's Age outwear
Their Greatness, Worth, and well-deserving Meed:
Nor can it be amiss for to repeat,
From South to North what caus'd them change their Seat.

This Lord's brave * Son in *Mars* his bloody Field,
In spite of Thousands of his armed Foes,
With conqu'ring Sword made *Athol*'s Earl to yield,
That in despite of *Scotland*'s King arose,
And to the *English* Foe became a Shield,
Till they a second Time procur'd new Woes:
For which brave Deed, his Prince did him declare
Lord of *Strathbogie*'s fertile Region fair.

His Race ay since oft mixt with princely Blood,
In the great North doth worthily command
From *Bogie*'s Stream to *Spey*'s great famous Flood,
And famous made their Name in many a Land,
And to their Prince hath done such Service good
As in the Height of Glory still they stand:
So little Springs of fair clear crystal Fountains
Become great Floods, and swell o'er topless Mountains.

From thence great Lords arose, whose Virtues rare
Might well by Fame's eternal Bays be crown'd,
Of whom our Country's Writers are so spare
That in Oblivion's Flood their Deeds are drown'd,
Whose Worth great Volumes could not all declare,
Deserving well for ay to be renown'd:
Yet Writers blameless are, as may be seen,
For of Renown all *Scots* have careless been.

Which makes them yet unto the World obscure,
So that most Part of *Europe* doth not know them,
Altho' their worthy Actions might procure
O'er all the Earth in Glory for to show them:
What *Homer*'s Pains can make their Name endure?
Praise them alive, let Death quite o'erthrow them.

* This Sir *Alexander Gordon* fought the Field of *Killblane* against the E[illegible] of *Athole*, who took part with *England*, which Earl the said Sir *Alexander* [illegible] with his own Hand, for which he got the Lands of *Strathbogie*.

The

They scorn their Wealth should cherish Learning true,
And after Death to look for Payment due.

But soft, my Muse, faint not for all thy Pain,
This Family doth for the World prepare
A * Youth, who seeks to wash away that Stain
From this great House, with magnanimious Care;
Whose martial Heart Heav'n never fram'd in vain,
Like to his valiant Sires, that might compare
With Fortune's Knight, for happy Success still;
So Fortune shall his brave Designs fulfil.

O! this is he that must one Day propine
Me with the flowing Subject of my Song,
Upon whose Brow such Glory great shall shine.
O Muse! my Zeal inflame with Fury strong
His Character to paint with Tincture fine,
Transparent, neat, and clear, my Lays among:
All Mysteries thou knows beneath the Skies,
Then lead me in where his rare Fortune lies.

What is he then? O! boldly may thou say
In his rich Soul all Faculties inshrin'd,
Whose sweet Complexion bears a mutual Sway
Of all the Elements in Peace conjoin'd,
With such a Love and fraudless Sympathy
As all commands, yet all obeys the Mind:
His Temper fine doth model forth apart
The rare Ingine of Nature, Heav'n, and Art.

Time shall not change his Purpose solid Ground,
His Course: no Course shall lett or bear awry;
Fortune in Chains his Fortitude hath bound,
For Judgment's sharpest, clear, and subtile Eye
Can pry where Danger once his Heart shall wound,
His matchless Mind is elevate so high:
Yea, Nature of her Treasure, Wealth, and Store,
Gives him the Key, and lets him ope' the Door.

Ah, O! how am I thus with Pleasure led
Midst the Wilderness of his Perfection,

* George Lord *Gordon*, Earl of *Enzie*.

Where, having Thousand sundry Ways to tread,
My self may lose my self without Direction?
From such a Labyrinth I must be fre'd,
To hold my wand'ring Wits in some Subjection:
There where thou left, dear Muse, return in haste.
When *Gordon*'s Prince him in the North had plac'd,

He did not leave bysouth his Seat so bare,
But of a younger Brother is descended,
From that same Stock a * Race whose Virtues rare
Hath worthy still been judg'd to be commended.
But pardon me that stands for to declare
The Race of which I not so much intended;
Yet if I bring more from Oblivion's Brink,
What Reason is't they should in *Lethe* sink?

This *Huntley*'s Lord, great *Gordon*, with him brought
A Thousand Horsemen clad in glist'ring Arms;
All these cast off the *English* Yoke, and sought
After the dreadful Sound of War's Alarms
From *Huntley*, and all longsome *Gordon* thought:
The *Merse* obey'd, and fear'd great *England*'s Harms.
But lo! *Argile* comes with their Earl, whose † Son
Let to repent his Wrongs had not begun.

Scotland's great Justice is that aged Knight,
And o'er the *Irish-Scots* ‡ great Rule he bare;
These Men are active, nimble, quick, and light,
Light is their Raiment, Armour none they wear;
At all times ready for to flee or fight,
Well made, well favour'd, cleanly, smooth, and fair:
They're somewhat rude, yet mild if mildly us'd,
Most cruel in Revenge, if once abus'd.

Of these Two Thousand Archers brought he forth;
And with Two-handed Swords and Shirts of Mail
A Thousand more, of much redoubted Worth;
Five Hundred Horsemen, bold for to assail,

* The Laird of *Lochinvare*.
† The Lord *Lorn* was Son to this Earl of *Argile*.
‡ A short Description of the *Irish-Scots*.

* Barons

* Barons and Knights, all sprung of noble Birth,
Guard him, 'gainst whom his Foes could not prevail:
These Gallants brave were much to be commended,
All of his Name, and of his Line descended.

And from the West came forth a valiant Band,
Which did consist of twice Five Hundred Horse,
Quick, agile, ready for to charge at hand
With Sword or Lance, all of approved Force;
From *Lennox* and *Dumbritton*'s pleasant Land,
Whose flow'ry Marge still seemeth amorous
Of tumbling *Clyde*, whose Billows strive in vain
To wound the Bosom of the western Main.

These to obey their gallant Lord were glad,
Lennox † good Earl, that never serv'd in vain.
The last great Troop was also bravely led,
A Thousand Horsemen they did well contain,
By *Glasgow*, *Irving*, and *Renfrew* were bred
These Men, in *Bute*'s strong Isle did some remain:
Scotland's Great *Steward* was their Lord, and height
‡ *Walter* by Name, wise, valiant, bold in Fight.

These are the Troops and Bands that here were brought,
And all were bred so near the Artick Star,
That Cold keeps in the Heat, whose Pow'rs have wrought
Strength in the Heart, and there united are;
Which makes them fierce, courageous, bold for ought,
Marshall'd for bloody *Mars*, and meet for War.
But yet Seven Earls and Thirteen Lords did show
Themselves in Arms, to aid the *English* Foe.

Yea, many Lords and Earls have I forgot,
That to the mighty BRUCE assembled here,
Whose Greatness until now no Pen did note,
England's good Fortune did so well appear;
While *Jove* himself did favour still their Lot,
Wherefore they wisely did themselves retire.

* These were the Barons of his Name, as the Laird of *Lundy*, *Glenurchie*, *Cadder*, and others.
† *Stewart* Earl of *Lennox*, Duke of *Albany*.
‡ The Great *Steward* of *Scotland*.

As Cannons fir'd go back, that Earth may wonder,
When they advance, their all-destroying Thunder.

So these inflam'd with Fire of hot Disdain,
Retir'd with Grief, with Hate, with Loss, with Ire,
That with the greater Force they might again
Advance their Lightning Wrath's consuming Fire;
And then athund'ring Tempests would they rain,
Crush'd from the swelling Clouds of their Desire;
Which to the King and all should well declare,
That barren Trees could now both bud and bear.

Now passed was each Troop, each Squadron strong,
When to the Camp their Prince his Course forth bent,
And all his Princes go with him along
To hold a Council in the Royal Tent.
Mean while the *Douglas*, all his Foes among
Walk'd, for to know their Number, Pow'r, Intent:
At *Berwick* fair he had arriv'd unseen;
For there this mighty Host did all conveen.

CAPUT XVI.

The ARGUMENT.

The English *Army forth before their King*
To muster comes, and all their foreign Aid.
Douglas *return'd, recounteth ev'ry Thing.*
Ditches t'intrap his Foes great BRUCE *hath made.*
Randolph's *rare Fight fair Conquest first doth bring.*
BRUCE Beaumont *kills. The* English *do upbraid*
The Scots *with Taunts; two* Brabanders *defend them,*
For which the King unto the Scots *doth send them.*

STRONG *Berwick*'s Town on *Scotland*'s Frontier stands,
There where with silver Streams the River *Tweed*
Divides our Kingdom from the *English* Lands,
And wastes his Waves t'enrich the Ocean Flood:

Here

Here brought the Monarch all his warlike Bands,
At whose great Name all *Europe* trembling stood;
And ev'ry Lord, and ev'ry Prince, and King
Some Gold, some Gifts, and all great Aid did bring.

This mighty Prince his Pow'r assembling, sought
To kill the *Scots*, or send them all in rout;
O'er whom he stretch'd his Empire with a Thought,
Nor for to work the Thing had any Doubt.
Douglas his Way e'en at that Hour him brought,
When this huge Army *Berwick*'s Walls about
Encamped lay, and when to see each Crew
The regal Throne rear'd on the Walls they view.

Himself in Glory sat upon the Throne,
A Diadem upon his Head he wore,
A Pall above of glist'ring Gold-cloth shone,
He trode on Carpets rich in precious Store,
Powder'd with Stones the Robes which he had on,
And straight in Ranks repaired him before
His armed Guard: Thus set each Troop he knows,
Whilst on the Plain their martial Glory flows.

Their Squadrons first the chearful *English* shows
In Three Battalions, each a sev'ral Guide;
By *Severn*'s Streams from * *Wales* and † *Cornwal* rose
Some Thirty Thousand strong that did provide,
Arm'd with their Pikes, Swords, Targets, to oppose
Their threatning Force against their Foe defy'd.
By *Monmouth*'s hardy Earl this Host was led,
He reign'd, he ruled in his Prince's stead.

And Fifty Thousand Horsemen, Soldiers good,
From ‡ *Trent* that parteth *England* just in two
To *Thames*, and thence unto the *Brittish* Flood:
These rose in glist'ring Arms, a warlike Show,
Like *Mars* himself each breathed War and Blood,
Whose Sight would vanquish e'en the boldest Foe,
Led by Two Princes of high Families,
Great *Arundel*, old *Oxford*, grave and wise.

* *Wales.* † *Cornwall.* ‡ *England.*

To *Humber*'s tumbling Waves from silver *Trent*,
And thence to pleasant *Tweed*'s clear crystal Streams,
Came Fifty Thousand Archers, with Intent
To die or win, in midst of most Extremes.
All these were of approved Hardiment,
These *England*'s most triumphant Conquests claims
As theirs: And this great Host commanded be
By *Gloucester* the Bold, and *Hartford* slie.

From * Thirteen Regions, fertile, fair, and good,
Of *Scotland*'s Kingdom, which did yet obey
To *England*'s King, and held in Servitude
By his all-conqu'ring Force until that Day,
Came Five and Twenty Thousand Warriors rude,
All Horsemen brave, and bold for each Essay.
Sir *Ingrham Omphraville* led these along,
A subtil Warrior, crafty, wise, and strong.

Next unto them came Fifty Thousand more,
Gross Men of Shape, well limb'd, both strong and tall,
They cross'd the Seas from † *Ireland*'s craggy Shore;
But slightly arm'd, some wear no Arms at all;
Their chiefest Strengths are Woods and Mountains hoar;
The *English* Depute was their General,
And under him *Fitzgerald*'s Chief *Kildare*
With great *Oneil* and *Desmont* Rule did bear.

Then came his Subjects and Confed'rates great,
Whose Limits stretch along the *Baltick* Coast,
And these rich Countries ‡ *Charles* the Fifth did quite
To his dear Son; but soon that Rule was lost
By *Spanish* Tyranny, which high Despite
All *Europe* since her dearest Blood hath cost;
And War, that elsewhere doth destroy and waste,
There both Civility and Wealth hath plac'd.

Along the Foot of * *Pyr'nean* Mountains fair,
A rich and fertil Region doth remain,

* The *Merse*, and many of all the *Dales*, *Borders*, and much of the *Westland*.
† *Ireland*.
‡ *Charles* the Fifth gave the Seventeen Lands to his Son *Philip* of *Spain*, long after this Time.
* The Country of *Gascoign*.

Famous

famous by that great Battle loſt of ere
gainſt the Infidels by *Charlemain*;
his famous Nephew *Rolland* loſt he there,
till famous made by *Arioſto*'s Vein.
Forth of this Land, upon their own Expence,
Ten Thouſand came to aid the *Engliſh* Prince.

That * Land that Weſt from *Tours* doth ſtretch along
To waſh his Feet within the Ocean Sea,
Whoſe Indwellers take much Delight among
The mooriſh Fens, to ſee their Falcons fly,
And in their Mountains, Woods, and Foreſts ſtrong
The princely Game of Hunting uſed be:
That pleaſant Land, that *Poitiou* height to Name,
Sent to this War Five Thouſand Men of Fame.

That Land which *Loir* from *Poitiou* doth divide,
From whence the † *Brittons* erſt the *Gauls* diſplac'd,
And chang'd the Name from *Armoric* beſide
To *Bretaignie*, and all their Laws defac'd;
Wherein Three ſundry Languages abide,
And Maſtives for Saint ‡ *Malo*'s Guard are plac'd.
From thence, to aid their great Anceſtors old,
Came Fifteen Thouſand warlike Soldiers bold.

From that moſt fruitful * Orchard fair of *France*,
Which *Rollo* Great, and his *Norvegians* ſtout
Of ſimple *Charles* got for Inheritance;
Of them it ſtill yet bears the Name about:
From thence a Gallant did himſelf advance
And conquer'd *England* with a warlike Rout
Of Thouſands Ten. High Heav'ns ſuch Wonders wrought,
Like Numbers now to *England*'s Aid were brought.

From that rich Land, whoſe chalky Swan-like Shore
Fair *Kent* beholds beſt when the Sun goes down,
Whoſe chief Town views fair *Dover*'s Cliff, and glores
To ſee the Tow'rs that her fair Front do crown,

* *Poitiou.*
† *Bretagnie.*
‡ St. *Malo*'s Haven, a great Strength, is guarded by Maſtives.
* *Normandie.*

And

And thence where * *Cæsar*'s Monument restores
His never-dying Memory's Renown,
Came thrice Ten Hundred Soldiers to this War,
Bold, strong, and brave, that never dream'd of Fear.

From that fair † Land, where smoothly sliding *Soam*
Waters the Medows and the pleasant Plains,
And from that City where two Floods do come
T'unload their Waves from ever-springing Veins,
Seven Thousand valiant Soldiers came, and some
From that old famous ‡ Town that yet retains
Part of the *Guisian* Family, and thence
Sprung that great House's glorious Excellence.

From * *Hainault* came Five Thousand Men of Fame,
Led by their Earl in whose great Might they glor'd,
From their chief Town, e'en *Mons* that height to Name,
Four Hundred came with shining Arms decor'd:
All these were Youths not mov'd with Fear or Shame,
That guard the Person of their mighty Lord,
And came to spoil the Garland of the Main;
But few, or none at all, return'd again.

That Land which hath within his Borders plac'd
The holy Empire's † Marquisate of old,
By *Scheld* cut off from *Flanders* in the West,
Whereon stands *Antwerp* glorious to behold;
This Land the *Maese* so lovingly hath grac'd,
She in her Bosom doth the same infold:
From whence the Hope of Gain and Praise did bring
Ten Thousand Soldiers to the *English* King.

This War on *Europe*'s fairest ‡ Earldom calls,
Where stands upon the Banks of *Scheld* and *Ley*
That * Town so huge in Circuit of her Walls,
Famous for that, but famous more, for why!

* *Boulogne*, where there is an old strong Tower built by *Cæsar*, to be seen at this Day.
† *Picardy*.
‡ At *Amien* two other rivers discharge their Burdens in the *Soam*.
* *Hainault*. † *Brabant*. ‡ *Flanders*.
* *Ghent*, thought to be the largest Town in *Europe*, where *Charles* the Fifth, that famous Emperor, was born.

That

That ever famous Monarch, which appals
Renown, Fame, Glory, Praise, and Victory
As his just Due, was there both born and bred:
Thence to this War were Fourteen Thousand led.

From these strong * Islands made so strong by Art
Gainst *Neptune*, who still proves their greatest Foe,
Because his Floods o'erflow'd the greatest Part
Of all these Lands, as some think, long ago;
But when elsewhere his swelling Streams convert
The Lands to Seas, these Lands the Sea did show:
Six Thousand thence unto this War were sent,
Upon the *English* Monarch that depend.

There lies a † Land along the *German* Flood,
Thro' which the *Maese* and *Rhine* their Course do hold
Into their Lord, whose Rage is still withstood
By sandy Downs, else all should be enroll'd
Waves: Thus Sand, that elsewhere eats for Food
The fattest Soil, here serves for Bulwarks bold.
Of Countrymen and waged Soldiers thence
Came Fifteen Thousand to the *English* Prince.

When these great Reg'ments all were pass'd and gone,
Down from his Throne the Monarch did descend,
Environ'd round with Lords and Knights anon,
Into a Royal Tent his Course he bent,
That stood in Midst of all the Camp alone
Without the Walls, and did him there attend;
And there himself first by himself was plac'd,
Then all his Princes, at a Royal Feast.

All that was past the *Douglas* well espies:
Now thro' the Camp from Tent to Tent he goes,
Hearing strange Tongues, but stranger Harmonies
Of Drums and Trumpets, which to Heav'n arose:
He hears their Braggs, their Braves, and their Defies;
The *Scots* were now their Slaves, and not their Foes:

* *Zeland* is all Islands within the Sea, which the Sea sometime overflowed appears by sundry good Arguments.
† *Holland.*—

And

And oft he hears himself condemn'd to die
A cruel Death, in shameful Infamy.

He smil'd, and to the Royal Tent again
He turn'd: Assemblies great great News affords:
The Feast was done, and to the Council then
Set was the King, with Princes, Dukes, and Lords:
He could have wish'd to hear them, but in vain;
No cunning Slight could make him hear their Words;
For round about the Tent the Guard did stand,
And none from thence approacheth nearer hand.

Wherefore, for ought that he could find at all
By Conference with *English*, *French*, or *Dutch*,
He sees to Trains nor Slight they would not fall,
So proud they were of Strength, their Force was such:
This Kingdom large, by Lots to Great and Small,
Was gi'en; nor would of *Scots* be left so much
As one, that Monarch's Wrath was so extreme,
From off the very Earth to raze their Name.

The Council rose, and forth the Heraulds went,
Charging that spacious Host in Arms to be,
Rising to Morrow with a full Intent
To march directly to their Enemy.
The *Douglas* hears, and would their Haste prevent,
From thence that Night departing secretly;
Unto his Lord he hastily withdrew,
Longing to show all that he learn'd or knew.

Thus forth he rides, thro' Silence of the Night;
Fair *Cynthia* seem'd to favour his Intent,
Wrapping her self and all her Beauty bright
In dusky Clouds, which oft in two she rent,
Wherethro' she pry'd, to see if he was right,
Oft wishing him up in the Firmament
Beside the whirling Pole, there stellify'd,
His bright Aspect might gild her swarthish Side.

When golden hair'd *Apollo* first did light
Earth's better Half, then could he well descry

e *Scottish* Camp; which enter'd once, he might
ceive the Soldiers give a joyful Cry.
e Drums, and Trumpets there roar forth on height,
s joyful Welcome thunder'd thro' the Sky.
All to the Royal Tent did him convoy,
Whom his good Lord receiv'd with wond'rous Joy.

was the King, that Night no Rest he got,
h sad confused Thoughts his Brain did fill
great Affairs, and many mighty Plot:
Douglas he had dream'd, and fearing still;
s Lords and Princes round about did note
s Love to him, and joy'd in his Goodwill.
The Knight kneel'd down, and kiss'd his Prince's Hand,
Who rais'd him up, and thus did him demand:

Where have you been? Why have you stay'd so long?
What have you view'd? How fares fair *England*'s Prince?
My Royal Lord, *quod he*, at *Berwick* strong
I stay'd till *England*'s Army came from thence;
I view'd and walk'd their Squadrons all among,
I saw that Monarch's great Magnificence,
" Whose Royal Pomp and mighty Pow'r in War
" Surmounts all *European* Princes far.

The Number great of that so mighty Host
Passeth Three Hundred Thousand, as I think,
They cover all the Land from Coast to Coast,
They spoil the Countries, dry the Floods they drink;
Thither all *Europe* gather'd is almost:
And if proud Vaunts be Deeds, they scorn to shrink,
" But, in a Word, such their Confusion is,
" *Jove* be our Aid, they shall the Garland miss.

For of the greatest Part of all their Bands,
Both Horse and Foot, their Discipline is small;
They keep no Ranks, their Captains still withstands;
They know no Drum nor Trumpet's Sound at all;
Naked, unarm'd, their Weapons few commands:
Only the *English* Archers bold and tall,
" All valiant Men so well train'd up in Wars,
" Ere Peace should reign, from Heav'n they'll tear the Stars.

" And

" And there is Twenty Thousand Horsemen more,
" That alway on the King himself awaits,
" Earth can no braver Men than these restore,
" The rest of *English* know no warlike Feats;
" Nor were they ever us'd to War before:
" But hope of Lordships, Rents, and high Estates
" Hath brought them forth; for all this Kingdom gre
" Is gi'en, and *Scots* by Thought destroyed quite.

" And that your Grace should not escape their Hands,
" Two Knights unto that mighty King have sworn,
" Dead or alive to bring you bound in Bands
" T'abide what Death he list impose, in Scorn
" Of your new Crown, which each of them demands
" In meer Disdain, their Trophies to adorn:
" Great *Gloucester* is one, as doth appear,
" Sir *Henry Boom*, the other height, I hear.

" They to your Brother and my self applies
" Great Torments too, for our so bloody Mind."
This said, forth from the Prince's angry Eyes
Flew Sparks of Wrath, Flame from his Face forth shin'd.
" Praise be to God, *quod he*, our Enemies
" He blinded hath, and that King's haughty Mind
" He hardens still with *Pharo*'s; so his Shame
" And Fall, I wish, may glorify his Name."

Now strongly were the *Scots* encamped there,
Where *Bannock's-Burn* 'mongst shady Banks doth play,
The *Torwood* near within a Valley fair,
And for a Battle there they needs would stay;
Whileas this worthy Gen'ral did prepare
To stop their Foes, lest they should find a Way
Them to encompass round, which threatning Storm
Their Multitude might easily perform.

Wherefore e'en there where their great Host should stand,
With Ditches deep the Plain he overclad,
Wherein sharp Stakes were pitch'd at his Command,
Then cunningly again all covered.
The Enemy by this was hard at Hand,
Whose Squadrons large o'er all the Land was spread.

When

When their Forefront was at the Valley's End,
Their last Battalion did three Leagues extend.

herefore the King his matchless Nephew sent,
ith him * Five Hundred martial Men of War,
own to a Way that thro' the Valley went
o *Stirling*-Castle, and would needs debar
hat Hold of Aid; yea, he would still prevent
is Foes great Slight or Strength thus brought from far,
But this his Foresight did the *Southern* know,
That would o'ershoot himself in his own Bow.

Gifford's brave Lord, a bold and warlike Knight,
hey sent before the Host a Mile and more,
ith twice Four Hundred Horsemen swift and light,
hat, choos'd from all the Army, march'd before,
nother Way to *Stirling* go they right.
RUCE sees, and sends *Randolph* this Check full sore;
" Thy Garland's chiefest Flow'r is lost this Day,
" If those have past the Way where thou dost stay."

hey craftily eschew'd where he did ly,
or fear'd they him nor any earthly Foe,
ut they another secret Way would try,
nd by him were they past ere he could know;
et he his Uncle's bitter Taunt doth weigh,
hich stung full deep, but he conceals his Wo:
His Silence shows he bears a generous Mind,
That of a just Reproof best Fruit will find.

or with his Band he follows hastily,
nd over-reach'd them like a Storm of Wind,
hey scorn from fewer than themselves to flee,
nd for to give them Battle turns around.
One Knight ambitious of some Victory,
hat for his Valour had been much renown'd,
Before the rest himself did far advance,
And challeng'd *Randolph* for to break a Lance.

* My Author says One Hundred, but all the Chronicles agree on Five Hundred.

Gladly

Gladly the Earl accepts, and forth he goes,
A ſtrong ſtiff Lance into his Hand he bore,
Swiftly their Steeds bore forth theſe noble Foes;
Yet their Deſires far ſwifter came before.
As *Boreas* broke from earthen Priſon blows,
E'en from the topleſs Heights and craggy Shore
Of *Caucaſus*, the clifted Rocks aſunder;
Such Fury bring they, Earth reſounding under.

Sir * *William Havecourt* heght the *Engliſh* Knight,
Whoſe Spear, too weak to harm ſo ſtrong a Foe,
Breaks on his Breaſt; but his ſtiff Lance doth light
Beneath his Curaſs, ſklenting upward ſo
As from his Head of Heav'ns it got a Sight,
His Helm then lights upon the Earth below,
Forth at his Crown the Spear's Point lookt, and thence
Bears him to Earth, then breaks with Violence.

This Deed provokes the *Scots* advancing light,
And doth enflame the *Engliſh* all with Ire,
A Shout the *Scots* encourage to the Fight,
Of *Engliſh* Wrath ſtill Silence blows the Fire.
Brave *Randolph* cares nor fears not all their Might,
Nor for his Men would ſtay nor once retire,
But thro' the Rout he breaks with wond'rous Force,
And ſtrongly bears to Earth both Men and Horſe.

Rudely both Sides together ruſheth in,
And Blow on Blow they give, and Wound on Wound,
Death, Horror, Blood, from Rank to Rank doth rin,
Yet neither Side would ſhrink nor loſe their Ground:
While *Scots* thus ſtrive to keep what they had won,
And *Engliſh* to repair their Loſs new found:
The valiant BRUCE was ſuddenly aſſail'd
Within his Camp, yet his own Worth prevail'd.

And thus it was: The Vanguard of his Foe
Still march'd two Leagues before that mighty Hoſt,
Straight towards him they come ere he could know,
Who ſham'd within his Trenches to beforc'd;

* My Author calls him *Havecourt*, but I take it rather to be *Havort*.

Bu

t in the Plain himſelf did quickly ſhow,
rew forth his Bands in Haſte, no time he loſt;
Nor could his Foes refrain from Fight at all,
Still as they march, for Battle ſtill they call.

t did the reſt of this great Army ſtay
wo Leagues from thence, encamped on a Plain;
he King commanded ſo, ſo they obey;
he Day near ſpent, to fight were all in vain:
he Vanguard knew not of this new Delay,
or with ſuch Strength dare lazy Doubt remain;
On Horſe and Foot they Fifty Thouſand were,
Led by that mighty Earl of *Glouceſter*.

he *Scots*, brought forth by their brave worthy Prince,
is chearful Looks did Conqueſt's Hope reſtore;
ncouraging each one to make Defence,
om Band to Band he rode the Ranks before.
he *Engliſh* knew him by his Countenance,
Mace or brazen Staff in Hand he bore.
While thus he rode, Sir *Henry Boem* ſpy'd him,
And, to perform his Promiſe paſs'd, he try'd him.

his was the one that ſhould him take or kill,
nd forth before the Hoſt he doth advance,
oward the King he bent his Courſe ſo full,
e hopes to make him yield beneath his Lance:
t quickly doth the King avoid this Ill,
nd, with a more than manly Countenance,
Gave with his brazen Staff ſo huge a Blow,
As kill'd the Knight, and broke the Mace in two.

th' *Engliſh*, that hath ſeen their Champion fall,
iſdain and Wrath with Shame and Fear contends;
iſdain and Wrath for dread Revenge doth call,
t Shame and Fear bewray their want of Friends:
hat they were thus alone now knew they all,
Spur to haſte both Shame and Fear it lends.
Thus in Amazement long they ſtand in doubt
If they ſhould flee, retire, or fight it out.

Yet high Disdain did Fear's faint Stroke rebate;
Now they would force the *Scots* to fight or flee,
Each to himself these Words doth ruminate,
Our Number far exceedeth theirs we see:
But lo, their Leader straight repines thereat,
" Softly retire, and keep your Ranks, *quod he*;
" Our last Commission is expir'd of right,
" We had in Charge to march, but not to fight. "

Wherewith the *Scots* so fiercely do pursue,
As they were urg'd a forc'd Retreat to take,
And scatter'd in disorder'd Flight withdrew:
When wisely BRUCE his gallant Troops drew back
Ill to prevent, Deceit for to eschew;
He thinks't too timely Fortune to awake:
Haste wanteth Wit, Rashness shall lose his winning,
And makes great Loss attend a fair Beginning.

Now were the *Scots* retir'd and left their Wrath,
When all the Lords thus to their King did say:
" What may this Nation look for else but Death?
" What may this Kingdom look for but Decay?
" In you consists our Being, Life, and Breath;
" You gone, we die; you lost, we're lost for ay:
" Yet you your self, and us in you expose
" To Danger still, and hazard All to lose. "

To this was answer'd: " Ah! my Lords, *quod he*,
" I broke the bravest Staff that e'er was made,
" I must confess. " O! Wisdom worth to flie
On golden Wings of Fame for ever laid.
This Answer seem'd no Answer for to be;
And yet therein both Wit and Patience staid.
He clos'd their Mouths ere half their Speech was done
For what he did, unkill'd he could not shun.

Yea, he the Danger bravely did avoid,
And just Praise merits not unjust Reproof:
He deem'd no Loss if he had kept his Rod.
But all this Time *Randolph*, without Relief,
Environ'd with his mighty Foes abode,
Which to the worthy *Douglas* bred such Grief,

That when the King refus'd him Leave to aid him,
To break forth thro' the Camp in Rage it made him.

as he nearer to the Battle drew,
saw the *English* Bands begin to reel.
O! *then quod he*, it were no Friendship true
To reave the Glory thou deserves so well."
en stood he with his Band afar to view
e Will of *Mars* and Works of cutting Steel.
Mars bless'd him oft that Weapons first invented;
But *Pity* curs'd, and wish'd him oft tormented.

last he sees them wholly put to Flight,
d back unto their Camp they haste with Speed:
e *Scots* for to pursue them seem'd not light,
weary they, so faint, so much they bleed:
ny of them were wounded in the Fight,
o' none but one was kill'd; and for that Deed
Three Hundred Foes lay dead into the Place
Ere e'er their Fellows would the Flight embrace.

, only here true Valour might be seen,
e *Thetis* boundless Arms did not contain
ore Worth in War, more Strength, more Courage keen,
an in those gallant *English* did remain;
Fault in them not Conqu'rors to have been.
Earth to strive with Fortune is but vain:
What *Mars* requires was theirs without Intrusion,
Only o'ermatch'd in constant Resolution.

ese Losses thro' the *English* Camp do fly,
hile *Terror*, *Fear*, and *Conscience* leads the Way,
usion follows after speedily:
these when *Courage* hears, he makes no Stay,
th from the Camp he stealeth secretly,
d to the *Scots* he came ere Break of Day.
But *Pride* and high *Disdain* behind abode,
That all the World could to Destruction lead.

here and there in Two's and Three's they go,
eir Leader's Conscience large accusing thus:

" He would an ancient Nation overthrow,
" A free Crown reave; O! this is dangerous:
" *Jove* fights for them, God's thund'ring Wrath we kn
" What Heart so bold, but Heav'n makes timorous?
" If here we fall, as we must surely fall,
" High Justice deals with us, with them, and all."

Others that on *Disdain* and *Pride* still fed,
Thus say: " Tush, *Scots*, what are these *Scots* to us?
" Meer Dunces gross, by simple Outlaws led,
" Wild, savage, naked, poor, and barbarous;
" Their Lord a Mountain-climber, basely clad,
" More like a Clown than King victorious;
" A Hundred Thousand doth adorn our Host,
" In whose stern Face he dares not look almost.

" No sooner we shall in the Fields appear,
" When they in Caves and Dens themselves shall hide
" 'Gainst Flights of Eagles dare poor Crows compear?
" Or silly Sheep the dreadful Lions bide?
" Dare a poor Band of Country Swains draw near
" Unto a World of martial Soldiers try'd
" In bloody Fights? No, no, if we but sight them,
" Our very Drums and Trumpets shall affright them.

Thus brag the *English*, while two courteous Knights,
Whose chaste Ears still abhor'd vain-glorious Boasts,
Reply'd; " These *Scots* whom your clear Day benights,
" A Handful ay compar'd with your great Hosts,
" Poor, savage, simple, whom your Name affrights,
" These many Hundred Years have kept these Coasts,
" And thro' the World have won a famous Name,
" Their Trophies darkning oft your glorious Beam.

" And sure these Crows do merit double Praise,
" That beat the princely Eagles from their Nest;
" These Sheep above all Beasts themselves do raise
" That tear the Lions which disturb their Rest:
" If a poor Band of Farmers now a days
" Of Conquests wrong great Kings hath dispossess'd,
" E'en in despite of such great Strength so near;
" They merit most whose Worth doth most appear.

"

As for the BRUCE, whom ye so much disdain,
And rather term a Ruffian than a Roy,
We hear that he, with but a simple Train,
E'en *England*'s mighty Armies doth destroy;
And tho' the *Scots* themselves be him again,
He conquers still a *Greek* in midst of *Troy*.
" Ah! if he be so worthless as you make him,
" Why trouble you all *Europe* thus to take him? "

Brabant born these Knights were both, that make
heir Part so good, whom yet they never knew.
ch Indignation high the *English* take,
oth Sides leap forth to Arms, and Weapons drew.
t soon Commanders wise their Fury brake,
nd both were brought to that great Monarch's View:
Who, when he heard what they had boldly said,
This heavy Punishment upon them laid.

We charge you quickly from our Camp, *quod he*,
And presently unto the *Scots* repair,
There hinder what you can our Victory
Both with your Counsel, Valour, Strength, and Care;
And whosoe'er to morrow lets us see
Their *Scottish* Heads cut from their Trunks, I swear
" 'Gainst ev'ry Head a Hundred Pounds to set,
" And think the Deed good Service to our State. "

hen, where the *Scots* encamped were, they go,
Guard of Horsemen did them there convoy.
hen Great and Worthy BRUCE their Cause did know,
e did receive them with exceding Joy;
nd when the Battle ended was, did show
ch Bounty high, as rich; without Annoy
To *Antwerp* they return'd, and builded there
In Honour of the *Scots*, a * Mansion fair.

ach Army now for Battle stern provides,
ach on their Lord and Maker loudly call.
ong time the *Scots* in zealous Pray'r abides,
efore the Lord in humble wise they fall,
hat Faith, that Truth, that Right, and Justice guides,
n which they pray him to protect them all,

* The *Scots* House builded in *Antwerp*, wherein the BRUCE's Picture d the *Scots* Arms were set.

While Heav'ns gold-spangled Canopy was spread,
And silent *Morpheus* brought them to their Bed.

CAPUT XVII.

The ARGUMENT.

Both Armies join in long and doubtful Fight,
And Thirty Thousand in the Ditches die.
King Edward's *Deeds encourage ev'ry Knight;*
And Scots, *for to prevent their Victory,*
Are forc'd to join with them in single Fight:
When th' Argentine *Great* BRUCE *had kill'd, they flee.*
Their King abides, and would the Flight restore,
But sees new Aid, and flees his Foes before.

WHEN bright *Hyperion*'s golden Carr arose,
Both Armies soon were clad in glistring Arms
Whose goldenSplendor 'gainst the Sun forth show
Earth's Lightning hot the Air's cold Region warms.
First each brave *Scot* to Divine Service goes;
No Trumpet's Blast was heard, nor Drum's Alarms:
The Sacrament they take, to Heav'n up flies
Each humbled Heart's best pleasing Sacrifice.

The *English* Squadrons march'd unto the Plains,
And all the Land with Arms did overflow,
A just Half-Moon their Battle's Form contains,
Sharp to each Point, broad to the Mids they grow:
In Battles five their mighty Host remains,
Two on the Right, and on the Left Hand Two
Of their great King, that in his Battle large
A Hundred Thousand Horsemen led to charge.

Great *Arundel*, next him, on his Right Hand,
The Charge o'er Fifty Thousand Archers bore.
Those *English* were all come from *English* Land,
No braver Warriors could the Earth restore.
Next unto him did valiant *Hertford* stand,
Of Horse and Foot that led as many more

From *Scotland*, *England*, *France*, and *Ireland* brought;
With Shields, with Lances, Pikes, and Swords they fought.

Next on the Left Hand valiant *Oxford* ſtood,
That Fifty Thouſand Footmen brought to fight.
All theſe did ſeem approved Soldiers good,
With Darts, Swords, Pikes, and other Engines wight.
And *Glouceſter* next him, that thirſts for Blood,
Had in his Battle many warlike Knight:
Like to the other Wing his Wing was plac'd,
With Arms and Courage both alike are grac'd.

In the great Battle with the King abode
Hainault's great Earl, and many Princes mo;
On his Right Hand that valiant Champion rode
Whoſe Fame ſo much o'er all the World did go
Of *Argentine* * Sir *Giles*, that gain'd abroad
So many Conqueſts o'er the Pagan Foe.
Great *Pembroke*'s Earl on his Left Hand did ſtay,
His Saf'ty only in their Valours lay.

And then Great BRUCE came to the Plain at laſt,
And this New Moon thus for to pierce eſſays:
Firſt broad behind his Battle's Form was caſt,
Then ſtretch'd forth to a Point Pyramid-wiſe;
Seven Thouſand Warriors in the Vanguard paſt
With the fierce Knight, in War more bold than wiſe;
Whom *Scotland's Steward* ſeconds in Command,
His fierce and fiery Nature to withſtand.

Many brave Knights unto this Battle drew,
Bold, warlike, fierce, and Men of worthy Fame.
And then the ſecond Battle did enſue,
† *Murray*'s ſtout Earl them led, whoſe famous Name
Shall never die, and many warlike Crew
With him, whoſe Hearts did fleet in Valour's Stream;
Their Number like the Firſt, and theſe did bear
Spears, Pikes, and Swords, and all Engines of War.

The conqu'ring ‡ Knight the Third Batallion brought,
Seven Thouſand alſo did this Hoſt contain.

* Sir *Giles* of *Argentine* and Sir *Odomar de Vallange* rode on either Hand of the King. † *Randolph*. ‡ The valiant *Douglas*.

Scotland's great Conſtable unto him ſought,
Brave * *Hay*, and theſe that did with him remain,
The *Boyd*, and other Lords, ſtill worthy thought.
But laſt of all did march unto the Plain
The greateſt Battle, which the King commands,
Where Fourteen Thouſand armed Warriors ſtands.

Many of all the Noblemen were there,
And all theſe Hoſts on Foot did march to fight.
To ev'ry Battle did the King repair,
Whoſe quick clear Eyes ſent forth a cheerful Light,
His Vizard up, he mildly doth declare
The Price of Conqueſt, Puniſhment of Flight,
And with a Countenance which would have made
E'en Cowards hardy, thus unto them ſaid:

" † My Friends, *quod he*, behold this glorious Day,
" Wherein the Heav'ns to crown our Joys have ſwom:
" Let none of you their Multitudes afray;
" 'Gainſt God and Quarrels juſt Force ſeems forlorn:
" In *Scotland* Fifty Thouſand yet do ſtay
" Meet for the War, whom we have all forborn;
" And you we choos'd, whoſe Hearts could never fail yo
" Nor could baſe Fear of Death at all aſſail you:

" The worſt of you his ‡ Gentrice will declare,
" And of his Reputation ſtill will boaſt;
" A Gentleman may with a Lord compair,
" But what is he if Honour once be loſt?
" And here on Honour waiteth Riches fair,
" (Theſe two that all the World ſo much do coſt)
" Which if you wiſh, do now but care for Fame;
" He never dies that wins a famous Name.

" What is that Army which you now behold,
" But e'en a new rais'd *Babel* of Confuſion?
" The Soldiers miſtake their Captains bold,
" To Col'nels Rule the Captains make Intruſion:
" Thus ev'ry one by other is controul'd,
" And jarring ſoundeth forth a ghoſtly Viſion.

* Earl of *Errol*.
† The BRUCE his Oration: Multitude makes no Victory.
‡ The *Scots* were all choſen Gentlemen, no Commons amongſt them.

"

" All Kind of Beasts would, in one Herd, confound
" Their Rulers Wit, with their confused Sound.

Besides, they came our Nation to destroy,
And from the Earth to root and raze our Name:
Look not by Flight your Life for to enjoy,
But rather Thousand Torments most extreme.
Your Maids and Wives to Death they shall convoy,
When in your Sight they ravish'd are with Shame.
" Ye all must die, and they enjoy as theirs,
" What ye have built or planted for your Heirs.

Then if you would prevent their Cruelty,
And endless Praise and endless Wealth obtain,
Let ev'ry one of you make one to die,
So one triumphant Conquest shall we gain.
As for Ten Thousand which among you be,
We know such Valour doth in them remain,
" Each shall kill two; and who of you be's lost,
" We swear, his Heirs their Wards shall nothing cost.

Yea, what I seek you may perform at Will,
For what are they? a *Chaos*, Heap confus'd,
Naked, or slightly arm'd, and wanting Skill,
To till the Ground and keep their Flocks more us'd:
How can their King prevent their following Ill,
When Fear and Ignorance hath Rule abus'd?
" In Danger who wants Skill, hath Courage lost,
" One Coward discomforts a mighty Host."

The *English* King (his Army in Aray)
Thus by himself and by his Trenchmen spake:
* If I were not so well assur'd to Day
Of Victory, and of these Dastards Wrack,
Another Form of Speech I would essay:
But BRUCE that Fox now may not turn his Back,
" God doth him thus within this Field inclose,
" That we may give what Death we list t'impose.

His † Brothers by our princely Sire were ta'en,
And justly punish'd were, as they deserv'd,

* King *Edward's* Oration.
† King *Robert* had two Brothers taken Prisoners, who were both slain.

" And only but these * Two do yet remain,
" By us it rests they should alike be serv'd.
" These *Scots* which yet their small Host doth contain
" Are nought but Robbers, poor, and Hunger-starv'd:
" These are not they that have so oft before
" Forc'd our bold *English* from the northern Shore.

" In this long War all these are spent and lost,
" Nought but the Dregs remain, run is the Wine.
" Destroy them, kill them, scatter all their Host;
" We see them else to fearful Flight incline.
" This Kingdom fair, and large from Coast to Coast,
" Take you for e'er; nought but the Name is mine.
" Dare One poor Slave 'gainst Thousand Captains fight
" No, no, our Shade shall put them all to Flight."

While thus he spoke, the *Scots* on Knees down fall
And pray'd to CHRIST, whileas they did espy
His Cross rear'd up on high before them all,
By him that rul'd *Saint Andrew*'s Priory.
" See, *quod the King*, how they for Mercy call!"
Whereat the *English* Army gives a Cry.
But thus that ancient, grave, and warlike Knight
Did answer him, Sir *Omphraville* that height.

" Your Majesty indeed hath spoken true,
" They call for Mercy to the Lord of Grace;
" But at your Grace they do no Pardon sue,
" Nor will they flee this mighty Host a space;
" The more their Wounds, the more their Strength renew
" To see their Blood, their Valour doth increase.
" But if your Majesty would overthrow them,
" Use this Device, for surely best I know them:

" Before them let your Army seem to flee,
" And you shall see them break their Battles strong,
" None with his Captain will commanded be:
" Thus quite disorder'd shall they be ere long."
" Tush, *quod the King*, I scorn they Flight should see,
" When both our Force and Valour is too strong:
" Let these that fear them use such Craft, or flee them
" We mind, if they dare fight at all, to see them."

* King *Robert* and *Edward* his Brother.

Th

Thus marching on the *English* Army goes.
The *Scots* inflam'd with Fury, Hate, and Ire
Would give the Charge; but their wise Lord that knows
Their Haste, doth curb and bridle their Desire,
Until the Pits, prepared for his Foes,
They could not shun; and then he blows the Fire
Of their fierce Courage, when his Will was done;
And both the Armies rush together soon.

It was a wondrous, strange, and dreadful Sight,
To see these Squadrons meet upon the Plain,
How ev'ry Soldier, Captain, Lord, and Knight,
Strove endless Praise and Glory to obtain.
The *Scots* shrill Trumpets thunder forth the Fight,
Their Foes send forth Heav'n-deafning Sound again:
Both Armies seem'd two Woods their Leaves that cast,
When Winter forth his bitter Breath doth blast.

Both Sides approach their bloody Rage to glut,
And terrible the Coward seems to be;
Hot Fury flames within and burns without,
Blood heats their Heart, Fire from their Breasts doth flie;
True Courage and Desire had banish'd Doubt,
Their Hand and Foot strove with their Thought and Eye.
In Gesture thus they were already join'd,
By Thought their Triumphs all were quickly coin'd.

Earth shrinks, and Air was darkned with the Dust,
Tumult ascends, while Thunder shakes the Ground:
Both Armies rudely meet, and bravely just,
Brave yet in Show till Terror Beauty drown'd.
Swords, Shields, and Helms, glister'd like Heav'n almost,
Horror it self seem'd first with Pleasure crown'd;
Blood had not garr'd their Arms, Casks keep their Head,
No Members cut, nor murder'd Heaps lay dead.

But as in Autumn's first and fairest Prime,
The angry Wrath of Heav'n's revengeful King
For Hell-bred Sins, forth of stern *Boreas* Clime
Sharp Show'rs of Hail, with blust'ring Winds, doth bring;
So here the Show'rs of Arrows larger Time
Darkens Heav'n's Face, while thro' the Air they sing.
A Heav'n new fram'd of Iron Clouds they view,
Whose piercing Beams the vital Blood forth drew.

There Storms pour'd down, whose Hail were iron Stings,
And found no Earth but cover'd Horse and Men,
And each a wak'ning Wound or Death forth brings;
Heav'n sends down sudden Harm, nor know they when,
Chance seems true Fate, Hap killeth Hope's Designs,
But Aim the Archer spends no Shaft in vain,
The Bravest kills, triumphing o'er his Foe;
But he is kill'd, of whom he doth not know.

Scots worthy King that sees the harmful Wrong
Done to his Men by *English* Archers keen,
Five Hundred Horsemen sends, fresh, hardy, strong,
Led by the ever famous * *Keith*, I mean;
Who goes about, and at their Backs ere long,
With stiff strong Lances all in Rest were seen:
Thro' all their Ranks they break with furious Might,
And beat them to the Earth with sad Affright.

Scotland's great *Marschal* here such Valour shew,
As makes his Glory live in endless Fame;
For more than Seventy Times he did renew
Unequal Fight, with Danger most extreme:
Great *Arundel* in Fight he did subdue;
And by his only Valour's lightning Beam
Foil'd Fifty Thousand warlike Men of Pride,
While scarce Five Hundred did with him abide.

Thus while the Fronts of both the Armies fight,
The great Battalion of the *English* Host
Forth o'er the cover'd Ditches marcheth right,
Where more than Thirty Thousand Horse almost
With groaning Earth doth shake, and turns to Flight:
But such dread Thunders Earth's wide Bowels toss'd,
As tumbling in her Breast, doth yawn a Way
To swallow them in Darkness hid from Day.

Some break their Necks, Legs, Arms, their Horse below
Some smor'd, some crush'd to Death with others Weight,
Some Horse and Men with sharp Strokes pierced thro':
The liveless Trunks seem carved Stone in Sight,
This fearful Accident doth overflow
Their Fellows Hearts, with Horror, Fear, and Flight:

* This was the Lord *Marschal*, and height *Robert Keith*.

They

They ſtand, not march, amaz'd they look at large,
Till their bold Foes gave them a furious Charge;

Thronging thro' Ranks, and each where ſtrows their Way
With Horror, Terror, Slaughter, Blood, and Fear.
In Har'eſt ſo Reapers reap without Delay
A Field of Wheat, of Oats, of Rye, or Bear,
And razeth all the Plain, nor make no Stay,
Till want of Corn make them their Task forbear,
And *Ceres* Locks cut down in Heaps do ly:
Such Heaps the *Scots* ſtill kills, and paſſeth by.

Their angry King that led them, this doth view,
And bravely from his Troops doth forth advance,
And where his Steed he turn'd or Sword he drew,
The kill'd fell down, hurt fled his Countenance;
From his fair Eyes dread Majeſty forth flew,
Many fell down ſtruck with the lightning Glance:
But better he whom he had kill'd before,
For theſe with Teeth and Feet his *Courtan* tore.

And there were killed by his princely Hand
Seven valiant Knights, whoſe Names hath Time forgot;
From Rank to Rank he march'd, from Band to Band,
And whom he meets, Death ſure muſt be his Lot.
* *Strathern*'s old Earl there dy'd beneath his Brand,
Whoſe Son with Sorrow prick'd, with Fury hot
Did fiercely him aſſail, but all in vain;
Death made him ſoon forget his Father's Pain.

Now I almoſt forgot the wond'rous Deeds
Of theſe bold † Champions ſet on either Hand
Of this great King, who after him forth ſpeeds
When firſt he left his Battle-guard and Stand,
And ſtill on Death, on Blood, and Murder feeds,
Marching from Troop to Troop, from Band to Band:
Yea, theſe Three Champions, fearleſs, bold, and ſtrong,
Cut forth Three bloody Lanes their Foes among.

So do Three mighty Cannons ſhot at once
Afront an Army ſtanding all in gro.

* The Earl of *Strathern* and his Son, both kill'd by the King of *England*.
† Theſe Two were Sir *Giles* of *Argentine*, and Sir *Odomar de Vallange*.

The

The Heav'n with Lightning, Earth with Thunder groans,
Each fiery Bullet cuts the Ranks in two,
Here lies the Head, and there the Helmet ſhones,
A Furlong thence the Body fells a Foe;
Shields, Arms, and Legs here mount, and there do man
And make wide Windows deep in ev'ry Rank.

And now the great Battalion which they led,
Where yet remain'd thrice Twenty Thouſand Horſe,
By their Example all encouraged,
Ruſh'd forward on their Foes with wond'rous Force;
And in a Moment all the Plain was clad
With Corps, whereon they tread without Remorſe:
Proud Fortune ſeem'd to frown upon the *Scot*,
And Victory to crown the *Engliſh* Lot.

Now ſeem'd the *Scots* too weak againſt their Foe,
Squadrons of barded Horſe ſtill beat them down;
And theſe Three Champions that before them go,
Three Wonder-workers conquering a Crown.
Great BRUCE eſpies this Danger, Wrack, and Wo
With noble Wrath, jealous of their Renown,
Would with the ſtrongeſt cope, by fatal Chance,
And to the *Argentine* doth forth advance.

O! who had ſeen that * Fight ſo bold and ſtrong,
There was the School that taught the Art of War,
Theſe Maſters were, and had been laureat long:
Nor *Mars* nor *Pallas* could the Sight forbear,
Wond'ring on Earth the Mortals all among
To find ſuch Two as e'en themſelves would fear,
And think if theſe two only took in Hand
To conquer Earth, none could their Force gainſtand.

Theſe matchleſs Lords, theſe Warriors bold did wield
Two heavy Maſts, rather than Lances ſtrong,
Two Horſe of *Spain* forth bear them thro' the Field,
With Force alike they meet amidſt the Throng.
O ſacred Muſe! ſome golden Phraſes yield
T'enrich my Verſe, and gild my Lays along:
Make of theſe Lines a Heav'n-rear'd Throne renown'd
Where let this famous Fight for ay be crown'd.

* A gallant Fight betwixt the *Bruce* and the *Argentine*.

he furious Stroke made all the Earth to quake,
nd Woods and Mountains echo'd back the Sound;
et could it not these valiant Champions shake,
or bear them from their Seat, nor force a Wound:
Flinders fly their Spears, their Horses break
heir Necks, and both the Riders lay on Ground:
Yet up they fly, with Swords they soon address
By Death War's dreadful Sound for to suppress.

oth Swords well couch'd, each at his Ward doth ly,
heir Eyes, their Hands, their Feet, they wisely guide;
hen ceaseless Strokes, Thrusts, Foins, and Blows they try,
hey ward, traverse, retire, march, leap aside;
oth give and both receive, both falsify,
oth shun, and both Life-guarding Wards provide;
Both open stand for Death, like desp'rate Lovers,
Which Craft in th'one the other's Art discovers.

he Prince on Foot was ready, swift and light,
nd could withstand the *Argentine*'s bold Suit,
ho was on Horse more skilful in the Fight,
ut he more strong, more quick to execute;
r *Giles* had more Art and cunning Slight:
he King more painful, keen, and resolute,
More fierce he was, his Foe more cold and sly;
And yet in Art both seem'd alike to be.

he Prince upon the *Argentine* would enter,
hunning his down-right Blow, his Strength to tame;
hen at his Heart the *Argentine* doth venture,
hich while the Prince strikes by, he doth reclaim
nd paints his Breast, too cunning was the Painter;
or lo! of Blood flows forth a bloody Stream,
Which so inflam'd the King with Courage-fire;
Art now retir'd, Shame brings Revenge and Ire.

his knew the Knight, but would not seem to know,
hileas great BRUCE his Breast to Danger laid,
hereat the *Argentine* soon reach'd a Blow,
ut left his Side quite naked to invade.
he worthy King first shuns his furious Throw,
nd then a Wound both large and deep he made:

This his Revenge the Proverb old bely'd,
Here cunning Art and furious Rage agreed.

While thus they ſtrive and double Wound on Wound,
Bold *Edward* match'd with *Pembroke*'s Earl in Fight,
Of whom Fame's ſweet ſhrill Trumpet ſhall reſound
From *Inde* to *Orcades* their Praiſe, their Might,
Deſerving well with Glory to be crown'd,
And in all Age to ſhine with glorious Light:
Their wond'rous Strength, their Courage each did ſhow
But neither Side Advantage yet doth know.

Now *England*'s King not one dares match at all,
Whom Blood and Death attends thro' all the Field;
But worthy * *Hay* his Courage did appal,
No Danger makes him ſhrink, or fear, or yield.
Alcides Club with more Strength did not fall
Upon that mighty Tyrant *Buſir*'s Shield,
Than on the Helmet of this dreadful King
The Earl his fierce and furious Blows doth bring.

E'en there, where Gold, and Pearl, and precious Stone
Upon the Prince's curious Helm was wrought
He lights, and cleft the Cask which brightly ſhone,
And to his Horſe's Creſt his Head down brought:
For Pain th'enraged King ſends forth a Groan,
Trembling for Ire, while dread Revenge he ſought,
And on his Helm he gives a Blow ſo rude,
That from his Noſe and Mouth iſht crimſon Blood.

But to repay him, when the warlike Knight
Had lift his Sword, gone was the Prince in Rage,
Still where his Fury led him thro' the Fight.
No Gen'ral ought a Combat for to wage.
But all this While, in equal Balance right,
Both Armies ſtand, Conqueſt departs the Stage.
But in the left Wing, with the *Douglas* bold,
Great *Glouceſter* a bloody Fight did hold.

This was the Man that ſwore to *England*'s King
To bring the BRUCE captive in Chains and Cords;

* *Hay* Earl of *Errol*, Conſtable of *Scotland*.

The *Douglas* found him aiming at the Thing,
A Band of Knights with him thereto accords:
But forth to Combat *Douglas* did him bring
In spite of all these Soldiers, Knights, and Lords:
A Squadron strong at his Command had fought
With them, and both almost were brought to nought.

These Champions strong thus fought a Battle bold,
Troy never view'd the like in all her Wrack;
Their Skill, their Strength, their Valour to unfold,
My slender Muse dares not in Hand to take:
But sure I know the worthy *Douglas* would
Not leave the Fight, till his proud Foe he make
To yield his Neck beneath his conqu'ring Blade;
And for his Fault his guilty Blood he shed.

This done, he marcheth thro' the Host at last,
Working new Wonders still where ere he goes;
Close Ranks he breaks and opens as he past,
Before his Face still flee his fearful Foes:
He sees brave *Randolph* hasting Conquest fast,
And crafty *Omphraville* beat by his Blows:
Stewart the Great with *Hertford* striving stands,
Who first should get a Kiss of Conquest's Hands.

Long fought the Knights, but neither Side would yield,
Equal their Hope, and equal was their Fear;
Spears, Helms, and Swords were strow'd thro' all the Field,
Heads, Arms, and Legs, by headless Bodies were:
Some dying look to Heav'n, lean on their Shield
In Death's Pain, some Blood from their Wounds forth tear;
These Ranks to march, retire, or charge that minds,
Tread on the Bodies of their slaughter'd Friends.

Their Horses kill'd, lay with their Masters dead,
And he to Death that did his Foe pursue,
Now in his Bosom laid his heavy Head:
The Conqueror by him he overthrew
Is press'd to Death, and findeth no Remeed.
O'er all Confusion, Tumult, Terror, flew:
There neither Silence was, nor Noise perfite,
But Sounds of Death, Pain, Pity, Rage, Despite.

The glorious Arms that late did glist'ring show,
Now Blood and Dust and Mire had dimm'd their Beams;
Fear, Horror, Terror, on such height doth grow,
That sullen Pride sunk down no Honour claims,
Her Glory strow'd upon the Earth below,
O'er all her Beauty Blood flows forth in Streams:
Now Grief and Sorrow beats Delight from thence,
And all do look with woful Countenance.

Earth's rarest King that all this While had fought
With his fierce Foe, and gi'en him many a Wound;
Yet doubts who thence with Conquest will be brought,
Such Valour great was in that Knight renown'd,
At last, to kill, or die himself, he thought,
And with a Strength far more than erst he found,
He thrusts again, and from his Side forth tore
A deadly Stream, a Flood of Blood and Gore.

Ah matchless Prince! when thou has known the Man
Whose Days by thee must now be brought to end,
Thou shall be like to burst for Sorrow then,
No Comfort shall thy Conquest to thee lend:
He was thy Friend, thy dear Companion, when
In th'*English* Court thy Youth thou happ'd to spend;
No Favour he at all did to thee show:
But virt'ous Minds love Virtue in their Foe.

The *Argentine* that sees this bloody Sight,
Bath'd in his luke-warm Blood himself doth stay,
Ire in his fainting Heart prolongs his Might,
Feeble his Force for to renew the Fray.
Fury, Disdain, and Rage, maintain'd the Fight;
For Strength was gone, and Courage was away.
Life leaves his Tow'r, and in the Breach remains,
That Death should gain so brave a Hold, disdains.

Uniting his spent Pow'rs, a Blow he lends
The Prince, that wounds his Head and cuts his Cask,
With whose last Force and Weight down he descends,
Death wins the Breach, begins his endless Task:
Forth from his Lips Life's aged Sire he sends,
Then on his Face he spreads his doleful Mask.

To Heav'n his Soul flies thro' the cloudy Air,
Whose great Name sometime all the East did fear.

In Three set Battles, thrice he did withstand
The *Saracens*, and still with Conquest crown'd;
And twice, beneath his all-victorious Hand
With Chains of Death their chiefest Lords he bound:
But now, when endless Sleep did him command,
No longer durst proud Fortune there be found
Where *English* fight, but she and Victory
Rank'd with the *Scots*, upon their En'mies fly.

The *English* irk'd and wearied, then disrank;
All flee, yea, e'en the Boldest yields to Flight;
Their Colours thrown away with thankless Thank,
Threats, Cries, and Plaints redouble the Affright.
Their King still threats, but still away they shrank;
For yet with him unbroken bides the Fight
Whole Twenty Thousand Horse, with whom he would
There fight, or die, or conquer uncontroul'd.

But as the Sea, when Tempest's past and gone
That roll'd her tumbling Waves unto the Shores,
Of late past Storms retain some Shows anone,
And here and there some swelling Billows roars;
So though faint Fear triumph'd o'er these alone,
Some Spunks of their spent Valour Hope restores:
Whereon sustain'd, their Task they new begin;
But Wound on Wound, and Death on Death doth rin.

The Carriers of the *Scottish* Camp arose,
And see their Masters still maintain the Fray,
Both Lackies, Carters, Women, Slaves, and those
That Carriage kept, came in their best Aray,
And desperately would assail their Foes;
So all should win, or all should lose the Day:
Long Napkins white unto their Staves they bind;
These serv'd for Ensigns waving in the Wind.

While thus the *English* fighting, loath to flee,
E'en suddenly appears into their Sight
An Army fresh, that seem'd in Arms to be,
With th'Air their Silver Ensigns waving bright:

They

They haste their Pace, and with a Shout they see
That these couragiously intend to fight.
Discomfit quite, they now resist no more,
But flee, that would have fled long Time before.

The *Scots* pursue them in a desp'rate Sort;
Some thro' the Plains, some to the Mountains flee;
Where'er their headless Fear doth them transport,
A Whirlwind seems to bear them hastily.
Thousands the tumbling *Forth* of Life cuts short,
And Thousands mo in Flight their Foes o'erhy:
Base Deaths they seek, but flee the Deaths which lend,
In glorious Fight, a far more glorious End.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 5. *Line* 5. *read* ragged. *P.* 21. *l.* 13. *r.* glorious *ibid. r.* Tapers. *P.* 22. *l.* 8. *r.* less. *P.* 24. *l.* 27. *r. quecunque.* *P.* 27. *l.* 33. *r.* Waving. *ib. l.* 37. *r.* tawny. *P.* 2[illegible] *l.* 11. *r.* Period. *P.* 30. in Note, *r. Randolph.* *P.* 36. *l.* [illegible] *r.* Twigs. *ib. l.* 9. *r.* Waving. *P.* 42. *l.* 13. *r.* Load. *ib. l.* 1[illegible] *r.* Months rescind. *P.* 44. *l.* 2. *r.* Sun-like. *ib.* Notes *l.* [illegible] *r. Argo.* *P.* 45. *l.* 1. *r.* here by the *Swan*'s. *ib.* Notes *l.* 1, [illegible] *r. Andromeda.* *P.* 48. Notes, *l.* 1. *r. Indus* an Archer. *l.* [illegible] *r. Bootes.* *l.* 6. *r. Berenices.* *P.* 49. *l.* 25. *r.* propones. *i*[illegible] Notes, *l.* 1. *r. Polophylax.* *P.* 51. *l.* 9. *r. Tissue*'s swelling Cof[illegible] *l.* 10. *r.* Gems. *l.* 33. *r.* Wave. *P.* 57. *l.* 9. *r.* Nation[illegible] *P.* 61. *l.* 6. *r. hang.* *P.* 67. *l.* 1. *r.* Unwilling. *l.* 8. *r.* Ve[illegible]tue's. *P.* 71. *l.* 29. *r.* Brother's.